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HISTORY OF A LITERARY RADICAL

AND OTHER ESSAYS

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RANDOLPH BOURNE

Drawn by Arthur G. Dove from the Death Mask by James Earle Fraser

BY RANDOLPH BOURNE

HISTORY OF A LITERARY RADICAL

AND OTHER ESSAYS

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY VAN WYCK BROOKS

"To write in favor of that which the great interests of the world are against is what I conceive to be the duty and the privilege of the intellectual."

PADRAIC COLUM

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NOTE

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INTRODUCTION

RANDOLPH BOURNE was born in Bloomfield, New Jersey, May 30, 1886. He died in New York, December 22, 1918. Between these two dates was packed one of the fullest, richest, and most significant lives of the younger generation. Its outward events can be summarized in a few words. Bourne went to the public schools in his native town, and then for some time earned his living as an assistant to a manufacturer of automatic piano music. In 1909 he entered Columbia, graduating in 1913 as holder of the Gilder Fellowship, which enabled him to spend a year of study and investigation in Europe. In 1911 he had begun contributing to *The Atlantic Monthly*, and his first book, "Youth and Life," a volume of essays, appeared in 1913. He was a member of the contributing staff of *The New Republic* during its first three years; later he was a contributing editor of *The Seven Arts* and *The*

Dial. He had published, in addition to his first collection of essays and a large number of miscellaneous articles and book reviews, two other books, "Education and Living" and "The Gary Schools." At the time of his death he was engaged on a novel and a study of the political future.

It might be guessed from this that Bourne at thirty-two had not quite found himself. His interests were indeed almost universal: he had written on politics, economics, philosophy, education, literature. No other of our younger critics had cast so wide a net, and Bourne had hardly begun to draw the strings and count and sort his catch. He was a working journalist, a literary freelance with connections often of the most precarious kind, who contrived, by daily miracles of audacity and courage, to keep himself serenely afloat in a society where his convictions prevented him from following any of the ordinary avenues of preferment and recognition. It was a feat never to be sufficiently marvelled over; it would have been striking, in our twentieth century New York, even in the case of a man who was not physically handicapped as Bourne was. But such

a life is inevitably scattering, and it was only after the war had literally driven him in upon himself that he set to work at the systematic harvesting of his thoughts and experiences. He had not quite found himself, perhaps, owing to the extraordinary range of interests for which he had to find a personal common denominator; yet no other young American critic, I think, had exhibited so clear a tendency, so coherent a body of desires. His personality was not only unique, it was also absolutely expressive. I have had the delightful experience of reading through at a sitting, so to say, the whole mass of his uncollected writings, articles, essays, book reviews, unprinted fragments, and a few letters, and I am astonished at the way in which, like a ball of camphor in a trunk, the pungent savor of the man spreads itself over every paragraph. Here was no anonymous reviewer, no mere brilliant satellite of the radical movement losing himself in his immediate reactions: one finds everywhere, interwoven in the fabric of his work, the silver thread of a personal philosophy, the singing line of an intense and beautiful desire.

What was that desire? It was for a new fel-

lowship in the youth of America as the principle of a great and revolutionary departure in our life, a league of youth, one might call it, consciously framed with the purpose of creating, out of the blind chaos of American society, a fine, free, articulate cultural order. That, as it seems to me, was the dominant theme of all his effort, the positive theme to which he always returned from his thrilling forays into the fields of education and politics, philosophy and sociology. One finds it at the beginning of his career in such essays as "Our Cultural Humility," one finds it at the end in the "History of a Literary Radical." One finds it in that pacifism which he pursued with such an obstinate and lonely courage and which was the logical outcome of the checking and thwarting of those currents of thought and feeling in which he had invested the whole passion of his life. *Place aux jeunes* might have been his motto: he seemed indeed the flying wedge of the younger generation itself.

I shall never forget my first meeting with him, that odd little apparition with his vibrant eyes, his quick, birdlike steps and the long black student's cape he had brought back with him from

Paris. It was in November, 1914, and we never imagined then that the war was going to be more than a slash, however deep, across the face of civilization, we never imagined it was going to plough on and on until it had uprooted and turned under the soil so many green shoots of hope and desire in the young world. Bourne had published that radiant book of essays on the Adventure of Life, the Two Generations, the Excitement of Friendship, with its happy and confident suggestion of the present as a sort of transparent veil hung up against the window of some dazzling future, he had had his wanderyear abroad, and had come home with that indescribable air of the scholar-gypsy, his sensibility fresh, clairvoyant, matutinal, a philosopher of the *gaya scienza*, his hammer poised over the rock of American philistinism, with never a doubt in his heart of the waters of youth imprisoned there. One divined him in a moment, the fine, mettlesome temper of his intellect, his curiosity, his acutely critical self-consciousness, his aesthetic flair, his delicate sense of personal relationships, his toughness of fiber, his masterly powers of assimilation, his grasp of reality, his burning convictions, his beautifully

precise desires. Here was Emerson's "American scholar" at last, but radiating an infinitely warmer, profaner, more companionable influence than Emerson had ever dreamed of, an influence that savored rather of Whitman and William James. He was the new America incarnate, with that stamp of a sort of permanent youthfulness on his queer, twisted, appealing face. You felt that in him the new America had suddenly found itself and was all astir with the excitement of its first maturity.

His life had prepared him for the rôle, for the physical disability that had cut him off from the traditional currents and preoccupations of American life had given him a poignant insight into the predicament of all those others who, like him, could not adjust themselves to the industrial machine—the exploited, the sensitive, the despised, the aspiring, those, in short, to whom a new and very different America was no academic idea but a necessity so urgent that it had begun to be a reality. As detached as any young East Sider from the herd-unity of American life, the colonial tradition, the "genteel tradition," yet passionately concerned with America, passionately

caring for America, he had discovered himself at Columbia, where so many strains of the newer immigrant population meet one another in the full flood and ferment of modern ideas. Shut in as he had been with himself and his books, what dreams had passed through his mind of the possibilities of life, of the range of adventures that are open to the spirit, of some great collective effort of humanity! Would there never be room for these things in America, was it not precisely the task of the young to make room for them? Bourne's grandfather and great-grandfather had been doughty preachers and reformers: he had inherited a certain religious momentum that thrust him now into the midst of the radical tide. Above all, he had found companions who helped him to clarify his ideas and grapple with his aims. Immigrants, many of them, of the second generation, candidates for the "melting-pot" that had simply failed to melt them, they trailed with them a dozen rich, diverse racial and cultural tendencies which America seemed unable either to assimilate or to suppress. Were they not, these newcomers of the eleventh hour, as clearly entitled as the first colonials had been to a place in the sun of the

great experimental democracy upon which they were making such strange new demands? They wanted a freer emotional life, a more vivid intellectual life; oddly enough, it was they and not the hereditary Americans, the "people of action," who spoke of an "American culture" and demanded it. Bourne had found his natural allies. Intensely Anglo-Saxon himself, it was America he cared for, not the triumph of the Anglo-Saxon tradition which had apparently lost itself in the pursuit of a mechanical efficiency. It was a "trans-national" America of which he caught glimpses now, a battleground of all the cultures, a super-culture, that might perhaps, by some happy chance, determine the future of civilization itself.

It was with some such vision as this that he had gone abroad. If that super-culture was ever to come it could only be through some prodigious spiritual organization of the youth of America, some organization that would have to begin with small and highly self-conscious groups: these groups, moreover, would have to depend for a long time upon the experience of young Europe. The very ideas of spiritual leadership, the intel-

lectual life, the social revolution were foreign to a modern America that had submitted to the common mould of business enterprise; even philosophers like Professor Dewey had had to assume a protective coloration, and when people spoke of art they had to justify it as an "asset." For Bourne, therefore, the European tour was something more than a preparation for his own life: he was like a bird in the nesting season, gathering twigs and straw for a nest that was not to be his but young America's, a nest for which old America would have to provide the bough! He was in search, in other words, of new ideas, new attitudes, new techniques, personal and social, for which he was going to demand recognition at home, and it is this that gives to his "Impressions of Europe 1913–1914"—his report to Columbia as holder of the Gilder Fellowship—an actuality that so perfectly survives the war. Where can one find anything better in the way of social insight than his pictures of radical France, of the ferment of the young Italian soul, of the London intellectuals —Sidney Webb, lecturing "with the patient air of a man expounding arithmetic to backward children," Shaw, "clean, straight, clear, and fine

as an upland wind and summer sun," Chesterton, "gluttonous and thick, with something tricky and unsavory about him"; of the Scandinavian note, —"one got a sense in those countries of the most advanced civilization, yet without sophistication, a luminous modern intelligence that selected and controlled and did not allow itself to be overwhelmed by the chaos of twentieth century possibility"? We see things in that white light only when they have some deeply personal meaning for us, and Bourne's instinct had led him straight to his mark. Two complex impressions he had gained that were to dominate all his later work. One was the sense of what a national culture is, of its immense value and significance as a source and fund of spiritual power even in a young world committed to a political and economic internationalism. The other was a keen realization of the almost apostolic rôle of the young student class in perpetuating, rejuvenating, vivifying and, if need be, creating this national consciousness. No young Hindu ever went back to India, no young Persian or Ukrainian or Balkan student ever went home from a European year with a more fervent sense of the chaos and spiritual

stagnation and backwardness of his own people, of the happy responsibility laid upon himself and all those other young men and women who had been touched by the modern spirit.

It was a tremendous moment. Never had we realized so keenly the spiritual inadequacy of American life: the great war of the cultures left us literally gasping in the vacuum of our own provincialism, colonialism, naïveté, and romantic self-complacency. We were in much the same position as that of the Scandinavian countries during the European wars of 1866–1870, if we are to accept George Brandes' description of it: "While the intellectual life languished, as a plant droops in a close, confined place, the people were self-satisfied. They rested on their laurels and fell into a doze. And while they dozed they had dreams. The cultivated, and especially the half-cultivated, public in Denmark and Norway dreamed that they were the salt of Europe. They dreamed that by their idealism they would regenerate the foreign nations. They dreamed that they were the free, mighty North, which would lead the cause of the peoples to victory—and they woke up unfree, impotent, ignorant." It was

through a great effort of social introspection that Scandinavia had roused itself from the stupor of this optimistic idealism, and at last a similar movement was on foot in America. *The New Republic* had started with the war, *The Masses* was still young, *The Seven Arts* and the new *Dial* were on the horizon. Bourne found himself instantly in touch with the purposes of all these papers, which spoke of a new class-consciousness, a sort of offensive and defensive alliance of the younger intelligentsia and the awakened elements of the labor groups. His audience was awaiting him, and no one could have been better prepared to take advantage of it.

It was not merely the exigencies of journalism that turned his mind at first so largely to the problems of primary education. In Professor Dewey's theories, in the Gary Schools, he saw, as he could see it nowhere else, the definite promise, the actual unfolding of the freer, more individualistic, and at the same time more communistic social life of which he dreamed. But even if he had not come to feel a certain inadequacy in Professor Dewey's point of view, I doubt if this field of interest could have held him long. Children fascinated him;

how well he understood them we can see from his delightful "Ernest: or Parent for a Day." But Bourne's heart was too insistently involved in the situation of his own contemporaries, in the stress of their immediate problems, to allow him to linger in these long hopes. This young intelligentsia in whose ultimate unity he had had such faith—did he not see it, moreover, as the war advanced, lapsing, falling apart again, reverting into the ancestral attitudes of the tribe? Granted the war, it was the business of these liberals to see that it was played, as he said, "with insistent care for democratic values at home, and unequivocal alliance with democratic elements abroad for a peace that should promise more than a mere union of benevolent imperialisms." Instead, the "allure of the martial" passed only to be succeeded by the "allure of the technical," and the "prudent, enlightened college man," cut in the familiar pattern, took the place of the value-creator, the pathfinder, the seeker of new horizons. Plainly, the younger generation had not begun to find its own soul, had hardly so much as registered its will for a new orientation of the American spirit.

Had it not occurred before, this general rever-

sion to type? The whole first phase of the social movement had spent itself in a sort of ineffectual beating of the air, and Bourne saw that only through a far more heroic effort of criticism than had yet been attempted could the young intelligentsia disentangle itself, prevail against the mass-fatalism of the middle class, and rouse the workers out of their blindness and apathy. Fifteen years ago a new breath had blown over the American scene; people felt that the era of big business had reached its climacteric, that a new nation was about to be born out of the social settlements, out of the soil that had been harrowed and swept by the muck-rakers, out of the spirit of service that animated a whole new race of novelists, and a vast army of young men and young women, who felt fluttering in their souls the call to some great impersonal adventure, went forth to the slums and the factories and the universities with a powerful but very vague desire to realize themselves and to "do something" for the world. But one would have said that movement had been born middle-aged, so earnest, so anxious, so conscientious, so troubled, so maternal and paternal were the faces of those young men and women

who marched forth with so puzzled an intrepidity; there was none of the tang and fire of youth in it, none of the fierce glitter of the intellect; there was no joyous burning of boats; there were no transfigurations, no ecstasies. There was only a warm simmer of eager, evangelical sentiment that somehow never reached the boiling-point and cooled rapidly off again, and that host of tentative and wistful seekers found themselves as cruelly astray as the little visionaries of the Children's Crusade. Was not the failure of that movement due almost wholly to its lack of critical equipment? In the first place, it was too naïve and too provincial, it was outside the main stream of modern activity and desire, it had none of the reserves of power that result from being in touch with contemporary developments in other countries. In the second place, it had no realistic sense of American life: it ignored the facts of the class struggle, it accepted enthusiastically illusions like that of the "melting-pot," it wasted its energy in attacking "bad" business without realizing that the spirit of business enterprise is itself the great enemy, it failed to see the need of a consciously organized intellectual class or to appreciate the necessary

conjunction in our day of the intellectuals and the proletariat. Worst of all, it had no personal psychology. Those crusaders of the "social consciousness" were far from being conscious of themselves; they had never broken the umbilical cord of their hereditary class, they had not discovered their own individual lines of growth, they had no knowledge of their own powers, no technique for using them effectively. Embarked in activities that instantly revealed themselves as futile and fallacious, they also found their loyalties in perpetual conflict with one another. Inevitably their zeal waned and their energy ebbed away, and the tides of uniformity and commercialism swept the American scene once more.

No one had grasped all these elements of the social situation so firmly as Bourne. He saw that we needed, first, a psychological interpretation of these younger malcontents, secondly, a realistic study of our institutional life, and finally, a general opening of the American mind to the currents of contemporary desire and effort and experiment abroad. And along each of these lines he did the work of a pioneer.

Who, for example, had ever thought of explor-

ing the soul of the younger generation as Bourne explored it? He had planned a long series of literary portraits of its types and personalities: half a dozen of them exist (along with several of quite a different character!—the keenest satires we have), enough to show us how sensitively he responded to those detached, groping, wistful, yet resolutely independent spirits whom he saw weaving the iridescent fabric of the future. He who had so early divined the truth of Maurice Barrès' saying, that we never conquer the intellectual suffrages of those who precede us in life, addressed himself exclusively to these young spirits: he went out to meet them, he probed their obscurities; one would have said that he was a sort of impresario gathering the personnel of some immense orchestra, seeking in each the principle of his own growth. He had studied his chosen minority with such instinctive care that everything he wrote came as a personal message to those, and those alone, who were capable of assimilating it; and that is why, as we look over his writings today, we find them a sort of corpus, a text full of secret ciphers, and packed with meaning between the lines, of all the most intimate questions and

difficulties and turns of thought and feeling that make up the soul of young America. He revealed us to ourselves, he intensified and at the same time corroborated our desires; above all, he showed us what we had in common and what new increments of life might arise out of the friction of our differences. In these portraits he was already doing the work of the novelist he might well have become,—he left two or three chapters of a novel he had begun to write, in which "Karen" and "Sophronisba" and "The Professor" would probably have appeared, along with a whole battle-array of the older and younger generations; he was sketching out the rôle some novelist might play in the parturition of the new America. Everything for analysis, for self-discovery, for articulation, everything to put the younger generation in possession of itself! Everything to weave the tissue of a common understanding, to help the growth and freedom of the spirit! There was something prophetic in Bourne's personality. In his presence one felt, in his writings one realizes, that the army of youth is already assembling for "the effort of reason and the adventure of beauty."

I shall say little of his work as a critic of in-

stitutions. It is enough to point out that if such realistic studies as his "Trans-National America" and his "Mirror of the Middle West" (a perfect example, by the way, of his theory of the book review as an independent enquiry with a central idea of its own), his papers on the settlements and on sociological fiction had appeared fifteen years ago, a vastly greater amount of effective energy might have survived the break-up of the first phase of the social movement. When he showed what mare's-nests the settlements and the "melting-pot" theory and the "spirit of service" are, and what snares for democracy lie in Meredith Nicholson's "folksiness," he closed the gate on half the blind alleys in which youth had gone astray; and he who had so delighted in Veblen's ruthless condensation of the mystical gases of American business implied in every line he wrote that there is a gulf fixed between the young intellectual and the unreformable "system." The young intellectual, henceforth, was an unclassed outsider, with a scent all the more keenly sharpened for new trails because the old trails were denied him, and for Bourne those new trails led straight, and by the shortest possible route, to a

society the very reverse of ours, a society such as A.E. has described in the phrase, "democratic in economics, aristocratic in thought," to be attained through a coalition of the thinkers and the workers. The task of the thinkers, of the intelligentsia, in so far as they concerned themselves directly with economic problems, was, in Bourne's eyes, chiefly to *think*. It was a new doctrine for American radicals; it precisely denoted their advance over the evangelicism of fifteen years ago. "The young radical to-day," he wrote in one of his reviews, "is not asked to be a martyr, but he is asked to be a thinker, an intellectual leader. . . . The labor movement in this country needs a philosophy, a literature, a constructive socialist analysis and criticism of industrial relations. Labor will scarcely do this thinking for itself. Unless middle-class radicalism threshes out its categories and interpretations and undertakes this constructive thought it will not be done. . . . The only way by which middle-class radicalism can serve is by being fiercely and concentratedly intellectual."

Finally, through Bourne more than through any other of our younger writers one gained a sense of

the stir of the great world, of the currents and cross-currents of the contemporary European spirit, behind and beneath the war, of the tendencies and experiences and common aims and bonds of the younger generation everywhere. He was an exception to what seems to be the general rule, that Americans who are able to pass outside their own national spirit at all are apt to fall headlong into the national spirit of some one other country: they become vehement partisans of Latin Europe, or of England, or of Germany and Scandinavia, or, more recently, of Russia. Bourne, with that singular union of detachment and affectionate penetration which he brought also to his personal relationships, had entered them all with an equal curiosity, an impartial delight. If he had absorbed the fine idealism of the English liberals, he understood also the more elemental, the more emotional, the more positive urge of revolutionary Russia. He was full of practical suggestions from the vast social and economic laboratory of modern Germany. He had caught something also from the intellectual excitement of young Italy; most of all, his imagination had been captivated, as we can see from such essays as

"Mon Amie," by the candor and the self-consciousness and the genius for social introspection of radical France. And all these influences were perpetually at play in his mind and in his writings. He was the conductor of innumerable diverse inspirations, a sort of clearing-house of the best living ideas of the time; through him the young writer and the young thinker came into instant contact with whatever in the modern world he most needed. And here again Bourne revealed his central aim. He reviewed by choice, and with a special passion, what he called the "epics of youthful talent that grows great with quest and desire." It is easy to see, in his articles on such books as "Pelle the Conqueror" and Gorky's Autobiography and "The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists," that what lured him was the common struggle and aspiration of youth and poverty and the creative spirit everywhere, the sense of a new socialized world groping its way upward. It was this rich ground-note in all his work that made him, not the critic merely, but the leader.

It is impossible to say, of course, what he would have become if his life had been spared. The

war had immensely stimulated his "political-mindedness": he was obsessed, during the last two years of his life, with a sense of the precariousness of free thought and free speech in this country; if they were cut off, he foresaw, the whole enterprise, both of the social revolution and of the new American culture, would perish of inanition; he felt himself at bay. Would he, with all the additional provocation of a hopelessly bungled peace settlement, have continued in the political field, as his unfinished study on "The State" might suggest? Or would that activity, while remaining vivid and consistent, have subsided into a second place behind his more purely cultural interests?

Personally, I like to think that he would have followed this second course. He speaks in the "History of a Literary Radical" of "living down the new orthodoxies of propaganda" as he and his friends had lived down the old orthodoxies of the classics, and I believe that, freed from the obsessions of the war, his criticism would have concentrated more and more on the problem of evoking and shaping an American literature as the nucleus of that rich, vital and independent

national life he had been seeking in so many ways to promote. Who that knew his talents could have wished it otherwise? Already, except for the poets, the intellectual energy of the younger generation has been drawn almost exclusively into political interests; and the new era, which has begun to draw so sharply the battle-line between radicals and reactionaries, is certain only to increase this tendency. If our literary criticism is always impelled sooner or later to become social criticism, it is certainly because the future of our literature and art depends upon the wholesale reconstruction of a social life all the elements of which are as if united in a sort of conspiracy against the growth and freedom of the spirit: we are in the position described by Ibsen in one of his letters: "I do not think it is of much use to plead the cause of art with arguments derived from its own nature, which with us is still so little understood, or rather so thoroughly misunderstood. . . . My opinion is that at the present time it is of no use to wield one's weapons *for* art; one must simply turn them *against* what is hostile to art." That is why Bourne, whose ultimate interest was always artistic, found himself a

guerilla fighter along the whole battlefront of the social revolution. He was drawn into the political arena as a skilful specialist, called into war service, is drawn into the practice of a general surgery in which he may indeed accomplish much but at the price of the suspension of his own uniqueness. Others, at the expiration of what was for him a critical moment, the moment when all freedom seemed to be at stake, might have been trusted to do his political work for him; the whole radical tide was flowing behind him; his unique function, meanwhile, was not political but spiritual. It was the creation, the communication of what he called "the allure of fresh and true ideas, of free speculation, of artistic vigor, of cultural styles, of intelligence suffused by feeling and feeling given fiber and outline by intelligence." Was it not to have been hoped, therefore, that he would have revived, exemplified among these new revolutionary conditions, and on behalf of them, the lapsed rôle of the man of letters?

For if he held a hammer in one hand, he held in the other a divining-rod. He, if any one, in the days to come, would have conjured out of our dry soil the green shoots of a beautiful and a

characteristic literature: he knew that soil so well, and why it was dry, and how it ought to be irrigated! We have had no chart of our cultural situation to compare with his "History of a Literary Radical," and certainly no one has combined with an analytical gift like his, and an adoration for the instinct of workmanship, so burning an eye for every stir of life and color on the drab American landscape. I think of a sentence in one of his reviews: "The appearance of dramatic imagination in any form in this country is something to make us all drop our work and run to see." That was the spirit which animated all his criticism: is it not the spirit that creates out of the void the thing it contemplates?

To have known Randolph Bourne is indeed to have surprised some of the finest secrets of the American future. But those who lived with him in friendship will remember him for reasons that are far more personal, and at the same time far more universal, than that: they will remember him as the wondrous companion, the lyrical intellect, the transparent idealist, most of all perhaps as the ingenuous and lonely child. It is said that every writer possesses in his vocabulary one talismanic

word which he repeats again and again, half unconsciously, like a sort of signature, and which reveals the essential secret of his personality. In Bourne's case the word is "wistful"; and those who accused him of malice and bitterness, not realizing how instinctively we impute these qualities to the physically deformed who are so dauntless in spirit that they repel our pity, would do well to consider that secret signature, sown like some beautiful wild flower over the meadow of his writings, which no man can counterfeit, which is indeed the token of their inviolable sincerity. He was a wanderer, the child of some nation yet unborn, smitten with an inappeasable nostalgia for the Beloved Community on the far side of socialism, he carried with him the intoxicating air of that community, the mysterious aroma of all its works and ways. "High philosophic thought infused with sensuous love," he wrote once, "is not this the one incorrigible dream that clutches us?" It was the dream he had brought back from the bright future in which he lived, the dream he summoned us to realize. And it issues now like a gallant command out of the space left vacant by his passing.

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

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HISTORY OF A LITERARY RADICAL

For a man of culture, my friend Miro began his literary career in a singularly unpromising way. Potential statesmen in log-cabins might miraculously come in touch with all the great books of the world, but the days of Miro's young school life were passed in innocence of Homer or Dante or Shakespeare, or any of the other traditional mind-formers of the race. What Miro had for his nourishment, outside the Bible, which was a magical book that you must not drop on the floor, or his school-readers, which were like lightning flashes of unintelligible scenes, was the literature that his playmates lent him—exploits of British soldiers in Spain and the Crimea, the death-defying adventures of young filibusters in Cuba and Nicaragua. Miro gave them a languid perusing, and did not criticize their literary style. Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer somehow eluded him until he had finished college, and no fresher tale of

adventure drifted into his complacent home until the era of "Richard Carvel" and "Janice Meredith" sharpened his wits and gave him a vague feeling that there was such a thing as literary art. The classics were stiffly enshrined behind glass doors that were very hard to open—at least Hawthorne and Irving and Thackeray were there, and Tennyson's and Scott's poems—but nobody ever discussed them or looked at them. Miro's busy elders were taken up with the weekly *Outlook* and *Independent* and *Christian Work*, and felt they were doing much for Miro when they provided him and his sister with *St. Nicholas* and *The Youth's Companion*. It was only that Miro saw the black books looking at him accusingly from the case, and a rudimentary conscience, slipping easily over from Calvinism to culture, forced him solemnly to grapple with "The Scarlet Letter" or "Marmion." All he remembers is that the writers of these books he browsed among used a great many words and made a great fuss over shadowy offenses and conflicts and passions that did not even stimulate his imagination with sufficient force to cause him to ask his elders what it was all about. Certainly the filibusters were easier.

At school Miro was early impressed with the vast dignity of the literary works and names he was compelled to learn. Shakespeare and Goethe and Dante lifted their plaster heads frowningly above the teacher's, as they perched on shelves about the room. Much was said of the greatness of literature. But the art of phonetics and the complications of grammar swamped Miro's early school years. It was not until he reached the High School that literature began really to assume that sacredness which he had heretofore felt only for Holy Scripture. His initiation into culture was made almost a religious mystery by the conscientious and harassed teacher. As the Deadwood Boys and Henty and David Harum slipped away from Miro's soul in the presence of Milton's "Comus" and Burke "On Conciliation," a cultural devoutness was engendered in him that never really died. At first it did not take Miro beyond the stage where your conscience is strong enough to make you uncomfortable, but not strong enough to make you do anything about it. Miro did not actually become an omnivorous reader of great books. But he was filled with a rich grief that the millions pursued cheap and vulgar fiction in-

stead of the best that has been thought and said in the world. Miro indiscriminately bought cheap editions of the English classics and read them with a certain patient incomprehension.

As for the dead classics, they came to Miro from the hands of his teachers with a prestige even vaster than the books of his native tongue. No doubt ever entered his head that four years of Latin and three years of Greek, an hour a day, were the important preparation he needed for his future as an American citizen. No doubt ever hurt him that the world into which he would pass would be a world where, as his teacher said, Latin and Greek were a solace to the aged, a quickener of taste, a refreshment after manual labor, and a clue to the general knowledge of all human things. Miro would as soon have doubted the rising of the sun as have doubted the wisdom of these serious, puckered women who had the precious manipulation of his cultural upbringing in their charge. Miro was a bright, if a rather vague, little boy, and a fusion of brightness and docility gave him high marks in the school where we went together.

No one ever doubted that these marks expressed Miro's assimilation of the books we pored over.

But he told me later that he had never really known what he was studying. Cæsar, Virgil, Cicero, Xenophon, Homer, were veiled and misty experiences to him. His mind was a moving present, obliterating each day what it had read the day before, and piercing into a no more comprehended future. He could at no time have given any intelligible account of Æneas's wanderings or what Cicero was really inveighing against. The Iliad was even more obscure. The only thing which impressed him deeply was an expurgated passage, which he looked up somewhere else and found to be about Mars and Venus caught in the golden bed. Cæsar seemed to be at war, and Xenophon wandering somewhere in Asia Minor, with about the same lengthiness and hardship as Miro suffered in reading him. The trouble, Miro thought afterwards, was that these books were to his mind flickering lights in a vast jungle of ignorance. He does not remember marvelling at the excessive dulness of the stories themselves. He plodded his faithful way, using them as his conscientious teachers did, as exercises in language. He looked on Virgil and Cicero as essentially problems in disentangling words which had unaccountably gotten

into a bizarre order, and in recognizing certain rather amusing and ingenious combinations, known as "constructions." Why these words took so irritating an order Miro never knew, but he always connected the problem with those algebraic puzzles he had elsewhere to unravel. Virgil's words were further complicated by being arranged in lines which one had to "scan." Miro was pleased with the rhythm, and there were stanzas that had a roll of their own. But the inexorable translating that had to go on tore all this fabric of poetry to pieces. His translations were impeccable, but, as he never wrote them down, he had never before his eyes the consecutive story.

Translations Miro never saw. He knew that they were implements of deadly sin that boys used to cheat with. His horror of them was such as a saint might feel towards a parody of the Bible. Just before Miro left school, his sister in a younger class began to read a prose translation of the Odyssey, and Miro remembers the scorn with which he looked down on so sneaking an entrance into the temple of light. He knew that not everyone could study Latin and Greek, and he learned to be proud of his knowledge. When at last he

had passed his examinations for college—his Latin composition and grammar, his syntax and his sight-reading, and his Greek composition and grammar, his Greek syntax and sight-reading, and his translation of Gallic battles and Anabatic frosts, and Dido's farewell and Cicero's objurgations—his zealous rage did not abate. He even insisted on reading the Bucolics, while he was away on his vacation, and a book or two in the Odyssey. His family was a little chilled by his studiousness, but he knew well that he was laying up cultural treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt, neither do thieves break in and steal.

Arrived at college, Miro expanded his cultural interests on the approved lines. He read Horace and Plato, Lysias and Terence, impartially, with faithful conscience. Horace was the most exciting because of the parodies that were beginning to appear in the cleverer newspapers. Miro scarcely knew whether to be amused or shocked at "Odi Persicos" or "Integer Vitæ" done into current slang. The professors, mild-mannered men who knew their place and kept it, never mentioned these impudent adventures, but for Miro it was

the first crack in his Ptolemaic system of reverences. There came a time when his mind began to feel replete, when this heavy pushing through the opaque medium of dead language began to fatigue him. He should have been able to read fluently, but there were always turning up new styles, new constructions, to plague him. Latin became to him like a constant diet of beefsteak, and Greek like a constant diet of fine wheaten bread. They lost their taste. These witty poets and ostentatious orators—what were they all about? What was their background? Where did they fit into Miro's life? The professors knew some history, but what did that history mean? Miro found himself surfeited and dissatisfied. He began to look furtively at translations to get some better English than he was able to provide. The hair-splittings of Plato began to bore him when he saw them in crystal-clear English, and not muffled in the original Greek. His apostasy had begun.

It was not much better in his study of English literature. Miro was given a huge anthology, a sort of press-clipping bureau of *belles-lettres*, from Chaucer to Arthur Symons. Under the direction

of a professor who was laying out a career for himself as poet—or "modern singer," as he expressed it—the class went briskly through the centuries sampling their genius and tasting the various literary flavors. The enterprise reminded Miro of those books of woollen samples which one looks through when one is to have a suit of clothes made. But in this case, the student did not even have the pleasure of seeing the suit of clothes. All that was expected of him, apparently, was that he should become familiar, from these microscopic pieces, with the different textures and patterns. The great writers passed before his mind like figures in a crowded street. There was no time for preferences. Indeed the professor strove diligently to give each writer his just due. How was one to appreciate the great thoughts and the great styles if one began to choose violently between them, or attempt any discrimination on grounds of their peculiar congeniality for one's own soul? Criticism had to spurn such subjectivity, scholarship could not be wilful. The neatly arranged book of "readings," with its medicinal doses of inspiration, became the symbol of Miro's education.

These early years of college did not deprive Miro of his cultural loyalty, but they deadened his appetite. Although almost inconceivably docile, he found himself being bored. He had come from school a serious boy, with more than a touch of priggishness in him, and a vague aspiration to be a "man of letters." He found himself becoming a collector of literary odds-and-ends. If he did not formulate this feeling clearly, he at least knew. He found that the literary life was not as interesting as he had expected. He sought no adventures. When he wrote, it was graceful lyrics or polite criticisms of William Collins or Charles Lamb. These canonized saints of culture still held the field for Miro, however. There was nothing between them and that popular literature of the day that all good men bemoaned. Classic or popular, "highbrow" or "lowbrow," this was the choice, and Miro unquestioningly took the orthodox heaven. In 1912 the most popular of Miro's English professors had never heard of Galsworthy, and another was creating a flurry of scandal in the department by recommending Chesterton to his classes. It would scarcely have been in college that Miro would have learned of an

escape from the closed dichotomy of culture. Bored with the "classic," and frozen with horror at the "popular," his career as a man of culture must have come to a dragging end if he had not been suddenly liberated by a chance lecture which he happened to hear while he was at home for the holidays.

The literary radical who appeared before the Lyceum Club of Miro's village was none other than Professor William Lyon Phelps, and it is to that evening of cultural audacity Miro thinks he owes all his later emancipation. The lecturer grappled with the "modern novel," and tossed Hardy, Tolstoi, Turgenev, Meredith, even Trollope, into the minds of the charmed audience with such effect that the virgin shelves of the village library were ravished for days to come by the eager minds upon whom these great names dawned for the first time. "Jude the Obscure" and "Resurrection" were of course kept officially away from the vulgar, but Miro managed to find "Smoke" and "Virgin Soil" and "Anna Karenina" and "The Warden" and "A Pair of Blue Eyes" and "The Return of the Native." Later at college he explored the forbidden realms. It was as if some

devout and restless saint had suddenly been introduced to the Apocrypha. A new world was opened to Miro that was neither "classic" nor "popular," and yet which came to one under the most unimpeachable auspices. There was, at first, it is true, an air of illicit adventure about the enterprise. The lecturer who made himself the missionary of such vigorous and piquant doctrine had the air of being a heretic, or at least a boy playing out of school. But Miro himself returned to college a cultural revolutionist. His orthodoxies crumbled. He did not try to reconcile the new with the old. He applied pick and dynamite to the whole structure of the canon. Irony, humor, tragedy, sensuality, suddenly appeared to him as literary qualities in forms that he could understand. They were like oxygen to his soul.

If these qualities were in the books he had been reading, he had never felt them. The expurgated sample-books he had studied had passed too swiftly over the Elizabethans to give him a sense of their lustiness. Miro immersed himself voluptuously in the pessimism of Hardy. He fed on the poignant torture of Tolstoi. While he was

reading "Resurrection," his class in literature was making an "intensive" study of Tennyson. It was too much. Miro rose in revolt. He forswore literary courses forever, dead rituals in which anæmic priests mumbled their trite critical commentary. Miro did not know that to naughtier critics even Mr. Phelps might eventually seem a pale and timid Gideon, himself stuck in moral sloughs. He was grateful enough for that blast of trumpets which made his own scholastic walls fall down.

The next stage in Miro's cultural life was one of frank revolt. He became as violent as a heretic as he had been docile as a believer. Modern novels merely started the rift that widened into modern ideas. The professors were of little use. Indeed, when Miro joined a group of radicals who had started a new college paper, a relentless vendetta began with the teachers. Miro and his friends threw over everything that was mere literature. Social purpose must shine from any writing that was to rouse their enthusiasm. Literary flavor was to be permissible only where it made vivid high and revolutionary thought. Tolstoi became their god, Wells their high priest.

Chesterton infuriated them. They wrote violent assaults upon him which began in imitation of his cool paradoxicality and ended in incoherent ravings. There were so many enemies to their new fervor that they scarcely knew where to begin. There were not only the old tables of stone to destroy, but there were new and threatening prophets of the eternal verities who had to be exposed. The nineteenth century which they had studied must be weeded of its nauseous moralists. The instructors consulted together how they might put down the revolt, and bring these sinners back to the faith of cultural scripture.

It was of no avail. In a short time Miro had been converted from an aspiration for the career of a cultivated "man of letters" to a fiery zeal for artistic and literary propaganda in the service of radical ideas. One of the results of this conversion was the discovery that he really had no standards of critical taste. Miro had been reverential so long that he had felt no preferences. Everything that was classic had to be good to him. But now that he had thrown away the books that were stamped with the mark of the classic mint, and was dealing with the raw materials of letters,

he had to become a critic and make selection. It was not enough that a book should be radical. Some of the books he read, though impeccably revolutionary as to ideas, were clearly poor as literature. His muffled taste began to assert itself. He found himself impressionable where before he had been only mildly acquisitive. The literature of revolt and free speculation fired him into a state of spiritual explosiveness. All that he read now stood out in brighter colors and in sharper outlines than before. As he reached a better balance, he began to feel the vigor of literary form, the value of sincerity and freshness of style. He began to look for them keenly in everything he read. It was long before Miro realized that enthusiasm not docility had made him critical. He became a little proud of his sensitive and discriminating reactions to the modern and the unsifted.

This pursuit had to take place without any help from the college. After Miro graduated, it is true that it became the fashion to study literature as the record of ideas and not merely as a canon of sacred books to be analyzed, commented upon, and absorbed. But no dent was made upon the system in Miro's time, and, the inventory of English

criticism not going beyond Stevenson, no college course went beyond Stevenson. The Elizabethans had been exhumed and fumigated, but the most popular attention went to the gallery of Victorians, who combined moral soundness with literary beauty, and were therefore considered wholesome food for young men. The instructors all remained in the state of reverence which saw all things good that had been immemorially taught. Miro's own teacher was a fragile, earnest young man, whose robuster parents had evidently seized upon his nature as a fortunate pledge of what the family might produce in the way of an intellectual flower that should surpass in culture and gentility the ambitions of his parents. His studiousness, hopeless for his father's career as grocer, had therefore been capitalized into education.

The product now shone forth as one of the most successful and promising younger instructors in the department. He knew his subject. Card-indexes filled his room, covering in detail the works, lives, and deaths of the illustrious persons whom he expounded, as well as everything that had been said about them in the way of appreciation or interpretation. An endless number of lectures

and courses could be made from this bountiful store. He never tried to write himself, but he knew all about the different kinds of writing, and when he corrected the boys' themes he knew infallibly what to tell them to avoid. Miro's vagaries scandalized his teacher all the more because during his first year in college Miro had been generally noticed as one with the proper sobriety and scholarly patience to graduate into a similar priestly calling. Miro found scant sympathy in the young man. To the latter, literary studies were a science not an art, and they were to be treated with somewhat the same cold rigor of delimitation and analysis as any other science. Miro felt his teacher's recoil at the idea that literature was significant only as the expression of personality or as interpretation of some social movement. Miro saw how uneasy he became when he was confronted with current literature. It was clear that Miro's slowly growing critical sense had not a counterpart in the scholastic mind.

When Miro and his friends abandoned literary studies, they followed after the teachers of history and philosophy, intellectual arenas of which the literary professors seemed scandalously ignorant.

At this ignorance Miro boiled with contempt. Here were the profitable clues that would give meaning to dusty literary scholarship, but the scholars had not the wits to seize them. They lived along, playing what seemed to Miro a rather dreary game, when they were not gaping reverently at ideas and forms which they scarcely had the genuine personality to appreciate. Miro felt once and for all free of these mysteries and reverences. He was to know the world as it has been and as it is. He was to put literature into its proper place, making all "culture" serve its apprenticeship for him as interpretation of things larger than itself, of the course of individual lives and the great tides of society.

Miro's later cultural life is not without interest. When he had finished college and his architectural course, and was making headway in his profession, his philosophy of the intellectual life began to straighten itself out. Rapid as his surrender of orthodoxy had been, it had taken him some time to live down that early education. He found now that he would have to live down his heresies also, and get some coherent system of tastes that was his

own and not the fruit of either docility or the zeal of propaganda.

The old battles that were still going on helped Miro to realize his modern position. It was a queer, musty quarrel, but it was enlisting minds from all classes and of all intellectual fibers. The "classics" were dying hard, as Miro recognized whenever he read, in the magazines, attacks on the "new education." He found that professors were still taken seriously who declared in passion that without the universal study of the Latin language in American schools all conceptions of taste, standards, criticism, the historic sense itself, would vanish from the earth. He found that even as late as 1917 professional men were gathering together in solemn conclave and buttressing the "value of the classics" with testimonials from "successful men" in a variety of vocations. Miro was amused at the fact that the mighty studies once pressed upon him so uncritically should now require, like the patent medicines, testimonials as to their virtue. Bank presidents, lawyers, and editors had taken the Latin language regularly for years, and had found its effects painless and

invigorating. He could not escape the unconscious satire that such plump and prosperous Americans expressed when they thought it admirable to save their cherished intellectual traditions in any such fashion.

Other conservatives Miro saw to be abandoning the line of opposition to science, only to fall back on the line of a defensive against "pseudo-science," as they seemed to call whatever intellectual interests had not yet become indubitably reputable. It was a line which would hold them rather strongly for a time, Miro thought, because so many of the cultural revolutionists agreed with them in hating some of these arrogant and mechanical psychologies and sociologies that reduced life to figures or organisms. But Miro felt also how obstructive was their fight. If the "classics" had done little for him except to hold his mind in an uncomprehending prison, and fetter his spontaneous taste, they seemed to have done little more for even the thorough scholars. When professors had devoted scholarly lives to the "classics" only to exhibit in their own polemics none of the urbanity and intellectual command which were supposed by the believer somehow to

rub off automatically on the faithful student, Miro had to conclude an absence of causal connection between the "classics" and the able modern mind. When, moreover, critical power or creative literary work became almost extinct among these defenders of the "old education," Miro felt sure that a revolution was needed in the materials and attitudes of "culture."

The case of the defenders was all the weaker because their enemies were not wanton infidels, ignorant of the holy places they profaned. They were rather cultural "Modernists," reforming the church from within. They had the classic background, these young vandals, but they had escaped from its flat and unoriented surface. Abreast of the newer objective, impersonal standards of thinking, they saw the weakness of these archaic minds which could only appeal to vested interests in culture and testimonials from successful men.

The older critics had long since disavowed the intention of discriminating among current writers. These men, who had to have an Academy to protect them, lumped the younger writers of verse and prose together as "anarchic" and "naturalis-

tic," and had become, in these latter days, merely peevish and querulous, protesting in favor of standards that no longer represented our best values. Every one, in Miro's time, bemoaned the lack of critics, but the older critics seemed to have lost all sense of hospitality and to have become tired and a little spitefully disconsolate, while the newer ones were too intent on their crusades against puritanism and philistinism to have time for a constructive pointing of the way.

Miro had a very real sense of standing at the end of an era. He and his friends had lived down both their old orthodoxies of the classics and their new orthodoxies of propaganda. Gone were the priggishness and self-consciousness which had marked their teachers. The new culture would be more personal than the old, but it would not be held as a personal property. It would be democratic in the sense that it would represent each person's honest spontaneous taste. The old attitude was only speciously democratic. The assumption was that if you pressed your material long enough and winningly enough upon your culturable public, they would acquire it. But the material was something handed down, not grown

in the garden of their own appreciations. Under these conditions the critic and appreciator became a mere impersonal register of orthodox opinion. The cultivated person, in conforming his judgments to what was authoritatively taught him, was really a member of the herd—a cultivated herd, it is true, but still a herd. It was the mass that spoke through the critic and not his own discrimination. These authoritative judgments might, of course, have come—probably had come—to the herd through discerning critics, but in Miro's time judgment in the schools had petrified. One believed not because one felt the original discernment, but because one was impressed by the weight and reputability of opinion. At least so it seemed to Miro.

Now just as the artists had become tired of conventions and were breaking through into new and personal forms, so Miro saw the younger critics breaking through these cultural conventions. To the elders the result would seem mere anarchy. But Miro's attitude did not want to destroy, it merely wanted to rearrange the materials. He wanted no more second-hand appreciations. No one's cultural store was to include anything that

one could not be enthusiastic about. One's acquaintance with the best that had been said and thought should be encouraged—in Miro's ideal school—to follow the lines of one's temperament. Miro, having thrown out the old gods, found them slowly and properly coming back to him. Some would always repel him, others he hoped to understand eventually. But if it took wisdom to write the great books, did it not also take wisdom to understand them? Even the Latin writers he hoped to recover, with the aid of translations. But why bother with Greek when you could get Euripides in the marvellous verse of Gilbert Murray? Miro was willing to believe that no education was complete without at least an inoculation of the virus of the two orthodoxies that he was transcending.

As Miro looked around the American scene, he wondered where the critics were to come from. He saw, on the one hand, Mr. Mencken and Mr. Dreiser and their friends, going heavily forth to battle with the Philistines, glorying in pachydermatous vulgarisms that hurt the polite and cultivated young men of the old school. And he saw these violent critics, in their rage against puritan-

ism, becoming themselves moralists, with the same bigotry and tastelessness as their enemies. No, these would never do. On the other hand, he saw Mr. Stuart P. Sherman, in his youthful if somewhat belated ardor, revolting so conscientiously against the "naturalism" and crude expression of current efforts that, in his defense of *belles-lettres*, of the fine tradition of literary art, he himself became a moralist of the intensest brand, and as critic plumped for Arnold Bennett, because that clever man had a feeling for the proprieties of human conduct. No, Mr. Sherman would do even less adequately. His fine sympathies were as much out of the current as was the specious classicism of Professor Shorey. He would have to look for the critics among the young men who had an abounding sense of life, as well as a feeling for literary form. They would be men who had not been content to live on their cultural inheritance, but had gone out into the modern world and amassed a fresh fortune of their own. They would be men who were not squeamish, who did not feel the delicate differences between "animal" and "human" conduct, who were enthusiastic about Mark Twain and Gorki as well as Romain

Rolland, and at the same time were thrilled by Copeau's theater.

Where was a better program for culture, for any kind of literary art? Culture as a living effort, a driving attempt both at sincere expression and at the comprehension of sincere expression wherever it was found! Appreciation to be as far removed from the "I know what I like!" as from the textbook impeccability of taste! If each mind sought its own along these lines, would not many find themselves agreed? Miro insisted on liking Amy Lowell's attempt to outline the tendencies in American poetry in a form which made clear the struggles of contemporary men and women with the tradition and against "every affectation of the mind." He began to see in the new class-consciousness of poets the ending of that old division which "culture" made between the chosen people and the gentiles. We were now to form little pools of workers and appreciators of similar temperaments and tastes. The little magazines that were starting up became voices for these new communities of sentiment. Miro thought that perhaps at first it was right to adopt a tentative superciliousness towards the rest of the world, so

that both Mr. Mencken with his shudders at the vulgar Demos and Mr. Sherman with his obsession with the sanely and wholesomely American might be shut out from influence. Instead of fighting the Philistine in the name of freedom, or fighting the vulgar iconoclast in the name of wholesome human notions, it might be better to write for one's own band of comprehenders, in order that one might have something genuine with which to appeal to both the mob of the "bourgeois" and the ferocious vandals who had been dividing the field among them. Far better a quarrel among these intensely self-conscious groups than the issues that had filled *The Atlantic* and *The Nation* with their dreary obsolescence. Far better for the mind that aspired towards "culture" to be told not to conform or worship, but to search out its group, its own temperamental community of sentiment, and there deepen appreciations through sympathetic contact.

It was no longer a question of being hospitable towards the work of other countries. Miro found the whole world open to him, in these days, through the enterprise of publishers. He and his friends felt more sympathetic with certain groups

in France and Russia than they did with the variegated "prominent authors" of their own land. Winston Churchill as a novelist came to seem more of an alien than Artzybashev. The fact of culture being international had been followed by a sense of its being. The old cultural attitude had been hospitable enough, but it had imported its alien culture in the form of "comparative literature." It was hospitable only in trying to mould its own taste to the orthodox canons abroad. The older American critic was mostly interested in getting the proper rank and reverence for what he borrowed. The new critic will take what suits his community of sentiment. He will want to link up not with the foreign canon, but with that group which is nearest in spirit with the effort he and his friends are making. The American has to work to interpret and portray the life he knows. He cannot be international in the sense that anything but the life in which he is saturated, with its questions and its colors, can be the material for his art. But he can be international—and must be—in the sense that he works with a certain hopeful vision of a "young world," and with certain ideal values

upon which the younger men, stained and revolted by war, in all countries are agreeing.

Miro wonders sometimes whether the direction in which he is tending will not bring him around the circle again to a new classicism. The last stage in the history of the man of culture will be that "classic" which he did not understand and which his mind spent its youth in overthrowing. But it will be a classicism far different from that which was so unintelligently handed down to him in the American world. It will be something worked out and lived into. Looking into the future he will have to do what Van Wyck Brooks calls "inventing a usable past." Finding little in the American tradition that is not tainted with sweetness and light and burdened with the terrible patronage of bourgeois society, the new classicist will yet rescue Thoreau and Whitman and Mark Twain and try to tap through them a certain eternal human tradition of abounding vitality and moral freedom, and so build out the future. If the classic means power with restraint, vitality with harmony, a fusion of intellect and feeling, and a keen sense of the artistic conscience, then the

revolutionary world is coming out into the classic. When Miro sees behind the minds of *The Masses* group a desire for form and for expressive beauty, and sees the radicals following Jacques Copeau and reading Chekhov, he smiles at the thought of the American critics, young and old, who do not know yet that they are dead.

OUR CULTURAL HUMILITY

It was Matthew Arnold, read and reverenced by the generation immediately preceding our own, who set to our eyes a definition and a goal of culture which has become the common property of all our world. To know the best that had been thought and said, to appreciate the master-works which the previous civilizations had produced, to put our minds and appreciations in contact with the great of all ages,—here was a clear ideal which dissolved the mists in which the vaguenesses of culture had been lost. And it was an ideal that appealed with peculiar force to Americans. For it was a democratic ideal; every one who had the energy and perseverance could reasonably expect to acquire by taking thought that orientation of soul to which Arnold gave the magic name of culture. And it was a quantitative ideal; culture was a matter of acquisition—with appreciation and prayerfulness perhaps, but still a matter of

adding little by little to one's store until one should have a vision of that radiant limit, when one knew all the best that had been thought and said and pictured in the world.

I do not know in just what way the British public responded to Arnold's eloquence; if the prophetic wrath of Ruskin failed to stir them, it is not probable that they were moved by the persuasiveness of Arnold. But I do know that, coming at a time when America was producing rapidly an enormous number of people who were "comfortably off," as the phrase goes, and who were sufficiently awake to feel their limitations, with the broader horizons of Europe just opening on the view, the new doctrine had the most decisive effect on our succeeding spiritual history. The "land-of-liberty" American of the era of Dickens still exists in the British weeklies and in observations of America by callow young journalists, but as a living species he has long been extinct. His place has been taken by a person whose pride is measured not by the greatness of the "land of the free," but by his own orientation in Europe.

Already in the nineties, our college professors and our artists were beginning to require the seal

of a European training to justify their existence. We appropriated the German system of education. Our millionaires began the collecting of pictures and the endowment of museums with foreign works of art. We began the exportation of school-teachers for a summer tour of Europe. American art and music colonies sprang up in Paris and Berlin and Munich. The movement became a rush. That mystical premonition of Europe, which Henry James tells us he had from his earliest boyhood, became the common property of the talented young American, who felt a certain starvation in his own land, and longed for the fleshpots of European culture. But the bourgeoisie soon followed the artistic and the semi-artistic, and Europe became so much the fashion that it is now almost a test of respectability to have traveled at least once abroad.

Underlying all this vivacious emigration, there was of course a real if vague thirst for "culture," and, in strict accord with Arnold's definition, the idea that somehow culture could be imbibed, that from the contact with the treasures of Europe there would be rubbed off on us a little of that grace which had made the art. So for those who

could not travel abroad, our millionaires transported, in almost terrifying bulk and at staggering cost, samples of everything that the foreign galleries had to show. We were to acquire culture at any cost, and we had no doubt that we had discovered the royal road to it. We followed it, at any rate, with eye single to the goal. The naturally sensitive, who really found in the European literature and arts some sort of spiritual nourishment, set the pace, and the crowd followed at their heels.

This cultural humility of ours astonished and still astonishes Europe. In England, where "culture" is taken very frivolously, the bated breath of the American, when he speaks of Shakespeare or Tennyson or Browning, is always cause for amusement. And the Frenchman is always a little puzzled at the crowds who attend lectures in Paris on "How to See Europe Intelligently," or are taken in vast parties through the Louvre. The European objects a little to being so constantly regarded as the keeper of a huge museum. If you speak to him of culture, you find him frankly more interested in contemporaneous literature and art and music than in his worthies of the olden time,

more interested in discriminating the good of today than in accepting the classics. If he is a cultivated person, he is much more interested usually in quarreling about a living dog than in reverencing a dead lion. If he is a French *lettré*, for instance, he will be producing a book on the psychology of some living writer, while the Anglo-Saxon will be writing another on Shakespeare. His whole attitude towards the things of culture, be it noted, is one of daily appreciation and intimacy, not that attitude of reverence with which we Americans approach alien art, and which penalizes cultural heresy among us.

The European may be enthusiastic, polemic, radiant, concerning his culture; he is never humble. And he is, above all, never humble before the culture of another country. The Frenchman will hear nothing but French music, read nothing but French literature, and prefers his own art to that of any other nation. He can hardly understand our almost pathetic eagerness to learn of the culture of other nations, our humility of worship in the presence of art that in no sense represents the expression of any of our ideals and motivating forces.

To a genuinely patriotic American this cultural humility of ours is somewhat humiliating. In response to this eager inexhaustible interest in Europe, where is Europe's interest in us? Europe is to us the land of history, of mellow tradition, of the arts and graces of life, of the best that has been said and thought in the world. To Europe we are the land of crude racial chaos, of skyscrapers and bluff, of millionaires and "bosses." A French philosopher visits us, and we are all eagerness to get from him an orientation in all that is moving in the world of thought across the seas. But does he ask about our philosophy, does he seek an orientation in the American thought of the day? Not at all. Our humility has kept us from forcing it upon his attention, and it scarcely exists for him. Our advertising genius, so powerful and universal where soap and biscuits are concerned, wilts and languishes before the task of trumpeting our intellectual and spiritual products before the world. Yet there can be little doubt which is the more intrinsically worth advertising. But our humility causes us to be taken at our own face value, and for all this patient fixity of gaze upon Europe, we get little reward except to be ignored, or to have

our interest somewhat contemptuously dismissed as parasitic.

And with justice! For our very goal and ideal of culture has made us parasites. Our method has been exactly wrong. For the truth is that the definition of culture, which we have accepted with such devastating enthusiasm, is a definition emanating from that very barbarism from which its author recoiled in such horror. If it were not that all our attitude showed that we had adopted a quite different standard, it would be the merest platitude to say that culture is not an acquired familiarity with things outside, but an inner and constantly operating taste, a fresh and responsive power of discrimination, and the insistent judging of everything that comes to our minds and senses. It is clear that such a sensitive taste cannot be acquired by torturing our appreciations into conformity with the judgments of others, no matter how "authoritative" those judgments may be. Such a method means a hypnotization of judgment, not a true development of soul.

At the back of Arnold's definition is, of course, the implication that if we have only learned to

appreciate the "best," we shall have been trained thus to discriminate generally, that our appreciation of Shakespeare will somehow spill over into admiration of the incomparable art of Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson. This is, of course, exactly to reverse the psychological process. A true appreciation of the remote and the magnificent is acquired only after the judgment has learned to discriminate with accuracy and taste between the good and bad, the sincere and the false, of the familiar and contemporaneous art and writing of every day. To set up an alien standard of the classics is merely to give our lazy taste a resting-point, and to prevent forever any genuine culture.

This virus of the "best" rages throughout all our Anglo-Saxon campaign for culture. Is it not a notorious fact that our professors of English literature make no attempt to judge the work produced since the death of the last consecrated saint of the literary canon,—Robert Louis Stevenson? In strict accordance with Arnold's doctrine, they are waiting for the judgment upon our contemporaries which they call the test of time, that is, an authoritative objective judgment, upon which they can unquestioningly rely. Surely it seems as

if the principle of authority, having been ousted from religion and politics, had found a strong refuge in the sphere of culture. This tyranny of the "best" objectifies all our taste. It is a "best" that is always outside of our native reactions to the freshnesses and sincerities of life, a "best" to which our spontaneities must be disciplined. By fixing our eyes humbly on the ages that are past, and on foreign countries, we effectually protect ourselves from that inner taste which is the only sincere "culture."

Our cultural humility before the civilizations of Europe, then, is the chief obstacle which prevents us from producing any true indigenous culture of our own. I am far from saying, of course, that it is not necessary for our arts to be fertilized by the civilizations of other nations past and present. The culture of Europe has arisen only from such an extensive cross-fertilization in the past. But we have passed through that period of learning, and it is time for us now to set up our individual standards. We are already "heir of all the ages" through our English ancestry, and our last half-century of European idolatry has done for us all that can be expected. But, with our eyes fixed on

Europe, we continue to strangle whatever native genius springs up. Is it not a tragedy that the American artist feels the imperative need of foreign approval before he can be assured of his attainment? Through our inability or unwillingness to judge him, through our cultural humility, through our insistence on the objective standard, we drive him to depend on a foreign clientèle, to live even in foreign countries, where taste is more confident of itself and does not require the label, to be assured of the worth of what it appreciates.

The only remedy for this deplorable situation is the cultivation of a new American nationalism. We need that keen introspection into the beauties and vitalities and sincerities of our own life and ideals that characterizes the French. The French culture is animated by principles and tastes which are as old as art itself. There are "classics," not in the English and Arnoldian sense of a consecrated canon, dissent from which is heresy, but in the sense that each successive generation, putting them to the test, finds them redolent of those qualities which are characteristically French, and so preserves them as a precious heritage. This cultural chauvinism is the most harmless of

patriotisms; indeed it is absolutely necessary for a true life of civilization. And it can hardly be too intense, or too exaggerated. Such an international art exhibition as was held recently in New York, with the frankly avowed purpose of showing American artists how bad they were in comparison with the modern French, represents an appalling degradation of attitude which would be quite impossible in any other country. Such groveling humility can only have the effect of making us feeble imitators, instead of making us assert, with all the power at our command, the genius and individuality which we already possess in quantity, if we would only see it.

In the contemporary talent that Europe is exhibiting, or even in the genius of the last half-century, one will go far to find greater poets than our Walt Whitman, philosophers than William James, essayists than Emerson and Thoreau, composers than MacDowell, sculptors than Saint-Gaudens. In any other country such names would be focuses to which interest and enthusiasms would converge, symbols of a national spirit about which judgments and tastes would revolve. For none of them could have been born in another

country than our own. If some of them had their training abroad, it was still the indigenous America that their works expressed,—the American ideals and qualities, our pulsating democracy, the vigor and daring of our pioneer spirit, our sense of *camaraderie*, our dynamism, the big-heartedness of our scenery, our hospitality to all the world. In the music of MacDowell, the poetry of Whitman, the philosophy of James, I recognize a national spirit, "l'esprit américain," as superbly clear and gripping as anything the culture of Europe has to offer us, and immensely more stimulating, because of the very body and soul of to-day's interests and aspirations.

To come to an intense self-consciousness of these qualities, to feel them in the work of these masters, and to search for them everywhere among the lesser artists and thinkers who are trying to express the soul of this hot chaos of America,—this will be the attainment of culture for us. Not to look on ravished while our marvelous millionaires fill our museums with "old masters," armor, and porcelains, but to turn our eyes upon our own art for a time, shut ourselves in with our own genius, and cultivate with an intense and

partial pride what we have already achieved against the obstacles of our cultural humility. Only thus shall we conserve the American spirit and saturate the next generation with those qualities which are our strength. Only thus can we take our rightful place among the cultures of the world, to which we are entitled if we would but recognize it. We shall never be able to perpetuate our ideals except in the form of art and literature; the world will never understand our spirit except in terms of art. When shall we learn that "culture," like the kingdom of heaven, lies within us, in the heart of our national soul, and not in foreign galleries and books? When shall we learn to be proud? For only pride is creative.

SIX PORTRAITS

I—Karen
II—Sophronisba
III—Mon Amie
IV—Fergus
V—The Professor
VI—One of Our Conquerors

KAREN

KAREN interested more by what she always seemed about to say and be than by anything she was at the moment. I could never tell whether her inscrutability was deliberate or whether she did not know how to be articulate. When she was pleased she would gaze at you benignly but there was always a slight uneasiness in the air as if the serenity were only a resultant of tumultuous feelings that were struggling to appreciate the situation. She was always most animated when she was annoyed at you. At those times you could fairly feel the piquant shafts of evil-heartedness hitting your body as she contended against your egoism or any of the personal failings that hurt her sense of your fitness. These moments took you into the presence of the somber irascibility of that northern land from which she came, and you felt her foreignness brush you. Her smooth, fair, parted hair would become bristly

and surly; that face, which looked in repose like some Madonna which a Swedish painter would love, took on a flush; green lights glanced from her eyes. She was as inscrutable in anger as she was in her friendliness. You never knew just what strange personal freak of your villainy had set it off, though you often found it ascribed to some boiling fury in your own placid soul. You were not aware of this fury, but her intuition for it made her more inscrutable than ever.

I first met Karen at a state university in the West where she had come for some special work in literature, after a few years of earning her living at browbeaten stenography. She never went to her classes, and I had many long walks with her by the lake. In that somewhat thin intellectual atmosphere of the college, she devoted most of her time to the fine art of personal relations, and, as nobody who ever looked at her was not fascinated by her blonde inscrutability and curious soft intensity, she had no difficulty in soon enmeshing herself in several nebulous friendships. She told us that she hoped eventually to write novels, but there was never anything to show that her novels unfolded anywhere but in her mind as

they interpreted the richly exciting detail of her daily personal contacts. If you asked her about her writings, you became immediately thankful that looks could not slay, and some witch-fearing ancestor crossed himself shudderingly in your soul. Intercourse with Karen was not very concrete. Our innumerable false starts at understanding, the violence and exact quality of my interest, the technique of getting just that smooth and silky rapport between us which she was always anticipating—this seemed to make up the fabric of her thoughts. At that time she was reading mostly George Moore and Henry James, and I think she hoped we would all prove adequate for a subtly interwoven society. This was a little difficult in a group that was proud of its modernities, of its dizzy walking over flimsy generalizations, of its gifts of exploding in shrapnels of epigram. Karen loathed ideas and often quoted George Moore on their hideousness. The mere suggestion of an idea was so likely to destroy the poise of her mood, that conversation became a strategy worth working for. Karen did not think, she felt—in slow, sensuous outlines. You could feel her feelings curiously putting out long

streamers at you, and, if you were in the mood, a certain subterranean conversation was not impossible. But if you did not happen to guess her mood, then you quarreled.

When I met Karen, she was twenty-five, and I guessed that she would always be twenty-five. She had personal ideals that she wished for herself, and if you asked what she was thinking about, it was quite likely to be the kind of noble woman she was to be, or feared she would not be, at forty. But she was too insistent upon creating her world in her own image to remain sensitive to the impressions that make for growth. As the story of her life came out, the bitter immigrant journey, the despised house-work, the struggle to get an education, the office drudgery, the lack of roots and a place, you came to appreciate this personal cult of Karen's. She was so clearly finer and intenser than the people who had been in the world about her, that her starved soul had to find nourishment where it could. Even if she was insensible to ideas, her soft searching at least allured. It was perhaps her starved condition which made her friendships so subject to sudden disaster. Karen's notes were always a little more brightly

intimate than her personal resources were able to support. She seemed to start with a plan of the conversation in her head. If you bungled, and with her little retreats and evasions you were always bungling, you could feel her spirit stamp its feet in vexation. She would plan pleasant soliloquies, and you would find yourself in a fiercely cross-examinatory mood. She loathed your probing of her mood, and parried you in a helpless way which made you feel as if you were tearing tissue. You always seemed with Karen to be in a laboratory of personal relations where priceless things were being discovered, but you felt her more as an alchemist than a modern physicist of the soul, and her method rather that of trial and error than real experiment.

I am quite sure that Karen's system of personal relations was platonic. She never seemed to get beyond that laying of the broad foundation of the Jamesian tone that would have been necessary to make the thing an "affair." She was often lovely and she was not unloved. She was much interested in men, but it was more as co-actors in a personal drama of her own devising than as lovers or even as men. The most she ever hoped for, I

think, was to be the sacred fount, and to have her flow copious and manifold. You felt the immense qualifications a man would have to have in the subtleties of rapport to make him even a candidate for loving. For Karen, men seemed to exist only as they brought a touch of ceremonial into their personal relations. I think Karen never quite intended to surround herself with the impenetrable armor of vestal virginity, and yet she did not avoid it. However glowing and mysterious she might look as she lay before the fire in her room, so that to an impatient friend nothing might seem more important than to catch her up warmly in his arms, he would have been an audacious brigand who violated the atmosphere. Karen always so much gave the impression of playing for higher and nobler stakes that no brigand ever appeared. Whether she deluded herself as to what she wanted or whether she had a clearer insight than most women into the predatoriness of my sex, her relations with men were rarely smooth. Caddishness seemed to be breaking out repeatedly in the most unexpected places.

Some of the most serious of my friends got dark inadequacies charged against them by Karen. I

was a little in her confidence, but I could rarely gather more than that the men of to-day had no sensitiveness and were far too coarse for the fine and decent friendships which she spent so much of her time and artistic imagination on arranging for them with herself. I was constantly undergoing, at the hands of Karen, a course of discipline myself, for my ungovernable temper or my various repellant "tones" or my failure to catch just the quality of certain people we discussed. I understood dimly the lucklessness of her "cads." They had perhaps not been urbanely plastic, they had perhaps been impatiently adoring. They had at least not offended in any of the usual ways. She would even forgive them sometimes with surprising suddenness. But she never so far forgot her principles as to let them dictate a mood. She never recognized any of the naïve collisions of men and women.

Karen often seemed keenly to wonder at this unsatisfactoriness of men. She cultivated them, walking always in her magic circle, but they slipped and grew dimmer. She had her fling of feminism towards the end of her year. She left the university to become secretary for a state suf-

frage leader. Under the stress of public life she became fierce and serious. She abandoned the picturesque peasant costumes which she had affected, and made herself hideous in mannish skirts and waists. She felt the woes of women, and saw everywhere the devilish hand of the exploiting male. If she ever married, she would have a house separate from her husband. She would be no parasite, no man's woman. She spoke of the "human sex," and set up its norms for her acquaintanceships.

When I saw Karen later, however, she was herself again. She had taken up again the tissue of personal relations. But in that reconstituted world all her friends seemed to be women. Her taste of battle had seemed to fortify and enlighten that ancient shrinking; her old annoyance that men should be abruptly different from what she would have them. She was intimate with feminists whose feminism had done little more for their emotional life than to make them acutely conscious of the cloven hoof of the male. Karen, in her brooding way, was able to give this philosophy a far more poetical glamor than any one I

knew. Her woman friends adored her, even those who had not acquired that mystic sense of "loyalty to woman" and did not believe that no man was so worthy that he might not be betrayed with impunity. Karen, on her part, adored her friends, and the care that had been spent on unworthy men now went into toning up and making subtle the women around her. She did a great deal for them, and was constantly discovering godlike creatures in shop and street and bringing them in to be mystically mingled with her circle.

Naturally it is Karen's married friends who cause her greatest concern. Eternal vigilance is the price of their salvation from masculine tyranny. In the enemy's country, under at least the nominal yoke, these married girls seem to Karen subjects for her prayer and aid. She has become exquisitely sensitive to any aggressive gestures on the part of these creatures with whom her dear friends have so inexplicably allied themselves, and she is constantly in little subtle intrigues to get the victim free or at least armisticed. She broods over her little circle, inscrutable, vigilant, a true vestal virgin on the sacred hearth of

woman. Husbands are doubtless better for that silent enemy whom they see jealously adoring their wives.

Karen still leaves trails of mystery and desire where she goes, but it is as a woman's woman that I see her now, and, I am ashamed to say, ignore her. Men could not be crowded into her Jamesian world and she has solved the problem by obliterating them. She will not live by means of them. Since she does not know how to live with them she lives without them.

SOPHRONISBA

I SHOULD scarcely have understood Sophronisba unless I had imagined her against the background of that impeccable New England town from which she says she escaped. It is a setting of elm-shaded streets, with houses that can fairly be called mansions, and broad lawns stretching away from the green and beautiful white church. In this large princeliness of aspect the naïve stranger, like myself, would imagine nothing but what was grave and sweet and frank. Yet behind those pillared porticos Sophronisba tells me sit little and petrified people. This spacious beauty exists for people who are mostly afraid; afraid of each other, afraid of candor, afraid of sex, afraid of radicals. Underneath the large-hearted exterior she says they are stifled within. Women go queer from repression, spinsters multiply on families' hands, while the young men

drift away to Boston. Dark tales are heard of sexual insanity, and Sophronisba seems to think that the chastest wife never conceives without a secret haunting in her heart of guilt. I think there are other things in Sophronisba's town, but these are the things she has seen, and these are the things she has fled from.

Sophronisba is perhaps forty, but she is probably much younger than she was at eleven. At that age the devilish conviction that she hated her mother strove incessantly with the heavenly conviction that it was her duty to love her. And there were unpleasing aunts and cousins who exhaustingly had to be loved when she wished only spitefully to slap them. Her conscience thus played her unhappy tricks through a submerged childhood, until college came as an emancipation from that deadly homesickness that is sickness not for your home but intolerance at it.

No more blessed relief comes to the conscience-burdened than the chance to exchange their duties for their tastes, when what you should unselfishly do to others is transformed into what books and pictures you ought to like. Your conscience gets its daily exercise, but without the moral pain. I

imagine Sophronisba was not unhappy at college, where she could give up her weary efforts to get her emotions correct towards everybody in the world and the Three Persons in the heaven above it, in favor of acquiring a sound and authorized cultural taste. She seems to have very dutifully taken her master's degree in English literature, and for her industrious conscience is recorded somewhere an unreadable but scholarly thesis, the very name of which she has probably forgotten herself.

For several years Sophronisba must have flowed along on that thin stream of the intellectual life which seems almost to have been invented for slender and thin-lipped New England maidens who desperately must make a living for themselves in order to keep out of the dull prison of their homes. There was for Sophronisba a little teaching, a little settlement work, a little writing, and a position with a publishing house. And always the firm clutch on New York and the dizzy living on a crust that might at any moment break and precipitate her on the intolerable ease of her dutifully loving family. It is the conventional opinion that this being a prisoner on parole

can be terminated only by the safe custody of a man, or the thrilling freedom of complete personal success. Sophronisba's career has been an indeterminate sentence of womanhood. She is at once a proof of how very hard the world still is on women, and how gaily they may play the game with the odds against them.

I did not meet Sophronisba until she was in the mellow of her years, and I cannot disentangle all her journalistic attempts, her dives into this magazine and that, the electrifying discovery of her by a great editor, the great careers that were always beginning, the great articles that were called off at the last moment, the delayed checks, the checks that never came, the magazines that went down with all on board. But there were always articles that did come off, and Sophronisba zigzagged her literary way through fat years of weekly series and Sunday supplements and lean years of desk work and book-reviewing. There are some of Sophronisba's articles that I should like to have written myself. She piles her facts with great neatness, and there is a little ironic punch sometimes which is not enough to disturb the simple people who read it, but flatters you as of the more

subtly discerning. Further, she has a genuine talent for the timely.

There has been strategy as well as art in her career. That feminine Yankeeness which speaks out of her quizzical features has not lived in vain. She tells with glee of editors captured in skilful sorties of wit, of connections laboriously pieced together. She confesses to plots to take the interesting and valuable in her net. There is continuous action along her battlefront. She makes the acceptance of an article an exciting event. As you drop in upon her for tea to follow her work from week to week, you seem to move in a maze of editorial conspiracy. Her zestfulness almost brings a thrill into the prosaic business of writing. Not beguilements, but candor and wit, are her ammunition. One would expect a person who looked like Sophronisba to be humorous. But her wit is good enough to be surprising, it is sharp but it leaves no sting. And it gets all the advantage of being carried along on a voice that retains the least suggestion of a racy Eastern twang. With the twang goes that lift and breathlessness that makes everything sound interesting. When you come upon Sophronisba in that charming din-

ner group that she frequents or as she trips out of the library, portfolio in hand, with a certain sedate primness which no amount of New York will ever strain out of her, you know that for a few moments the air is going to be bright.

How Sophronisba got rid of the virus of her New England conscience and morbidities I do not know. She must have exorcised more demons than most of us are even acquainted with. Yet she never seems to have lost the zest that comes from standing on the brink and watching the Gadarene swine plunge heavily down into the sea. She has expelled the terrors of religion and the perils of thwarted sex, but their nearness still thrills. She would not be herself, neither would her wit be as good, if it were not much made of gay little blasphemies and bold feminist irreverences. There is the unconscious play to the stiff New England gallery that makes what she says of more than local relevance. In her serious talk there lingers the slight, interested bitter tang of the old Puritan poison. But current issues mean much to Sophronisba. These things which foolish people speak of with grave-faced strainings after objectivity, with uncouth scientific jargon and

sudden lapses into pruriency, Sophronisba presents as a genuine revelation. Her personal curiosity, combined with intellectual clarity, enable her to get it all assimilated. Her allegiance went, of course, quickly to Freud, and once, in a sudden summer flight to Jung in Zurich, she sat many hours absorbing the theories from a grave, ample, formidably abstract, and—for Sophronisba—too unhumorous Fraülein assistant. What Sophronisba got she has made into a philosophy of life, translated into New England dialect, and made quite revealingly her own. Before journalism claimed her for more startling researches, she would often give it for you in racy and eager fashion, turning up great layers of her own life and of those she knew about her. Many demons were thus sent flying.

Her exorcisms have been gained by a blazing candor and by a self-directed sense of humor which alone can support it. With the white light of this lantern she seems to have hunted down all the evil shadows in that background of hers. Her relentless exposure of her own motives, her eager publicity of soul and that fascinating life which is hers, her gossip without malice and her wise

cynicism, make Sophronisba the greatest of reliefs from a world too full of decent reticences and self-respects. That heavy conscience has been trained down to an athletic trimness. I cannot find an interest or a realism or a self-interpretation at which she will cringe, though three centuries of Puritanism in her blood should tell her how unhallowed most of them are.

Sophronisba, naturally, is feminist to the core. Particularly on the subject of the economic servitude of married women does she grow very tense, and if anywhere her sense of humor deserts her it is here. But she is so convincing that she can throw me into a state of profound depression, from which I am not cheered by reflecting how unconscious of their servitude most of these women are. Sophronisba herself is a symbol of triumphant spinsterhood rejoicing the heart, an unmarried woman who knows she would make a wretched wife and does not seem to mind. Her going home once a year to see her family has epic quality about it. She parts from her friends with a kind of resigned daring, and returns with the air of a Proserpine from the regions of Pluto. To have laid all these ghosts of gloom and queerness

and fear which must have darkened her prim and neglected young life, is to have made herself a rarely interesting woman. I think the most delightful bohemians are those who have been New England Puritans first.

MON AMIE

I

She was French from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, but she was of that France which few Americans, I think, know or imagine. She belonged to that France which Jean-Christophe found in his friend Olivier, a world of flashing ideas and enthusiasms, a golden youth of ideals.

She had picked me out for an exchange of conversation, as the custom is, precisely because I had left my name at the Sorbonne as a person who wrote a little. I had put this bait out, as it were, deliberately, with the intention of hooking a mind that cared for a little more than mere chatter, but I had hardly expected to find it in the form of a young girl who, as she told me in her charmingly polished note, was nineteen and had just completed her studies.

These studies formed a useful introduction when she received me in the little old-fashioned apartment in the Batignolles quarter on my first visit. She had made them ever since she was five years old in a wonderful old convent at Bourges; and in the town had lived her grandmother, a very old lady, whom she had gone lovingly to see, as often as she could be away from the watchful care of the nuns. In her she had found her real mother, for her parents had been far away in Brittany. When the old lady died, my friend had to face an empty world, and to become acquainted all over again with a mother whom she confessed she found "little sympathetic." But she was a girl of *devoir*, and she would do nothing to wound her.

She told me one afternoon as we took our first walk through the dusky richness of the Musée Cluny, that the shock of death had disclosed to her how fleeting life was, how much she thought of death, and how much she feared it. I used the lustiness of her grandmother's eighty-four years to convince her as to how long she might have to postpone her dread, but her fragile youth seemed already to feel the beating wings about her. As

she talked, her expression had all that wistful seriousness of the French face which has not been devitalized by the city, that sense of the nearness of unutterable things which runs, a golden thread, through their poetry. Though she had lived away from Brittany, in her graver moments there was much in her of the patient melancholy of the Breton. For her father's people had been sea-folk,—not fishermen, but pilots and navigators on those misty and niggardly shores,—and the long defeat and ever-trustful suffering was in her blood. She would interpret to me the homely pictures at the Luxembourg which spoke of coast and peasant life; and her beautiful articulateness brought the very soul of France out of the canvases of Cottet and Breton and Carrière. She understood these people.

But she was very various, and, if at first we plumbed together the profoundest depths of her, we soon got into shallower waters. The fluency of her thought outran any foreign medium, and made anything but her flying French impossible. Her meager English had been learned from some curious foreigner with an accent more German than French, and we abandoned it by mutual con-

sent. Our conversation became an exchange of ideas and not of languages. Or rather her mind became the field where I explored at will.

I think I began by assuming a Catholic devotion in her, and implied that her serious outlook on life might lead her into the church. She scoffed unmitigatedly at this. The nuns were not unkindly, she said, but they were hard and narrow and did not care for the theater and for books, which she adored.

She believed in God. "Et le théâtre!" I said, which delighted her hugely. But these Christian virtues made unlovely characters and cut one off so painfully from the fascinating moving world of ideas outside. But surely after fourteen years of religious training and Christian care, did she not believe in the Church, its priesthood and its dogmas?

She repudiated her faith with indescribable vivacity. A hardened Anglo-Saxon agnostic would have shown more diffidence in denying his belief in dogma or the Bible. As for the latter, she said, it might do for children of five years. And the cutting sweep of that "enfants de cinq ans" afforded me a revealing glimpse of that lucid

intelligence with which the French mind cuts through layers and strata of equivocation and compromise.

Most Frenchmen, if they lose their faith, go the swift and logical road to atheism. Her loss was no childish dream or frenzy; she still believed in God. But as for the Church and its priesthood,—she told me, with malicious irony, and with the intelligence that erases squeamishness, of a friend of hers who was the daughter of the priest in charge of one of the largest Parisian churches. Would she confess to a member of a priestly caste which thus broke faith? Confession was odious anyway. She had been kept busy in school inventing sins. She would go to church on Easter, but she would not take the Eucharist, though I noticed a charming lapse when she crossed herself with holy water as we entered Notre Dame one day.

Where had she ever got such ideas, shut up in a convent?—Oh, they were all perfectly obvious, were they not? Where would one not get them? This amazing soul of modern France!—which pervades even the walls of convents with its spirit of free criticism and its terrible play of the intelli-

gence; which will examine and ruthlessly cast aside, just as my vibrant, dark-haired, fragile friend was casting aside, without hypocrisy or scruple, whatever ideas do not seem to enhance the clear life to be lived.

II

Accustomed to grope and flounder in the mazes of the intellect, I found her intelligence well-nigh terrifying. I would sit almost helplessly and listen to her sparkle of talk. Her freedom knocked into pieces all my little imagined world of French conventionalities and inhibitions. How could this pale, dignified mother, to whom I was presented as she passed hurriedly through the room one day, allow her to wander so freely about Paris parks and museums with a foreign young man? Her answer came superbly, with a flare of decision which showed me that at least in one spot the eternal conflict of the generations had been settled: "*Je me permets!*"—I allow myself. She gave me to understand that for a while her mother had been difficult, but that there was no longer any question of her "living her life"—*vivre sa vie.* And she really thought that her

mother, in releasing her from the useless trammels, had become herself much more of an independent personality. As for my friend, she dared, she took risks, she played with the adventure of life. But she knew what was there.

The motherly Anglo-Saxon frame of mind would come upon me, to see her in the light of a poor ignorant child, filled with fantastic ideals, all so pitifully untested by experience. How ignorant she was of life, and to what pitfalls her daring freedom must expose her in this unregenerate France! I tried and gave it up. As she talked, —her glowing eyes, in which ideas seemed to well up brimming with feeling and purpose, saying almost more than her words,—she seemed too palpably a symbol of luminous youth, a flaming militant of the younger generation, who by her courage would shrivel up the dangers that so beset the timorous. She was French, and that fact by itself meant that whole layers of equivocation had been cut through, whole sets of intricacies avoided.

In order to get the full shock of her individuality, I took her one afternoon to a model little English tea-room on the rue de Rivoli, where normal Britishers were reading *Punch* and the

Spectator over their jam and cake. The little flurry of disapprobation and the hostile stare which our appearance elicited from the well-bred families and discreet young men at the tables, the flaring incongruity of her dark, lithe, inscrutable personality in this bland, vacuous British atmosphere, showed me as could nothing else how hard was the gem-like flame with which she burned.

As we walked in the Luxembourg and along the quays, or sat on the iron chairs in the gardens of the Parc Monceau or the Trocadéro, our friendship became a sort of intellectual orgy. The difficulty of following the pace of her flying tongue and of hammering and beating my own thoughts into the unaccustomed French was fatiguing, but it was the fascinating weariness of exploration. My first idle remarks about God touched off a whole battery of modern ideas. None of the social currents of the day seemed to have passed her by, though she had been immured so long in her sleepy convent at Bourges. She had that same interest and curiosity about other classes and conditions of life which animates us here in America, and the same desire to do something effective against the misery of poverty.

I had teased her a little about her academic, untried ideas, and in grave reproof she told me, one afternoon, as we stood—of all places!—on the porch of the Little Trianon at Versailles, a touching story of a family of the poorest of the Parisian poor, whom she and her mother visited and helped to get work. She did not think charity accomplished very much, and flamed at the word "Socialism," although she had not yet had its program made very clear to her.

But mostly she was feminist,—an ardent disciple in that singularly uncomplicated and happy march of the Frenchwomen, already so practically emancipated, toward a definite social recognition of that liberation. The normal Frenchwoman, in all but the richer classes, is an economic asset to her country. And economic independence was a cardinal dogma in my friend's faith. She was already taking a secretarial course, in order to ensure her ability to make her living; and she looked forward quite eagerly to a career.

Marriage was in considerable disfavor; it had still the taint of the Church upon it, while the civil marriage seemed, with the only recently surren-

dered necessary parental consent, to mark the subjection of the younger to the older generation. These barriers were now removed, but the evil savor of the institution lingered on. My friend, like all the French intellectuals, was all for the "union libre," but it would have to be loyal unto death. It was all the more inspiring as an ideal, because it would be perhaps hard to obtain. Men, she was inclined to think, were usually *malhonnête*, but she might find some day a man of complete sympathy and complete loyalty. But she did not care. Life was life, freedom was freedom, and the glory of being a woman in the modern world was enough for her.

The French situation was perhaps quite as bad as it was pictured. Friendship between a girl and a young man was almost impossible. It was that they usually wished to love her. She did not mind them on the streets. The students—oh, the students!—were frightfully annoying; but perhaps one gave a *gifle* and passed rapidly on. Her parents, before she had become genuinely the captain of her soul, had tried to marry her off in the orthodox French way. She had had four proposals. Risking the clean candor of the French

soul, I became curious and audacious. So she dramatized for me, without a trace of self-consciousness, a wonderful little scene of provincial manners. The stiff young Frenchman making his stilted offer, her self-possessed reluctance, her final refusal, were given in inimitable style. These incidents, which in the life of a little American *bourgeoise* would have been crises or triumphs, and, at any rate, unutterably hoarded secrets, were given with a cold frankness which showed refreshingly to what insignificance marriage was relegated in her life. She wished, she said, to *vivre sa vie*—to live her life. If marriage fitted in with her living of her life, it might take her. It should never submerge or deflect her. Countless Frenchwomen, in defiance of the strident Anglo-Saxon belief, were able both to keep a household and to earn their own living; and why not she also? She would always be free; and her black eyes burned as they looked out so fearlessly into a world that was to be all hers, because she expected nothing from it.

About this world, she had few illusions. To its worldlinesses and glitter she showed really a superb indifference. I brutally tried to trap her

into a confession that she spurned it only because it might be closed to her through lack of money or prestige. Her eloquent eyes almost slew me with vivacious denial. She despised these "dolls" whose only business in life was to wear clothes. Her own sober black was not affectation, but only her way of showing that she was more than a *poupée*. She did not say it, but I quite appreciated, and I knew well that she knew, how charming a *poupée* she might have made.

Several of her friends were gay and worldly. She spoke of them with charming frankness, touching off, with a tone quite clean of malice, all their little worthlessnesses and futilities. Some of this world, indeed, shaded off into unimaginable *nuances*, but she was wholly aware of its significance. In the inimitable French way, she disdained to use its errors as a lever to elevate her own virtues.

III

Her blazing candor lighted up for me every part of her world. We skirted abysses, but the language helped us wonderfully through. French has worn tracks in so many fields of experience

where English blunders either boorishly or sentimentally. French is made for illumination and clear expression; it has kept its purity and crispness and can express, without shamefacedness or bungling, attitudes and interpretations which the Anglo-Saxon fatuously hides.

My friend was dimly sensible of some such contrast. I think she had as much difficulty in making me out as I had in making her out. She was very curious as to how she compared with American girls. She had once met one but had found her, though not a doll, yet not *sympathique* and little understandable. I had to tell my friend how untranslatable she was. The Anglo-Saxon, I had to tell her, was apt to be either a school-child or a middle-aged person. To the first, ideas were strange and disturbing. To the second, they were a nuisance and a bore. I almost assured her that in America she would be considered a quite horrible portent. Her brimming idealism would make everybody uncomfortable. The sensual delight which she took in thinking, the way her ideas were all warmly felt and her feelings luminously expressed, would adapt her badly to a world of school-children and tired business men. I tried to

go over for her the girls of her age whom I had known. How charming they were to be sure, but, even when they had ideas, how strangely inarticulate they sometimes were, and, if they were articulate, how pedantic and priggish they seemed to the world about them! And what forests of reticences and exaggerated values there were, and curious illogicalities How jealous they were of their personalities, and what a suspicious and individualistic guard they kept over their candor and sincerities! I was very gay and perhaps a little cruel.

She listened eagerly, but I think she did not quite understand. If one were not frankly a doll, was not life a great swirl to be grappled with and clarified, and thought and felt about? And as for her personality, the more she gave the more she had. She would take the high risks of friendship.

To cross the seas and come upon my own enthusiasms and ideals vibrating with so intense a glow seemed an amazing fortune. It was like coming upon the same design, tinted in novel and picturesque colors of a finer harmony. In this intellectual flirtation, carried on in *musée* and gar-

den and on quay throughout that cloudless April, I began to suspect some gigantic flattery. Was her enthusiasm sincere, and her clean-cutting ideas, or had she by some subtle intuition anticipated me? Did she think, or was it to be expected of me, that I should fall in love with her? But perhaps there was a touch of the too foreign in her personality. And if I had fallen in love, I know it would not have been with herself. It would have been with the Frenchness of her, and perhaps was. It would have been with the eternal youth of France that she was. For she could never have been so very glowing if France had not been full of her. Her charm and appeal were far broader than herself. It took in all that rare spiritual climate where one absorbs ideas and ideals as the earth drinks in rain.

She was of that young France with its luminous understanding, its personal verve, its light of expression, its way of feeling its ideas and thinking its emotions, its deathless loyalty which betrays only at the clutch of some deeper loyalty. She adored her country and all its mystic values and aspirations. When she heard I was going to Germany, she actually winced with pain. She could

scarcely believe it. I fell back at once to the position of a vulgar traveler, visiting even the lands of the barbarians. They were her country's enemies, and some day they would attack. France awaited the onslaught fatalistically. She did not want to be a man, but she wished that they would let women be soldiers. If the war came, however, she would enlist at once as a Red Cross nurse. She thrilled at the thought that perhaps there she could serve to the uttermost.

And the war has come, hot upon her enthusiasms. She must have been long since in the field, either at the army stations, or moving about among the hospitals of Paris, her heart full of pride and pity for the France which she loved and felt so well, and of whose deathless spirit she was, for me, at least, so glowing a symbol.

FERGUS

My friend Fergus has all the characteristics of genius except the divine fire. The guardian angel who presided at his birth and set in order all his delicate appreciations just forgot to start flowing the creative current. Fergus was born to suffer the pangs of artistic desire without the gushing energy that would have moulded artistic form. It was perhaps difficult enough to produce him as it was. There is much that is clearly impossible about him. His father is a bluff old Irish newspaper compositor, with the obstinately genial air of a man who cannot believe that life will not some day do something for him. His mother is a French-Canadian, jolly and stout, who plays old Irish and French melodies on the harp, and mothers the young Catholic girls of the crowded city neighborhood in which they live. She has the slightly surprised background of never realized prosperity. Fergus is an old child, and moves in

the dark little flat, with its green plush furniture, its prints of the Great Commoner and Lake Killarney, its Bible texts of the Holy Name, with the detached condescension of an exiled prince. He is very dark and finely formed, of the type that would be taken for a Spaniard in France and an Italian in Spain, and his manners have the distinction of the born aristocrat.

The influences of that close little Catholic society in which he was brought up he has shed as a duck sheds water. His mother wished him to be a Jesuit. The quickness of his mind, the refinement and hauteur of his manner, intoxicated her with the assurance of his priestly future. His father, however, inclined towards the insurance business. Fergus himself viewed his future with cold disinterestedness. When I first met him he had just emerged from a year of violin study at a music school. The violin had been an escape from the twin horrors that had menaced him. On his parents' anxiety that he "make something of himself" he looked with some disdain. He did, however, feel to a certain extent their chagrin at finding so curious and aristocratic a person in their family, and he allowed himself, with a fine

stoicism as of an exiled prince supporting himself until the revolution was crushed and he was reinstated in his possessions, to be buried in an insurance broker's office. At this time he spent his evenings in the dim vaulted reading-room of a public library composing music, or in wandering in the park with his friends, discussing philosophy. His little music notebook and Gomperz's "Greek Thinkers" were rarely out of his hand.

Harmony and counterpoint had not appealed to him at the Conservatory, but now the themes that raced and rocketed through his head compelled him to composition. The bloodless scherzos and allegros which he produced and tried to play for me on his rickety piano had so archaic a flavor as to suggest that Fergus was inventing anew the art of music, somewhat as our childhood is supposed to pass through all the stages of the evolution of the race. As he did not seem to pass beyond a pre-Bachian stage, he began to feel at length, he told me, that there was something lacking in his style. But he was afraid that routine study would dull his inspiration. It was time that he needed, and not instruction. And time was slipping so

quickly away. He was twenty-two, and he could not grasp or control it.

When summer was near he came to me with an idea. His office work was insupportable. Even accepting that one dropped eight of the best hours of one's every day into a black and bottomless pit in exchange for the privilege of remaining alive, such a life was almost worse than none. I had friends who were struggling with a large country farm. He wished to offer them his services as farmhand on half-time in exchange for simple board and lodging. Working in the morning, he would have all the rest of his pastoral day for writing music.

Before I could communicate to him my friends' reluctance to this proposal, he told me that his musical inspiration had entirely left him. He was now spending all his spare time in the Art Museum, discovering tastes and delights that he had not known were in him. Why had not some one told him of the joy of sitting and reading Plato in those glowing rooms? The Museum was more significant when I walked in it with Fergus. His gracious bearing almost seemed to please the

pictures themselves. He walked as a princely connoisseur through his own historic galleries.

When I saw Fergus next, however, a physical depression had fallen upon him. He had gone into a vegetarian diet and was enfeebling himself with Spartan fare. He was disturbed by loneliness, the erotic world gnawed persistently at him, and all the Muses seemed to have left him. But in his gloominess, in the fine discrimination with which he analyzed his helplessness, in the noble despair with which he faced an insoluble world, he was more aristocratic than ever. He was not like one who had never attained genius, fame, voluptuous passion, riches, he was rather as one who had been bereft of all these things.

Returning last autumn from a year abroad, during which I had not heard a word of Fergus, I found he had turned himself into a professional violin-teacher. The insurance job had passed out, and for a few weeks he had supported himself by playing the organ in a small Catholic church. There was jugglery with his salary, however, and it annoyed him to be so intimate a figure in a ritual to which he could only refer in irony. Priests whose "will to power" background he

analyzed to me with Nietzschean fidelity always repelled him.

He was saved from falling back on the industrious parents who had so strangely borne him by an offer to play the harmonium in the orchestra of a fashionable restaurant. To this opportunity of making eighteen dollars a week he had evidently gone with a new and pleasurable sense of the power of wealth. It was easy, he said, but the heat and the lights, the food and the long evening hours fairly nauseated him, and he gave the work up.

All this time, I gathered, his parents had been restive over a certain economic waste. They seemed to feel that his expensive musical education should be capitalized more firmly and more profitably. His mother had even deplored his lack of ambition. She had explored and had discovered that one made much money as a "vaudeville act." He had obtained a trial at an Upper Bronx moving-picture vaudeville theater. Fergus told me that the nervous girl who had gone on the stage before him had been cut short in the middle of her "Fox-Trot Lullaby," or whatever her song was, by hostile yells from the audience. Fergus

himself went on in rather a depressed mood, and hardly did himself justice. He played the Bach air, and a short movement from Brahms. He did not, however, get that rapport with his audience which he felt the successful vaudeville artist should feel. They had not yelled at him, but they had refused to applaud, and the circuit manager had declined to engage him.

After this experience it occurred to Fergus that he liked to teach, and that his training had made him a professional musician. His personality, he felt, was not unfavorable. By beginning modestly he saw no reason why he should not build up a clientele and an honorable competence. When I saw him a week later at the Music Settlement, he told me that there was no longer any doubt that he had found his lifework. His fees are very small and his pupils are exacting. He has practised much besides. He told me the other day that teaching was uninspiring drudgery. He had decided to give it up, and compose songs.

Whenever I see Fergus I have a slight quickening of the sense of life. His rich and rather somber personality makes all ordinary backgrounds tawdry. He knows so exactly what he

is doing and what he is feeling. I do not think he reads very much, but he breathes in from the air around him certain large aethestic and philosophical ideas. There are many philosophies and many artists, however, that he has never heard of, and this ignorance of the concrete gives one a fine pleasure of impressing him. One can pour into receptive ears judgments and enthusiasms that have long ago been taken for granted by one's more sophisticated friends. His taste in art as in music is impeccable, and veers strongly to the classics—Rembrandt and the Greeks, as Bach and Beethoven.

Fergus has been in love, but he does not talk much about it. A girl in his words is somewhat dark and inscrutable. She always has something haunting and finely-toned about her, whoever she may be. I always think of the clothed lady in the flowing silks, in Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love." Yet withal Fergus gives her a touch of the allurement of her nude companion. His reserve, I think, always keeps these persons very dusky and distant. His chastity is a result of his fineness of taste rather than of feeble desire or conscious control. That impersonal passion

which descends on people like Fergus in a sultry cloud he tells me he contrives to work off into his violin. I sometimes wonder if a little more of it with a better violin would have made him an artist.

But destiny has just clipped his wings so that he must live a life of noble leisure instead of artistic creation. His unconscious interest is the art of life. Against a background of Harlem flats and stodgy bourgeois prejudices he works out this life of *otium cum dignitate*, calm speculation and artistic appreciation that Nietzsche glorifies. On any code that would judge him by the seven dollars a week which is perhaps his average income he looks with cold disdain. He does not demand that the world give him a living. He did not ask to come into it, but being here he will take it with candor. Sometimes I think he is very patient with life. Probably he is not happy. This is not important. As his candor and his appreciations refresh me, I wonder if the next best thing to producing works of art is not to be, like Fergus, a work of art one's self.

THE PROFESSOR

The Professor is a young man, but he had so obviously the misfortune of growing up too early that he seems already like a mournful relic of irrevocable days. His ardent youth was spent in that halcyon time of the early nineteen-hundreds when all was innocence in the heart of young America. "When I was in college," the Professor often says, "all this discussion of social questions was unknown to us. The growing seriousness of the American college student is an inspiring phenomenon in our contemporary life."

In those days the young men who felt an urge within them went in for literature. It was still the time when Presbyterian clergymen and courtly Confederate generals were contributing the inspiration of their ripe scholarship to the younger generation. It was the time when Brander Matthews still thrilled the world of criticism with his scintillating Gallic wit and his cosmopolitan wealth

of friendships. The young men of that time are still a race apart. Through these literary masters they touched the intimate life of literature; they knew Kipling and Stevenson, Arthur Symons and the great Frenchmen, and felt themselves one with the charmed literary brotherhood throughout the world. It was still the time when, free from philosophic or sociologic taint, our American youth was privileged to breathe in from men like Henry van Dyke and Charles Eliot Norton the ideals of the scholar and the gentleman.

The Professor's sensitive talent soon asserted itself. With Wordsworth he had absorbed himself into the circumambient life of nature and made the great reconciliation between her and man. With Shelley he had dared unutterable things and beaten his wings against the stars. With Tennyson he had shuddered pensively on the brink of declining faith. With Carlyle he had felt the call of duty, and all the revulsion against a sordid and mechanical age. With Arnold he had sought the sweetness and light which should come to him from knowing all the best that had been said and thought in the world. The Professor had scarcely begun to write verse before

he found himself victor in a prize poetry contest which had enlisted the talent of all the best poets of America. He often tells his students of the intoxication of that evening when he encircled the dim vaulted corridors of the college library, while his excited brain beat out the golden couplets of the now celebrated "Ganymede." The success of this undergraduate stripling fell like a thunderbolt upon the literary world. Already consecrated to the scholar's career, he found fallen upon him the miracle of the creative artist. But Shelley and Keats had had their greatness very early, too. And when, at the early age of twenty-three, the Professor published his masterly doctoral dissertation on "The Anonymous Lyrics of the Fourteenth Century," he at once attained in the world of literary scholarship the distinction that "Ganymede" had given him in the world of poetry.

His career has not frustrated those bright promsises. His rare fusion of scholarship and genius won him the chair of English Literature in one of our most rapidly growing colleges, where he has incomparable opportunities for influencing the ideals of the young men under him. His courses are among the most popular in the college. Al-

though his special scholarly research has been devoted to pre-Elizabethan literature, he is at home in all the ages. His lectures are models of carefully weighed criticism. "My purpose," he says, "is to give my boys the spirit of the authors, and let them judge between them for themselves." Consequently, however much Swinburne may revolt him, the Professor expounds the carnal and desperate message of that poet with the same care which he gives to his beloved Wordsworth. "When they have heard them all," he told me once, "I can trust my boys to feel the insufficiency of any purely materialistic interpretation of life."

Impeccable as is his critical taste where the classics are concerned, he is reluctant about giving his opinion to those students who come for a clue through the current literary maze. Stevenson was early canonized, and the Professor speaks with charm and fulness upon him, but G. B. S. and Galsworthy must wait. "Time, perhaps," says the Professor, "will put the seal of approval upon them. Meanwhile our judgment can be only tentative." His fine objectivity is shown in those lists of the hundred best books of the year which he is sometimes asked to compile for the Sunday

newspapers. Rarely does a new author, never does a young author, appear among them. Scholarly criticism, the Professor feels, can scarcely be too cautious.

The Professor's inspiring influence upon his students, however, is not confined to his courses. He has formed a little literary society in the college, which meets weekly to discuss with him the larger cultural issues of the time. Lately he has become interested in philosophy. "In my day," he once told me, "we young literary men did not study philosophy." But now, professor that he is, he goes to sit at the feet of the great metaphysicians of his college. He has been immensely stirred by the social and moral awakening of recent years. He willingly allows discussions of socialism in his little society, but is inclined to deprecate the fanaticism of college men who lose their sense of proportion on social questions. But in his open-mindedness to radical thought he is an inspiration to all who meet him. To be radical, he tells his boys, is a necessary part of experience. In professorial circles he is looked upon as a veritable revolutionist, for he encourages the discussion of vital questions even in the classroom.

Questions such as evolution, capital punishment, free thought, protection and education of women, furnish the themes for composition. And from the essays of the masters—Macaulay, Huxley, John Stuart Mill and Matthew Arnold—come the great arguments as freshly and as vitally as of yore. Literature, says the Professor, is not merely language; it is ideas. We must above all, he says, teach our undergraduates to think.

Although the Professor is thus responsive to the best radicalisms of the day, he does not let their shock break the sacred chalice of the past. He is deeply interested in the religious life of his college. A devout Episcopalian, he deplores the callousness of the present generation towards the immemorial beauty of ritual and dogma. The empty seats of the college chapel fill him with dismay. One of his most beautiful poems pictures his poignant sensations as he comes from a quiet hour within its dim, organ-haunted shadows out into the sunlight, where the careless athletes are running bare-leggedly past him, unmindful of the eternal things.

I think I like the Professor best in his study at home, when he talks on art and life with one or

two respectful students. On the wall is a framed autograph of Wordsworth, picked up in some London bookshop; and a framed letter of appreciation from Richard Watson Gilder. On the table stands a richly-bound volume of "Ganymede" with some of the very manuscripts, as he has shown us, bound in among the leaves. His deep and measured voice flows pleasantly on in anecdotes of the Authors' Club, or reminiscences of the golden past. As one listens, the glamor steals upon one. This is the literary life, grave, respected, serene. All else is hectic rush, modern ideas a futile babel. It is men like the Professor who keep the luster of scholarship bright, who hold true the life of the scholar and the gentleman as it was lived of old. In a world of change he keeps the faith pure.

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS

When Dr. Alexander Mackintosh Butcher was elected to the presidency of Pluribus University ten years ago, there was general agreement that in selecting a man who was not only a distinguished educator but an executive of marked business ability the trustees had done honor to themselves and their university as well as to the new president. For Dr. Butcher had that peculiar genius which would have made him as successful in Wall Street or in a governor's chair as in the classroom. Every alumnus of Pluribus knows the story told of the young Alexander Mackintosh Butcher, standing at the age of twenty-two at the threshold of a career. Eager, energetic, with a brilliant scholastic record behind him, it was difficult to decide into what profession he should throw his powerful talents. To his beloved and aged president the young man went for counsel. "My boy," said the good old man, "remember that no

profession offers nobler opportunities for service to humanity than that of education." And what should he teach? "Philosophy is the noblest study of man." And a professor of philosophy the young Butcher speedily became.

Those who were so fortunate as to study philosophy under him at Pluribus will never forget how uncompromisingly he preached absolute idealism, the Good, the True and the Beautiful, or how witheringly he excoriated the mushroom philosophies which were springing up to challenge the eternal verities. I have heard his old students remark the secret anguish which must have been his when later, as president of the university, he was compelled to entertain the famous Swiss philosopher, Monsfilius, whose alluring empiricism was taking the philosophic world by storm.

Dr. Butcher's philosophic acuteness is only equaled by his political rectitude. Indeed, it is as philosopher-politician that he holds the unique place he does in our American life, injecting into the petty issues of the political arena the immutable principles of Truth. Early conscious of his duty as a man and a citizen, he joined the historic party which had earned the eternal allegiance of

the nation by rescuing it from slavery. By faithful service to the chiefs of his state organization, first under the powerful Flatt, and later under the well-known Harnes, himself college-bred and a political philosopher of no mean merit, the young Dr. Butcher worked his way up through ward captain to the position of district leader. The practical example of Dr. Butcher, the scholar and educator, leaving the peace of his academic shades to carry the banner in the service of his party ideals of Prosperity and Protection has been an inspiration to thousands of educated men in these days of civic cowardice. When, three years ago, his long and faithful services were rewarded by the honor of second place on the Presidential ticket which swept the great states of Mormonia and Green Mountain, there were none of his friends and admirers who felt that the distinction was undeserved.

President Butcher is frequently called into the councils of the party whenever there are resolutions to be drawn up or statements of philosophic principle to be issued. He is in great demand also as chairman of state conventions, which his rare academic distinction lifts far above the usual

level of such affairs. It was at one of these conventions that he made the memorable speech in which he drew the analogy between the immutability of Anglo-Saxon political institutions and the multiplication table. To the applause of the keen and hard-headed business men and lawyers who sat as delegates under him, he scored with matchless satire the idea of progress in politics, and demonstrated to their complete satisfaction that it was as absurd to tinker with the fundamentals of our political system as it would be to construct a new arithmetic. In such characteristic wisdom we have the intellectual caliber of the man.

This brilliant and profound address came only as the fruit of a lifetime of thought on political philosophy. President Butcher's treatise on "Why We Should Never Change Any Form of Government" has been worth more to thoughtful men than thousands of sermons on civic righteousness. No one who has ever heard President Butcher's rotund voice discuss in a public address "those ideas and practices which have been tried and tested by a thousand years of experience" will ever allow his mind to dwell again on the pro-

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gressive and disintegrating tendencies of the day, nor will he have the heart again to challenge on any subject the "decent respect for the common opinions of mankind."

President Butcher's social philosophy is as sound as his political. The flexibility of his mind is shown in the fact that, although an immutabilist in politics, he is a staunch Darwinian in sociology. Himself triumphantly fit, he never wearies of expressing his robust contempt for the unfit who encumber the earth. His essay on "The Insurrection of the Maladjusted" is already a classic in American literature. The trenchant attack on modern social movements as the impudent revolt of the unfit against those who, by their personal merits and industry, have, like himself, achieved success, has been a grateful bulwark to thousands who might otherwise have been swept sentimentally from their moorings by those false guides who erect their own weakness and failure into a criticism of society.

Dr. Butcher's literary eminence has not only won him a chair in the American Academy of All the Arts, Sciences, and Philosophies, but has made him almost as well known abroad as at

home. He has lectured before the learned societies of Lisbon on "The American at Home," and he has a wide circle of acquaintances in every capital in Europe. Most of the foreign universities have awarded him honorary degrees. In spite of his stout Americanism, Dr. Butcher has one of the most cosmopolitan of minds. His essay on "The Cosmopolitan Intellect" has been translated into every civilized language. With his admired friend, Owen Griffith, he has collaborated in the latter's endeavor to beat the swords of industrial exploitation into the ploughshares of universal peace. He has served in numerous capacities on Griffith's many peace boards and foundations, and has advised him widely and well how to distribute his millions so as to prevent the recurrence of war in future centuries.

Let it not be thought that, in recounting President Butcher's public life and services, I am minimizing his distinction as a university administrator. As executive of one of the largest universities in America, he has raised the position of college president to a dignity surpassed by scarcely any office except President of the United States. The splendid $125,000 mansion which President

Butcher had the trustees of Pluribus build for him on the heights overlooking the city, where he entertains distinguished foreign guests with all the pomp worthy of his high office, is the precise measure both of the majesty with which he has endowed the hitherto relatively humble position, and the appreciation of a grateful university. The relations between President Butcher and the trustees of Pluribus have always been of the most beautiful nature. The warm and profound intellectual sympathy which he feels for the methods and practices of the financial and corporate world, and the extensive personal affiliations he has formed with its leaders, have made it possible to leave in his hands a large measure of absolute authority. Huge endowments have made Pluribus under President Butcher's rule one of the wealthiest of our higher institutions of learning. With a rare intuitive response to the spirit of the time, the President has labored to make it the biggest and most comprehensive of its kind. Already its schools are numbered by the dozens, its buildings by the scores, its instructors by the hundreds, its students by the thousands, its income by the

millions, and its possessions by the tens of millions.

None who have seen President Butcher in the commencement exercises of Pluribus can ever forget the impressiveness of the spectacle. His resemblance to Henry VIII is more marked now that he has donned the crimson gown and flat hat of the famous English university which gave him the degree of LL.D. Seated in a high-backed chair—the historic chair of the first colonial president of Pluribus—surrounded by tier upon tier of his retinue of the thousand professors of the university, President Alexander Mackintosh Butcher presents the degrees, and in his emphatic voice warns the five thousand graduates before him against everything new, everything untried, everything untested.

Only one office could tempt President Butcher from his high estate. Yet even those enthusiastic alumni and those devoted professors who long to see him President of the United States have little hope of tempting him from his duties to his alma mater. Having set his hand to the plough, he must see Pluribus through her harvest season, and

may God prosper the work! So, beloved of all, alumni and instructors alike, the idol of the undergraduates, a national oracle of Prosperity and Peace, President Butcher passes to a green old age, a truly Olympian figure of the time.

THIS OLDER GENERATION

I

I READ with ever-increasing wonder the guarded defenses and discreet apologies for the older generation which keep filtering through the essays of the *Atlantic*. I can even seem to detect a growing decision of tone, a definite assurance of conviction, which seems to imply that a rally has been undertaken against the accusations which the younger generation, in its self-assurance, its irreverence for the old conventions and moralities, its passion for the novel and startling, seemed to be bringing against them. The first faint twinges of conscience felt by the older generation have given place to renewed homily. There is an evident anxiety to get itself put on record as perfectly satisfied with its world, and desirous that its sons and daughters should learn anew of those peculiar beauties in which it has lived. Swept off its feet

by the call to social service and social reform, it is slowly regaining its foundation, and, slightly flushed, and with garments somewhat awry, it proclaims again its belief in the eternal verities of Protestant religion and conventional New England morality.

It is always an encouraging sign when people are rendered self-conscious and are forced to examine the basis of their ideals. The demand that they explain them to skeptics always makes for clarity. When the older generation is put on the defensive, it must first discover what convictions it has, and then sharpen them to their finest point in order to present them convincingly. There are always too many unquestioned things in the world, and for a person or class to have to scurry about to find reasons for its prejudices is about as healthy an exercise as one could wish for either of them. To be sure, the reasons are rarely any more than *ex post facto* excuses,—supports and justifications for the prejudices rather than the causes thereof. Reason itself is very seldom more than that. The important point is that one should feel the need of a reason. This always indicates that something has begun to slide, that the world is no longer so

secure as it was, that obvious truths no longer are obvious, that the world has begun to bristle with question marks.

One of the basic grievances of this older generation against the younger of to-day, with its social agitation, its religious heresy, its presumptive individuality, its economic restlessness, is that all this makes it uncomfortable. When you have found growing older to be a process of the reconciliation of the spirit to life, it is decidedly disconcerting to have some youngster come along and point out the irreconcilable things in the universe. Just as you have made a tacit agreement to call certain things non-existent, it is highly discommoding to have somebody shout with strident tones that they are very real and significant. When, after much struggling and compromise, you have got your world clamped down, it is discouraging to have a gale arise which threatens to blow over all your structure. Through so much of the current writing runs this quiet note of disapprobation. These agnostic professors who unsettle the faith of our youth, these "intellectuals who stick a finger in everybody's pie in the name of social justice," these sensation-mongers who unveil great

masses of political and social corruption, these remorseless scientists who would reveal so many of our reticences—why can't they let us alone? Can they not see that God's in his heaven, all's right with the world?

II

Now I know this older generation which doth protest so much. I have lived with it for the last fifteen years, ever since I began to wonder whether all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. I was educated by it, grew up with it. I doubt if any generation ever had a more docile pupil than I. What they taught me, I find they still believe, or at least so many of them as have not gone over to the enemy, or been captured by the militant youth of to-day. Or, as seems rather likely, they no longer precisely believe, but they want their own arguments to convince themselves. It is probable that when we really believe a thing with all our hearts, we do not attempt to justify it. Justification comes only when we are beginning to doubt it.

By this older generation I mean, of course, the mothers and fathers and uncles and aunts of the

youth of both sexes between twenty and thirty who are beginning their professional or business life. And I refer of course to the comfortable or fairly comfortable American middle class. Now this older generation has had a religion, a metaphysics, an ethics, and a political and social philosophy, which have reigned practically undisputed until the appearance of the present generation. It has at least never felt called upon to justify itself. It has never been directly challenged, as it is to-day. In order to localize this generation still further, we must see it in its typical setting of the small town or city, clustered about the institutions of church and family. If we have any society which can be called "American," it is this society. Its psychology is American psychology; its soul is America's soul.

This older generation, which I have known so well for fifteen years, has a religion which is on the whole as pleasant and easy as could be devised. Though its members are the descendants of the stern and rugged old Puritans, who wrestled with the devil and stripped their world of all that might seduce them from the awful service of God, they have succeeded in straining away by a long

process all the repellent attitudes in the old philosophy of life. It is unfair to say that the older generation believe in dogmas and creeds. It would be more accurate to say that it does not disbelieve. It retains them as a sort of guaranty of the stability of the faith, but leaves them rather severely alone. It does not even make more than feeble efforts to reinterpret them in the light of modern knowledge. They are useless, but necessary.

The foundation of this religion may be religious, but the superstructure is almost entirely ethical. Most sermons of to-day are little more than pious exhortations to good conduct. By good conduct is meant that sort of action which will least disturb the normal routine of modern middle-class life: common honesty in business life, faithfulness to duty, ambition in business and profession, filial obligation, the use of talents, and always and everywhere simple human kindness and love. The old Puritan ethics, which saw in the least issue of conduct a struggle between God and the devil, has become a mere code for facilitating the daily friction of conventional life.

Now one would indeed be churlish to find fault

with this devout belief in simple goodness, which characterizes the older generation. It is only when these humble virtues are raised up into an all-inclusive program for social reform and into a philosophy of life, that one begins to question, and to feel afar the deep hostility of the older generation to the new faith.

Simple kindness, common honesty, filial obedience, it is evidently still felt, will solve all the difficulties of personal and social life. The most popular novels of the day are those in which the characters do the most good to each other. The enormous success with the older generation of *The Inside of the Cup*, *Queed*, and *V. V.'s Eyes*, is based primarily on the fact that these books represent a sublimated form of the good old American melodramatic moral sense. And now comes along Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee with his *Crowds*,—what a funny, individualized, personal-responsibility crowd he gives us, to be sure,—and his panacea for modern social ills by the old solution of applied personal virtue. Never a word about removing the barriers of caste and race and economic inequality, but only an urging to step over them. Never a trumpet-call to level the ramparts of priv-

ilege, or build up the heights of opportunity, but only an appeal to extend the charitable hand from the ramparts of heaven, or offer the kindly patronage to the less fortunate, or—most dazzling of all—throw away, in a frenzy of abandonment, life and fortune. Not to construct a business organization where dishonesty would be meaningless, but to be utopianly honest against the business world. In other words, the older generation believes in getting all the luxury of the virtue of goodness, while conserving all the advantages of being in a vicious society.

If there is any one characteristic which distinguishes the older generation, it is this belief that social ills may be cured by personal virtue. Its highest moral ideals are sacrifice and service. But the older generation can never see how intensely selfish these ideals are, in the most complete sense of the word selfish. What they mean always is, "I sacrifice myself for you," "I serve you," not, "We coöperate in working ceaselessly toward an ideal where all may be free and none may be served or serve." These ideals of sacrifice and service are utterly selfish, because they take account only of the satisfaction and moral consolida-

tion of the doer. They enhance his moral value; but what of the person who is served or sacrificed for? What of the person who is done good to? If the feelings of sacrifice and service were in any sense altruistic, the moral enhancement of the receiver would be the object sought. But can it not be said that for every individual virtuous merit secured by an act of sacrifice or service on the part of the doer, there is a corresponding depression on the part of the receiver? Do we not universally recognize this by calling a person who is not conscious of this depression, a parasite, and the person who is no longer capable of depression, a pauper? It is exactly those free gifts, such as schools, libraries, and so forth, which are impersonal or social, that we can accept gratefully and gladly; and it is exactly because the ministrations of a Charity Organization Society are impersonal and businesslike that they can be received willingly and without moral depression by the poor.

The ideal of duty is equally open to attack. The great complaint of the younger against the older generation has to do with the rigidity of the social relationships into which the younger find themselves born. The world seems to be full of

what may be called canalized emotions. One is "supposed" to love one's aunt or one's grandfather in a certain definite way, at the risk of being "unnatural." One gets almost a sense of the quantitative measurement of emotion. Perhaps the greatest tragedy of family life is the useless energy that is expended by the dutiful in keeping these artificial channels open, and the correct amount of current running. It is exactly this that produces most infallibly the rebellion of the younger generation. To hear that one ought to love this or that person; or to hear loyalty spoken of, as the older generation so often speaks of it, as if it consisted in an allegiance to something which one no longer believes in,—this is what soonest liberates those forces of madness and revolt which bewilder spiritual teachers and guides. It is those dry channels of duty and obligation through which no living waters of emotion flow that it is the ideal of the younger generation to break up. They will have no network of emotional canals which are not brimming, no duties which are not equally loves.

But when they are loves, you have duty no longer meaning very much. Duty, like sacrifice

and service, always implies a personal relation of individuals. You are always doing your duty to somebody or something. Always the taint of inequality comes in. You are morally superior to the person who has duty done to him. If that duty is not filled with good-will and desire, it is morally hateful, or at very best, a necessary evil, —one of those compromises with the world which must be made in order to get through it at all. But duty without good-will is a compromise with our present state of inequality, and to raise duty to the level of a virtue is to consecrate that state of inequality forevermore.

III

It is the same thing with service. The older generation has attempted an insidious compromise with the new social democracy by combining the words "social" and "service." Under cover of the ideal of service it tries to appropriate to itself the glory of social work, and succeeds in almost convincing itself and the world that its Christianity has always held the same ideal. The faithful are urged to extend their activities. The assumption is that, by doing good to more individuals,

you are thereby becoming social. But to speak of "social democracy," which of course means a freely coöperating, freely reciprocating society of equals, and "service," together, is a contradiction of terms. For, when you serve people or do good to them, you thereby render yourself unequal with them. You insult the democratic ideal. If the service is compulsory, it is menial and you are inferior. If voluntary, you are superior. The difference, however, is only academic. The entire Christian scheme is a clever but unsuccessful attempt to cure the evils of inequality by transposing the values. The slave serves gladly instead of servilely. That is, he turns his master into a slave. That is why good Christian people can never get over the idea that Socialism means simply the triumph of one class over another. To-day the proletarian is down, the capitalist up. To-morrow the proletarian will be up and the capitalist down. To pull down the mighty from their seats and exalt them of low degree is the highest pitch to which Christian ethics ever attained. The failure of the older generation to recognize a higher ethic, the ethic of democracy, is the cause of all the trouble.

The notorious Victorian era, which in its secret heart this older generation still admires so much, accentuated all the latent individualism of Christian ethics, and produced a code which, without the rebellion of the younger generation, would have spiritually guaranteed forever all moral caste divisions and inequalities of modern society. The Protestant Church, in which this exaggerated ethic was enshrined, is now paying heavily the price of this debauch of ethical power. Its rapidly declining numbers show that human nature has an invincible objection to being individually saved. The Catholic Church, which saves men as members of the Beloved Community, and not as individuals, flourishes. When one is saved by Catholicism, one becomes a democrat, and not a spiritual snob and aristocrat, as one does through Calvinism. The older generation can never understand that superb loyalty which is loyalty to a community,—a loyalty which, paradoxical as it may seem, nourishes the true social personality in proportion as the individual sense is lessened. The Protestant Church in its tenacious devotion to the personal ideal of a Divine Master—the highest and most popular Christian ideal of to-day—

shows how very far it still is away from the ideals and ethics of a social democracy, a life lived in the Beloved Community.

The sense of self-respect is the very keystone of the personality in whose defence all this individualistic philosophy has been carefully built up. The Christian virtues date from ages when there was a vastly greater number of morally depressed people than there is now. The tenacious survival of these virtues can be due only to the fact that they were valuable to the moral prestige of some class. Our older generation, with its emphasis on duty, sacrifice, and service, shows us very clearly what those interests were. I deliberately accuse the older generation of conserving and greatly strengthening these ideals, as a defensive measure. Morals are always the product of a situation; they reflect a certain organization of human relations which some class or group wishes to preserve. A moral code or set of ideals is always the invisible spiritual sign of a visible social grace. In an effort to retain the *status quo* of that world of inequalities and conventions in which they most comfortably and prosperously live, the older generation has stamped, through all its agencies of fam-

ily, church and school, upon the younger generation, just those seductive ideals which would preserve its position. These old virtues upon which, however, the younger generation is already making guerilla warfare are simply the moral support with which the older generation buttresses its social situation.

The natural barriers and prejudices by which our elders are cut off from a freely flowing democracy are thus given a spiritual justification, and there is added for our elders the almost sensual luxury of leaping, by free grace, the barriers and giving themselves away. But the price has to be paid. Just as profits, in the socialist philosophy, are taken to be an abstraction from wages, through the economic power which one class has over another, so the virtues of the older generation may be said to be an abstraction from the virtue of other classes less favorably situated from a moral or personal point of view. Their swollen self-respect is at the expense of others.

How well we know the type of man in the older generation who has been doing good all his life! How his personality has thriven on it! How he has ceaselessly been storing away moral fat in

every cranny of his soul! His goodness has been meat to him. The need and depression of other people has been, all unconsciously to him, the air which he has breathed. Without their compensating misfortune or sin, his goodness would have wilted and died. If good people would earnestly set to work to make the world uniformly healthy, courageous, beautiful, and prosperous, the field of their vocation would be constantly limited, and finally destroyed. That they so stoutly resist all philosophies and movements which have these ends primarily in view is convincing evidence of the fierce and jealous egoism which animates their so plausibly altruistic spirit. One suspects that the older generation does not want its vocation destroyed. It takes an heroic type of goodness to undermine all the foundations on which our virtue rests.

If then I object to the ethical philosophy of the older generation on the ground that it is too individualistic, and, under the pretense of altruism, too egoistic, I object to its general intellectuality as not individual enough. Intellectually the older generation seems to me to lead far too vegetative a life. It may be that this life has been lived on

the heights, that these souls have passed through fires and glories, but there is generally too little objective evidence of this subjective fact. If the intuition which accompanies experience has verified all the data regarding God, the soul, the family, and so forth,—to quote one of the staunchest defenders of the generation,—this verification seems to have been obtained rather that the issues might be promptly disposed of and forgotten. Certainly the older generation is rarely interested in the profounder issues of life. It never speaks of death,—the suggestion makes it uncomfortable. It shies in panic at hints of sex-issues. It seems resolute to keep life on as objective a plane as possible. It is no longer curious about the motives and feelings of people. It seems singularly to lack the psychological sense. If it gossips, it recounts actions, effects; it rarely seeks to interpret. It tends more and more to treat human beings as moving masses of matter instead of as personalities filled with potent influence, or as absorbingly interesting social types, as I am sure the younger generation does.

The older generation seems no longer to generalize, although it gives every evidence of having

once prodigiously generalized, for its world is all hardened and definite. There are the good and the criminal, and the poor, the people who can be called nice, and the ordinary people. The world is already plotted out. Now I am sure that the generalizations of the truly philosophical mind are very fluid and ephemeral. They are no sooner made than the mind sees their insufficiency and has to break them up. A new cutting is made, only in turn to be shaken and rearranged. This keeps the philosopher thinking all the time, and it makes his world a very uncertain place. But he at least runs no risk of hardening, and he has his eyes open to most experience.

I am often impressed with the fact that the older generation has grown weary of thinking. It has simply put up the bars in its intellectual shop-windows and gone off home to rest. It may well be that this is because it has felt so much sorrow that it does not want to talk about sorrow, or so much love that to interpret love tires it, or repulsed so many rude blows of destiny that it has no interest in speaking of destiny. Its flame may be low for the very reason that it has burned so

intensely. But how many of the younger generation would eagerly long for such interpretations if the older would only reveal them! And how little plausible is that experience when it is occasionally interpreted! No, enthusiasm, passion for ideas, sensuality, religious fervor,—all the heated weapons with which the younger generation attacks the world, seem only to make the older generation uneasy. The spirit, in becoming reconciled to life, has lost life itself.

As I see the older generation going through its daily round of business, church, and family life, I cannot help feeling that its influence is profoundly pernicious. It has signally failed to broaden its institutions for the larger horizon of the time. The church remains a private club of comfortable middle-class families, while outside there grows up without spiritual inspiration a heterogeneous mass of people without ties, roots, or principles. The town changes from a village to an industrial center, and church and school go through their time-honored and listless motions. The world widens, society expands, formidable crises appear, but the older generation does not broaden, or if it does, the

broadening is in no adequate proportion to our needs. The older generation still uses the old ideas for the new problem. Whatever new wine it finds must be poured into the old bottles.

Where are the leaders among the older generation in America who, with luminous faith and intelligence, are rallying around them the disintegrated numbers of idealistic youth, as Bergson and Barrès and Jaurès have done in France? A few years ago there seemed to be a promise of a forward movement toward Democracy, led by embattled veterans in a war against privilege. But how soon the older generation became wearied in the march! What is left now of that shining army and its leader? Must the younger generation eternally wait for the sign?

The answer is, of course, that it will not wait. It must shoulder the gigantic task of putting into practice its ideals and revolutionary points of view as wholeheartedly and successfully as our great-grandfathers applied theirs and tightened the philosophy of life which imprisons the older generation. The shuddering fear that we in turn may become weary, complacent, evasive, should be the best preventive of that stagnation. We shall

never have done looking for the miracle, that it shall be given us to lighten, cheer, and purify our "younger generation," even as our older has depressed and disintegrated us.

A MIRROR OF THE MIDDLE WEST

No Easterner, born forlornly within the sphere of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, can pass very far beyond the Alleghanies without feeling that American civilization is here found in the full tide of believing in itself. The flat countryside looks more ordered, more farmlike; the Main Streets that flash by the car-windows somehow look more robust and communal. There may be no less litter and scrubbiness; the clustered houses of the towns may look even more flimsy, undistinguished, well-worn; but it is a litter of aspiring order, a chaos which the people are insensitive to because they are living in the light of a hopeful future. The East has pretty much abandoned itself to the tides of immigration and industrial change which have overwhelmed it: no one really believes that anything startling will be done to bring about a new heaven and a new earth. But

the intelligence of the West seems to live in apocalyptic sociological—not socialistic, however—dreams. Architects and business men combine half-heartedly to "save New York" from the horrors of the Jewish clothing-trade invasion, but Chicago draws great maps and sketches of a city-planning that shall make it not only habitable but radiant and palatial.

Hope has not vanished from the East, but it has long since ceased to be our daily diet. Europe has infected us perhaps with some of its world-weariness. The East produces more skeptics and spiritual malcontents than the West. For the Middle West seems to have accomplished most of the things, industrial and political, that the East has been trying to do, and it has done them better. The Middle West is the apotheosis of American civilization, and like all successes it is in no mood to be very critical of itself or very examinatory as to the anatomy and physiology of its social being. No Easterner with Meredith Nicholson's human and literary experience would write so complacently and cheerfully about his part of the country as Mr. Nicholson writes about "The Valley of Democracy." His self-confidence is the very

voice of the Middle West, telling us what it thinks of itself. This, we say as we read, must be the inner candor which goes with the West that we see with our eyes. So we like Mr. Nicholson's articles not so much for the information they give us as for the attitudes they let slip, the unconscious revelations of what the people he is talking for think important.

It is not a book of justification, although he would rather anxiously have us take not too seriously the political vagaries like Bryanism and Progressivism. And he wishes us to miss none of the symphony orchestras and art institutes that evidently now begin to grow like grasshoppers on the prairies. He treats himself rather as an expositor, and he is explicitly informational, almost as if for a foreign country. He sometimes has an amusing air of having hastily read up and investigated Western wonders and significances that have been not only common material in the Eastern magazines, but matter of despairing admiration on the part of those of us who are general improvers of mankind. He is naïve about the greatness of Chicago, the vastness of agricultural production, the ravages of culture among the middle classes.

He is almost the professional Westerner showing off his prize human stock.

Mr. Nicholson does well to begin with the folksiness of the West. No one who has experienced that fine open friendliness of the prosperous Middle Westerner, that pleasant awareness of the alert and beneficent world we live in, can deny that the Middle West is quite justified in thinking of itself as the real heart of the nation. That belief in the ultimate good sense, breadth of vision, and devotion to the common good, of the "folks back home," is in itself a guaranty of social stability and of a prosperity which implies that things will never be any different except as they slowly improve. Who can say that we have no Gemüthlichkeit in America, when he runs up against this warm social mixability which goes so far to compensate for the lack of intellectual *nuances* and spontaneous artistic sensibilities?

Of course the Middle West has to pay for its social responsiveness in a failure to create, at least in this day and generation, very vigorous and diverse spiritual types. An excessive amiability, a genius for adaptability will, in the end, put a premium on conformity. The Westerner sin-

cerely believes that he is more averse to conventionality than the Easterner, but the latter does not find him so. The heretic seems to have a much harder time of it in the West. Classes and attitudes that have offended against the "folks' " codes may be actually outlawed. When there are acute differences of opinion, as in the war, society splits into bitter and irreconcilable camps, whereas in the East the undesirables have been allowed to shade off towards limbo in gradual degrees. When hatred and malice, too long starved by too much "niceness," do break out from the natural man, they may produce those waves of persecution and vindictiveness which, coming from a so recently pacifist West, astonished an East that was no less densely saturated with aliens but was more conversant with the feeling that it takes all kinds of people to make a world. Folksiness evidently has its dark underlining in a tendency to be stampeded by herd-emotion. "Social conscience" may become the duty to follow what the mob demands, and democracy may come to mean that the individual feels himself somehow expressed—his private tastes and intelligence—in whatever the crowd chooses to do.

I have followed Mr. Nicholson in his speaking of the Middle West as if he thought of the region as a unit. He does speak as if he did, but he does not really mean it. Much as he would like to believe in the substantial equality of the people in the Valley of Democracy, he cannot help letting us see that it is but one class that he has in mind—his own, the prosperous people of the towns. He protests against their being scornfully waved aside as bourgeoisie. "They constitute the most interesting and admirable of our social strata." And he is quite right. Certainly this stratum is by far the most admirable of all the middle classes of the world. It is true that "nowhere else have comfort, opportunity, and aspiration produced the same combination." He marvels at the numbers of homes in the cities that cannot imaginably be supported on less than five thousand a year. And it is these homes, and their slightly more impoverished neighbors, who are for him the "folks," the incarnate Middle West. The proletarian does not exist for him. The working-classes are merely so much cement, filling in the bricks of the temple—or, better, folks in embryo, potential owners of bungalows on pleasant suburban streets.

Mr. Nicholson's enthusiasm is for the college-girl wife, who raises babies, attends women's clubs, and is not afraid to dispense with the unattainable servant. It is for the good-natured and public-spirited business man, who goes into politics because politics in the Middle West has always been concerned with the prosperity of the business community. But about the economic foundation of this class Mr. Nicholson sounds as innocent as a babe.

Take his attitude towards the farmer. You gather from these pages that in the Middle West the farmer is a somewhat unfortunate anomaly, a shadow on the bright scene. Farming is scarcely even a respectable profession: "the great-grandchildren of the Middle Western pioneers are not easily persuaded that farming is an honorable calling"! He hints darkly at a decay in fiber. Only one chapter out of six is given to the farmer, and that is largely occupied with the exertions of state agencies, universities, to lift him out of his ignorance and selfishness. The average farmer has few of the admirable qualities of the Valley of Democracy. He is not "folksy"; he is suspicious, conservative, somewhat embittered, little given to

coöperation; he even needed prodding with his Liberty bonds. In Mr. Nicholson's pages the farmer becomes a huge problem which lies on the brain and conscience of a Middle West that can only act towards him in its best moments like a sort of benevolent Charity Organization Society. "To the average urban citizen," says Mr. Nicholson, "farming is something remote and uninteresting, carried on by men he never meets in regions that he only observes hastily from a speeding automobile or the window of a limited train."

It would take whole volumes to develop the implications of that sentence. Remember that that urban citizen is Mr. Nicholson's Middle West, and that the farmer comprises the huge bulk of the population. Is this not interesting, the attitude of the prosperous minority of an urban minority —a small but significant class which has in its hands all the non-productive business and political power—towards the great productive mass of the people? Could class division be revealed in plainer terms? This Middle West of Mr. Nicholson's class sees itself as not only innocent of exploitation, but full of all the personal and social virtues besides. But does the farmer see this class

in this light? He does not. And Mr. Veblen has given us in one of his books an analysis of this society which may explain why: "The American country town and small city," he says, "is a business community, that is to say it lives for and by business traffic, primarily of a merchandising sort. . . . Municipal politics is conducted as in some sort a public or overt extension of that private or covert organization of local interests that watches over the joint pecuniary benefit of the local businessmen. It is a means . . . of safe-guarding the local business community against interlopers and against any evasive tactics on the part of the country population that serves as a host. . . . The country town is a product and exponent of the American land system. In its beginning it is located and 'developed' as an enterprise of speculation in land values; that is to say, it is a business-like endeavor to get something for nothing by engrossing as much as may be of the increment of land values due to the increase of population and the settlement and cultivation of the adjacent agricultural area. It never (hitherto) loses this character of real-estate speculation. This affords a common bond and a common ground of

pecuniary interest, which commonly masquerades under the name of public patriotism, public spirit, civic pride, and the like."

In other words, Town, in the traditional American scheme of things, is shown charging Country all the traffic will bear. It would be hard to find a member of Mr. Nicholson's Middle West—that minority urban class—who was not owing his prosperity to some form of industrial or real-estate speculation, of brokerage business enterprise, or landlordism. This class likes to say sometimes that it is "carrying the farmer." It would be more like the truth to say that the farmer is carrying this class. Country ultimately has to support Town; and Town, by holding control of the channels of credit and market, can make the farmer pay up to the hilt for the privilege of selling it his product. And does. When the farmers, getting a sense of the true workings of the society they live in, combine in a Non-Partisan League to control the organism of market and credit, they find they have a bitter class war on their hands. And the authentic voice of Mr. Nicholson here scolds them roundly for their restlessness and sedition. In this ferocious reaction of Town against Country's

socialistic efforts to give itself economic autonomy, we get the betrayal of the social malaise of the Middle West, a confession of the cleavage of latent class conflict in a society as exploitative, as steeply tilted, as tragically extreme in its poles of well-being, as any other modern society based on the economic absolutism of property.

A large part of the hopefulness, the spiritual comfort of the Middle West, of its sturdy belief in itself, must be based on the inflexible reluctance of its intelligentsia to any such set of ideas. However thoroughly Marxian ideas may have saturated the thought of Europe and become the intellectual explosive of social change, the Middle West, as in this book, persists in its robust resistance to any such analysis or self-knowledge. It is not that Mr. Nicholson's attitudes are not true. It is that they are so very much less than the whole truth. They need to be supplemented by analysis set in the terms in which the progressive minds of the rest of the world are thinking. The intelligent Middle West needs to sacrifice a certain amount of complacency in exchange for an understanding of the structure of its own society. It would then realize that to read "The Valley of

Democracy" in conjunction with pages 315–323 of Veblen's "Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution" is to experience one of the most piquant intellectual adventures granted to the current mind.

ERNEST: OR, PARENT FOR A DAY

I

I HAD been talking rather loosely about the bringing-up of children. They had been lately appearing to me in the guise of infinitely prevalent little beings who impressed themselves almost too vividly upon one's consciousness. My summer vacation I had passed in a household where a vivacious little boy of two years and a solemn little boy of six months had turned their mother into a household slave. I had seen walks, conversations, luncheons, and all the amenities of summer civilized life, shot to pieces by the indomitable need of imperious little children to be taken care of. Little boys who came running at you smiling, stubbed their toes, and were instantly transformed into wailing inconsolables; babies who woke importunately at ten o'clock in the evening, and had to be brought down warm and blinking before the

fire; human beings who were not self-regulating, but to whom every hard surface, every protuberance, was a menace to happiness, and in whom every want and sensation was an order and claim upon somebody else—these were new offerings to my smooth and independent existence. They interested and perturbed me.

The older little boy, with his sunny luxuriance of hair and cheek, was always on the point of saying something novel and disconcerting. The baby, with his deep black eyes, seemed to be waiting silently and in soft anticipation for life. He would look at you so calmly and yet so eagerly, and give you a pleasant satisfaction that just your mere presence, your form, your movement, were etching new little lines on his cortex, sending new little shoots of feeling through his nerves. You were being part of his education just by letting his consciousness look at you. I liked particularly to hold my watch to his ear, and see the sudden grave concentration of his face, as he called all his mind to the judgment of this arresting phenomenon. I would love to accost him as he lay murmuring in his carriage, and to check his little breakings into tears by quick movements of my hands. He

would watch me intently for a while until the fact of his little restless woe would come upon him again. I was challenged then to something more startling, and the woe would disappear in little short gasps. But I would find that he was subject to the law of diminishing returns. The moment would arrive when the woe submerged everything in a wail, and his mother would have to be called to nurse or coddle him in the magical motherly way.

The baby I found perhaps more interesting than his little brother, for the baby's moods had more style to them. The brother could be transformed from golden prattlingness to raging storm, with the most disconcerting quickness. He could want the most irrational things with an intensity that got itself expressed in hypnotic reiteration. Some smoldering will-to-power in one's self told one that a child should never be given the thing that he most wanted; and yet in five minutes one would have given him one's soul, to be rid of the brazen rod which he pounded through one. But I could not keep away from him. He and his baby brother absorbed me, and when I contemplated their mother's life, I had many a solemn sense of

the arduousness of being a parent. I thought of the long years ahead of them, and the incalculability of their manifestations. I shuddered and remained, gloating, I am afraid, a little over the opportunity of enjoyment without responsibility.

All these things I was recounting the other evening after dinner to a group of friends who professionally look after the minds and bodies of the neglected. I was explaining my absorption, and the perils and merciless tyranny of the mother's life, and my thankfulness at having been so much in, and yet so much not of, the child-world. I was not responsible, and the policeman mother could be called in at any time to soothe or to quell. I could always maintain the amused aloofness which is my usual attitude toward children. And I made the point that parenthood must become less arduous after the child is a self-regulating little organism, and can be trusted not to commit suicide inadvertently over every threshold, can feed himself, dress himself, and take himself reasonably around. I even suggested unwarily that after five or six the tyranny was much mitigated.

There was strong dissent. Just at that age, I was told, the real responsibilities began. I was

living in a fool's paradise of bachelordom if I thought that at six children were grown-up. One of the women before the fire made it her business to get children adopted. I had a sense of foreboding before she spoke. She promptly confirmed my intuition by offering to endow me with an infant of six years, for a day or for as long as I would take him. The hearty agreement of the rest amazed and alarmed me. They seemed delighted at the thought of my becoming parent for a day. I should have Ernest. They all knew Ernest; and I should have him. They seemed to have no concern that he would not survive my brief parenthood. It rather warmed and flattered me to think that they trusted me.

I had a sense of being caught in an inescapable net, prisoner of my own theories. If children of six were no longer tyrants, the possession of Ernest would not interfere with my work or my life. I had spoken confidently. I had a reputation among my friends of speaking eloquently about "the child." And I always find it almost impossible to resist the offer of new experience. I hesitated and was lost. I even found myself naming the day for Ernest's momentary adoption. And

during all that week I found it increasingly impossible to forget him. The night before Ernest was to come I told myself that I could not believe that this perilous thing was about to happen to me. I made no preparations to receive Ernest in my tiny bachelor apartment. I felt that I was in the hands of fate.

II

I was not really surprised when fate knocked at the door next morning in the person of my grinning friend, and swiftly left a well-bundled little boy with me. I have rarely seen a young woman look as maliciously happy as did his guide when she left, with the remark that she couldn't possibly come for Ernest that evening, but would take him at nine o'clock on the morrow. My first quick resentment was stilled by the thought that perhaps an official day was a day plus a night. But Ernest loomed formidably at me. There would be problems of sleeping. Was I a victim? Well, that is what parents were! They should not find me weak.

Ernest expressed no aversion to staying with me. He was cheerful, a little embarrassed, in-

curious. The removal of his hat disclosed a Dutch-cut of yellow hair, blue eyes, many little freckles, and an expression of slightly quizzical good-humor. I really had not had the least conception how big a boy of six was likely to be, and I found comfort in the evidence that he was big enough to be self-regulating, and yet deliciously small enough to be watched over. He could be played with, and without danger of breaking him.

Ernest sat passively on a chair and surveyed the room. I had thought a little pedantically of exposing him to some Montessori apparatus. I had got nothing, however. The room suddenly became very inane; the piano a huge packing-box, the bookcases offensive, idiotic shelves. A silly room to live in! A room practically useless for these new and major purposes of life. I was ashamed of my surroundings, for I felt that Ernest was surveying me with contempt and reproach.

It suddenly seemed as if little boys must like to look at pictures. Ernest had clambered up into a big chair, and was sitting flattened against its back, his legs sticking straight out in front of him, and a look of mild lassitude on his face. He

took with some alacrity the illustrated newspaper supplement which I gave him, but my conscience tortured me a little as to whether his interest was the desperate one of demanding something for his mind to feed on, however arid it might be, or whether it was a genuine æsthetic response. He gave all the pictures exactly the same amount of time, rubbing his hand over each to make sure that it was flat, and he showed no desire to talk about anything he had seen. Since most of the pictures were of war, my pacifist spirit rebelled against dwelling on them. His celerity dismayed me. It became necessary to find more pictures. I had a sudden horror of an afternoon of picture-books, each devoured in increasingly accelerated fashion. How stupid seemed my rows of dully printed books! Not one of them could disgorge a picture, no matter how hard you shook it. Despair seized me when I found only a German handbook of Greek sculpture, and another of Michelangelo. In hopeful trepidation I began on them. I wondered how long they would last.

It was clearly an unfamiliar field to Ernest. My attempts to test his classical knowledge were a failure. He recognized the Greeks as men and

women, but not as gods, and there were moments when I was afraid he felt their nudity as indecent. He insisted on calling the Winged Victory an angel. There had evidently been religion in Ernest's career. I told him that these were pictures of marble statues from Greece, of gods and things, and I hurriedly sketched such myths as I could remember in an attempt to overtake Ernest's headlong rush of interest. But he did not seem to listen, and he ended by calling every flowing female form an angel. He laughed greatly at their missing arms and heads. I do not think I quite impressed him with the Greek spirit.

On Michelangelo there was chance to test his Biblical background. He proved never to have heard of David, and took the story I told him with a little amused and incredulous chortle. Moses was new to him, and I could not make him feel the majesty of the horns and beard. When we came to the Sistine I felt the constraint of theology. Should I point out to him God and Adam and Eve, and so perhaps fix in his infant mind an ineradicable theological bias? Now I understand the temptation which every parent must suffer, to dose his child with easy mythology. Some-

thing urged me to say, Adam was the first man and Eve was the first woman, and get the vague glow of having imparted godly information. But I am glad that I had the strength sternly to refrain, hoping that Ernest was too intellectually robust to be trifled with. I confined myself to pointing out the sweep of clouds, the majesty of the prophets, the cracks in the plaster, the mighty forms of the sibyls.

But with my last sibyl I was trapped. It smote my thought that there were no more pictures. And Ernest's passivity had changed. We were sitting on the floor, and his limbs began to take on movement. He crawled about, and I thought began to look menacingly at movable objects on tables. My phobia of the combination of movable objects and children returned. Parenthood suddenly seemed the most difficult thing in the world. Ernest was not talking very much, and I doubted my ability to hold him very long entranced in conversation. Imagination came to my relief in the thought of a suburban errand. I remembered a wonderful day when I myself had been taken by my uncle to the next town on a journey—the long golden afternoon, the thundering expresses at the

station, the amazing watch which he had unaccountably presented me with at the end of the day. Ernest should be taken to Brookfield.

Our lunch had to be taken at the railroad station. Ernest climbed with much puffing up to the high stool by the lunch-counter, and sat there unsteadily and triumphantly while I tried to think what little boys ate for their lunch. My decision for scrambled eggs and a glass of milk was unwise. The excitement of feeding scrambled eggs to a slippery little boy on top of a high stool was full of incredible thrills. The business of preventing a deluge of milk whenever Ernest touched his glass forced me to an intellectual concentration which quite made me forget my own eating. Ernest himself seemed in a state of measureless satisfaction; but the dizzy way in which he brandished his fork, the hairbreadth escape of those morsels of food as they passed over the abyss of his lap, the new and strange impression of smearedness one got from his face, kept me in a state of absorption until I found we had but one minute to catch our train. With Ernest clutching a large buttered roll which he had decently refused to relinquish, we rushed through the gates.

When the candy-man came through the train, Ernest asked me in the most detached tone in the world if I was going to buy any candy. And I asked him with a similar dryness what his preferences in candy were. He expressed a cool interest in lemon-drops. The marvelous way in which Ernest did not eat those lemon-drops gave me a new admiration for his self-control. He finished his buttered roll, gazed out of the window, casually ate two or three lemon-drops, and then carefully closed the box and put it in his pocket. I was almost jealous of Ernest's character. I recalled my incorrigible nibblings. I predicted for Ernest a moral life.

Our talk was mostly of the things that flashed past our eyes. I was interested in Ernest's intellectual background. Out of the waste of signboards and salt-meadows there was occasionally disentangled a river with boats or a factory or a lumber-yard which Ernest could be called upon to identify. He was in great good humor, squirming on his seat, and he took delight in naming things and in telling me of other trips on the railroad he had taken. He did not ask where we were going. I told him, but it seemed not es-

pecially to concern him. He was living in life's essential,—excitement,—and neither the future nor the past mattered. He held his own ticket a little incredulously, but without that sense of the importance of the business that I had looked for. I found it harder and harder not to treat him as an intellectual equal.

In Brookfield I became conscious of a desire to show Ernest off. I was acquiring a proprietary interest in him. I was getting proud of his good temper, his intelligence, his self-restraint, his capacity for enjoying himself. I wanted to see my pride reflected in another mind. I would take him to my wise old friend, Beulah. I knew how pleasurably mystified she would be at my sudden possession of a chubby, yellow-haired little boy of six.

Ernest had a delightful hour on Beulah's parlor floor. He turned somersaults, he shouted, he played that I was an evil monster who was trying to catch him. He would crawl up warily towards me and put his hand on my sleepily outstretched palm. As I suddenly woke and seized him, he would dart away in shrieks of fear and glee. When I caught him, I would feel like a grim ogre

indeed, for his face would cloud and little tears shoot into his eyes, and his lips would curl in mortal fear. And then I would let him go tugging and sprawling, and he would yell with joy, and steal back with ever-renewed cunning and watchfulness. When he had eaten Beulah's cakes and drunk her cocoa, he lay back in a big chair, glowing with rosiness, and still laughing at the thought of his escape from my ogredom.

Our minds played about him. I tried to tease Beulah into adopting him. We spoke of his birth in a reformatory, and the apparently indomitable way in which nature had erased this fact from his personality. We wondered about his unknown mother, and his still more unknown father, and what he would be and how either of us could help keeping him forever. She pleaded her Man, I my poverty. But we were not convincing, and I began to conceive a vague fear of Ernest's adopting me, because I could not let him go.

And then it was time for the train. Ernest was very self-possessed. His manners on leaving Beulah were those of an equal, parting from a very old and jolly friend. The walk to the station gave me a sudden realization how very badly the

world was adapted to the needs of little boys. Its measurements, its times, its lengths and its breadths were grotesquely exaggerated. Ernest ploughed manfully along, but I could feel the tug at my hand. Time would have to double itself for him to reach the station in the allotted minutes. His legs were going in great strides like those of the giant in seven-league boots, and he was panting a little. I was cruel, and yet there was the train. I felt myself a symbol of parenthood, earth-adjusted, fixed on an adult goal, dragging little children panting through a world not their own. "I'm ti-yerd!" said Ernest in so plaintive a voice that my heart smote me. Nameless premonitions of what might ensue to Ernest from being ti-yerd came upon me. I felt a vague dread of having already made Ernest an invalid for life. But my adulthood must have triumphed, for the train was caught. Ernest's spirits revived on the reappearance of the lemon-drops. And my heart leaped to hear him say that only his legs were ti-yerd, and that now they were no longer so. The world had diminished again to his size.

Ernest ate his supper in great contentment at a little table by my fireplace. The unaccustomed task of cooking it gave me new and vivid thrills. And the intellectual concentration involved in heating soup and making toast was so great as to lose me the pleasure of watching Ernest draw. I had asked him in the morning if he liked to draw. He had answered in such scorn that I had hastily called in Michelangelo. Now I placed a pencil and many large sheets of paper negligently near him. When I brought him his supper, he had covered them all with futuristic men, houses, and horses. The floor was strewn with his work, and he was magnificently casting it from him as he attacked these æsthetic problems with fierce gusto. Only the sight of food quelled his artistic rage. After supper, however, he did not return to them. Instead, he became fascinated with the pillows of my couch, and piled them in a line, with a whistling and shouting as of railroad trains. I wrote a little, merely to show myself that this business of parenthood need not devastate one's life. But I found myself wondering acutely, in the midst of

an eloquent sentence, what time it was healthy for Ernest to go to bed. I seemed to remember seven —incredible to me, and yet perhaps meet for a child. It was already seven, but the vigor with which he rejected my proposal startled me. His amiability all day had been so irreproachable that I did not wish to strain it now. Yet I was conscious of an approaching parental crisis. Suppose he did not want to go to bed at all!

When I next looked up, I found that he had compromised by falling asleep in a curious diagonal and perilous position across his pillows—the trainman asleep at the switch. In a position in which nobody could sleep, Ernest slept with the face of an angel. Complexity! Only a brute would wake him. Yet how did parents get their children to bed? And then I thought of the intricacies of his clothes. I touched him very gently; he jumped at me in a dazed way, with the quaintest, "Oh, I don't know what made me go to sleep!" and was off into the big chair and helpless slumber.

I repented of my brutality. I tried to read, but my parental conscience again smote me. Ernest looked forlorn and maladjusted, his head sinking

down on his breast. I thought that Ernest would thank me now for reminding him of his bed. He showed astonishing force of will. I recoiled from the "I don't want to go to bed!" which he hurled at me. I tried reason. I called his attention to his uncomfortableness. But he was unmoved, and insisted on going to sleep again after every question. I hardened my heart a little. I saw that stern measures would have to be adopted, Ernest's little clothes taken off, Ernest inserted into his flannel nightgown, and tucked into bed. Yet I had no idea of the parental technique for such situations. Ernest had been quite irresponsive to my appeal that all good little boys went to bed at seven o'clock, and I could think of no further generalizations. Crisis after so happy a day! Was this parenthood?

The variety of buttons and hooks on Ernest's outer and inner garments bewildered me. Ernest's dead sleepiness made the work difficult. But finally his little body emerged from the midst, leaving me with the feeling of one who has taken a watch apart and wonders dismayedly how he will ever get it together again. Ernest, however, was not inclined to permit the indignity of this

disrobing without bitter protest. When I urged his coöperation in putting on his nightgown, he became voluble. The sunniness of his temper was clouded. His tone turned to harsh bitterness. Little angry tears rolled down his cheeks, and he betrayed his sense of extreme outrage with an "I don't *want* to put on my nightgown!" hurled at me with so much of moral pain that I was chilled. But it was too late. I could not unscramble Ernest. With a sinking heart I had gently to thrust his little arms and legs into the warm flannel, trundle him over the floor, bitter and sleepily protesting, roll him into his bed, and cover him up. As he curled and snuggled into the covers his tears dried as if by magic, the bitterness smoothed out of his face, and all his griefs were forgotten.

IV

In the next room I sat and read, a pleasant warmth of parental protection in my heart. And then Ernest began to cough. It was no light childish spasm, but a deep racking cough that froze my blood. There had been a little cold in him when he came. I had taken him out into the raw December air. I had overexerted him in my

thoughtless haste. Visions of a delirious and pneumonic child floated before me. Or what was that dreadful thing called croup? I could not keep my thought on my book. That racking cough came again and again. Ernest must be awake and tossing feverishly. Yet when I looked in at him, he would be lying peaceful and rosy, and the cough that tore him did not disturb his slumbers. He must then be in a state of fatigue so extreme that even the cough could not wake him. I reproached myself for dragging him into the cold. How could I have led him on so long a journey, and let him play with a strenuousness such as his days never knew! I foresaw a lurid to-morrow: Ernest sick, myself helpless and ignorant, guilty of a negligence that might be fatal. And as I watched him, he began to show the most alarming tendency to fall out of bed. I did not dare to move him, and yet his head moved ever more perilously near the edge. I relied on a chair pushed close to the bed to save him. But I felt weary and worn. What an exacting life, the parent's! Could it be that every evening provided such anxieties and problems and thrills? Could one let one's life become so engrossed?

And then I remembered how every evening, when we went to bed, we used to ask our mother if she was going to be home that evening, and with what thankful security we sank back, knowing that we should be protected through another night. Ernest had not seemed to care what became of me. Having had no home and no parents, he had grown up into a manly robustness. He did not ask what you were going to do with him. He was all for the moment. He took the cash and let the credit go. It was I who felt the panic and the insecurity. I envied Ernest. I saw that contrary to popular mythology, there were advantages in being an institutional orphan, provided you had been properly Binet-ed as of normal intelligence and the State got you a decent boarding-mother. How much bringing up Ernest had escaped! If his manners were not polished, at least they were not uncouth. He had been a little shy at first, nodding at questions with a smile, and throwing his head against the chair. But there was nothing repressed about him, nothing institutionalized, and certainly nothing artificial.

His cough grew lighter, and as I looked at his yellow hair and the angelic flush of his round

cheeks, I thought of the horrid little puppets that had been produced around me in conventional homes, under model fathers and kind and devout mothers. How their fears and inhibitions contrasted with Ernest's directness! His bitter mood at going to bed had a certain fine quality about it. I recalled the *camaraderie* we had established. The box of lemon-drops, only half-exhausted, stared at me from the pocket of his little sweater. I became proud of Ernest. I was enjoying again my vicarious parenthood. What did that obscure and tangled heredity of his, or his most problematical of futures, matter to him or to me? It was delightful to adopt him thus imaginatively. If he turned out badly, could you not ascribe it to his heredity, and if well, to your kindly nurture and constant wisdom? Nothing else could be very much thought about, perhaps, but for the moment Ernest seemed supremely worth thinking about. There would be his education. And suddenly it seemed that I did not know very much about educating a child. It would be too absorbing. There would be no time for the making of a living. Ernest loomed before my imagination in the guise of a pleasant peril.

And then morning came. As soon as it was light Ernest could be heard talking and chuckling to himself, with no hint of delirium or pneumonia, or the bogies of the night. When I spoke he came running in in his bare feet, and crawled in with me. He told me that in spite of my valiant chair he had really fallen out of bed. He did not care, and proceeded to jump over me in a vigorous acrobatic way. He did not even cough, and I wondered if all the little sinister things of childhood passed so easily with the night. It was impossible to remember my fears as he tossed and shouted, the perfection of healthiness. Parenthood now seemed almost too easy to bother with.

Ernest caught sight of my dollar watch on the chair, and I saw that he conceived a fatal and instantaneous passion. He listened to its tick, shook it, ogled it amorously. He made little suggestive remarks about liking it. I teased him with the fact that he could not tell time. Ernest snorted at first in good-natured contempt at the artificial rigidity of the process, but finally allowed himself to be persuaded that I was not fooling him. And my heart swelled with the generosity which I

was about to practise in presenting him with this wonderful watch.

But it suddenly became time to dress, for my parental day was to end at nine. And then I discovered that it was as hard to get Ernest into his clothes as it was to get him out of them. It was intolerable to him that he should leave his romp and the watch, and he shouted a No to my every suggestion. A new parental crisis crashed upon me. What a life of ingenuity and stratagem the parent had to lead! To spend half one's evening persuading a sleepy and bitter little boy to take off his clothes, and half the morning in persuading a vivid and jubilant little boy to put them on again —this was a life that taxed one's personal resources to the utmost. I reasoned with Ernest. I pointed out that his kind friend was coming very soon, and that he must be ready. But Ernest was obdurate. He would not even bathe. I pointed out the almost universal practice of the human race of clothing themselves during the early morning hours. Historic generalizations had no more effect on Ernest in the morning than they had had in the evening. And with a sudden stab I thought

of the watch. That watch I knew would be an Aladdin's lamp to make Ernest my obedient slave. I had only to bribe him with it, and he would bathe, dress, or do anything which I told him to do. Here was the easy art of corruption by which parents got moral clutches on their children! And I deliberately renounced it. I would not bribe Ernest. Yet the mischief was done. So intuitive was his mind that I felt guiltily that he already knew my readiness to give him the watch if he would only dress. In that case, I should miss my moral victory. I could not disappoint him, and I did not want to bribe him inadvertently.

There was another consideration which dismayed me. Even if Ernest should prove amenable to reason or corruption, where was my ability to reconstruct him? Unbuttoning a sleepy and scarcely resisting little boy in the evening was quite different from constructively buttoning a jumping and hilarious one in the morning. And time was flowing dangerously on. Only a sudden theory of self-activity saved me. Could Ernest perhaps dress himself? I caught him in one of his tumbles and asked him. His mind was too

full of excitement, to be working on prosaic themes. And then I shot my bolt. "I don't believe you know how to dress yourself, do you?" To that challenge Ernest rose. "Hurry!" I said, "and see how quickly you can dress. See if you can dress before I can!" Ernest flew into the other room, and in an incredibly short time appeared quite constructed except as to an occasional rear-button, washed and shining, self-reliant, ready for the business of the day. I glowed with the success of my parental generalship. I felt a sense of power. But power gained in so adroit and harmless a way was safe. What a parent I would make! How grateful I was to Ernest to be leaving me at this height!

I gave him the watch. Though he had longed, the fulfillment of his desire struck him with incredulity. The event awed him. But I showed him how to wind it, and seemed so indifferent to its fate that he was reassured as to my sincerity. He recovered his poise. He sang as he ate his breakfast. And when his guide and friend came, amused and curious, he went off with her as unreluctantly as he had come, proud and self-possessed, the master of himself. He strutted a little with

his watch, and he politely admitted that he had had a good time.

I do not know whether Ernest ever thought of me again. He had been an unconscious artist, for he had painted many new impressions on my soul. He had been sent to me to test my theories of parenthood, but he had driven away all thought of theory in the obsession of his demands. How could I let him go so cheerily out of my door? It wasn't at all because I minded having my time absorbed, for I like people to absorb my time. Why did I not cling to him, buy him from his protector, with a "Dear boy, you shall never leave my pleasant rooms again"? Why did I not rush after him down the street, stung by a belated remorse? I was conscious enough that I was missing all the dramatic climax of the situation. I was not acting at all as one does with tempting little orphan boys. But that is the way life works. The heart fails, and the vast and incalculable sea of responsibility drowns one in doubt. I let him go with no more real hesitation than that with which he went.

The later life of Ernest I feel will be one of sturdy self-reliance. That all the aspects of his

many-sided character did not become apparent in the short time that I held him was clear from the report I heard of a Christmas party to which he was invited a few weeks later. Ernest, it seems, had broken loose with the fervor of a modern Europe after its forty years of peace. He had seized chocolate cake, slapped little girls, bitten the hand of the kind lady who fed him, and ended by lying down on the floor and yelling in a self-reliant rage. Was this the effect of a day with me? Or had I charmed and soothed him? I had a pleasant shudder of power, wondering at my influence over him.

The next I heard of Ernest was his departure for the home of an adopting family in New Jersey, from which he was presently to be shipped back for offenses unknown. My respect for Ernest rose even higher. He would not fit in easily to any smug conventional family life. He would not rest adopted until he was satisfied. I began to wonder if, after all, we were not affinities. He had kept the peace with me, he had derived stimulation from my society. Should I not have called him back? Shall I not now? Shall I not want to see him with me again? I wonder.

ON DISCUSSION

GRAHAM WALLAS, in his "Great Society," wrote few more interesting sentences than that in which he remarked the paucity of genuine discussion around him, the lack of skill in meeting each others' minds which Englishmen show when they talk together. Particularly in this country where mere talk is always contrasted unfavorably with action is discussion rare. The only way we can justify our substitution of talking for acting is to talk badly. And we like to talk badly. To put into talk the deliberate effort which action demands would seem an insufferable pedantry. Talk is one of the few unspecialized talents still left in a mechanical world. The plain man resents any invasion of this last preserve of freedom. He resents the demand that skill and effort be put to work in raising talk into real discussion where points are met and presuppositions are clarified and formulations made. So conversation is left

to grow wild as a common flower along the wayside of our personal contacts.

Yet this lack of art in discussion is not really due to lack of desire. An inner need drives talk into something more formal. Discussion is popular, and because it is popular it needs, in spite of the plain man, a certain deliberate technique. One often stumbles on groups which have met not because some problem has seized them all and will not let them go until it is satisfied, but because they have felt a general craving for talk. They find that their mental wheels will not rotate without some corn to grind. In the revelation of what each person thinks it important to discuss, one gets the attitude of his mind and the color of his governing philosophy. Such a group is a kind of kindergarten of discussion. Ostensibly equal and sympathetic in background and approach, they show in very little time the startling diversity of their actual equipment and mental framework. A score of people all doing apparently the same quality of work in the professional world, all enjoying a popular reputation, all backed by a college education, all reacting constantly to each other in the intersecting world of journalism, art, teaching,

law, will often be found to show a lack of mental sympathy so profound that one wonders how such people can smilingly continue to seem to be living in the same world. They are using the same words, but they are not using the same meanings, and because they are not conscious that it is really meanings which they should be exchanging, the discussion is apt to lose itself feebly as in desert sands. What really emerges from most discussions, you find, is an astonishing array of philosophical skeletons-in-the-closet which stalk about the room unchallenged. Their owners are quite unconscious of this fatal escape. Yet it takes little wit to discover rigid platonists discoursing with pragmatists, minds whose first operation in thinking is always to fix a moral judgment contending with remorseless realists. Ideals are discussed when one man means by an ideal a measuring-stick for human conduct, another a social goal towards which he works. Concepts emerge which to half the company represent a mental vacuum, and to the other half imply a warm blow of virtue. World-philosophies which might be recognized are shabbily ignored. The feeble sparring of their distorted shadows is taken for discussion, and the

company separates with a vague feeling of having occupied itself for an evening with something profitably mental.

All the time, however, it is these fundamental philosophies which are the real antagonists, and not the concrete ideas which are the subjects of discussion. A good discussion passes rapidly into an examination of those presuppositions. It is more interested in charting out the minds of the other talkers than in winning small victories or getting agreements. Good discussion is a kind of detective uncovering the hidden categories and secret springs of emotion that underlie "opinions" on things. It seeks that common background and store of meanings in which alone diverse opinions can really meet and operate. We can no longer tolerate reasons which are only retrospective props for action that was really impulsive in its origin. No more should we tolerate in discussion that stubborn voicing of attitudes which seem axiomatic to the speaker only because he has never examined the structure of his own thought. It is popular nowadays to welcome the expression of every new attitude. But a discussion should be tolerant and hospitable only after the ground has been

cleared. You must be very sure that what you have to deal with is a real attitude and not a counterfeit. Discussion remains mere talk if it remains content with the expression of an "opinion" and does not put the expressor to immediate cross-examination to discover in the name of what Weltanschauung the opinion came.

Discussion should be one of the most important things in the world, for it is almost our only arena of thinking. It is here that all the jumble of ideas and impressions that we get from reading and watching are dramatically placed in conflict. Here only is there a genuine challenge to put them into some sort of order. Without discussion intellectual experience is only an exercise in a private gymnasium. It has never been put to the test, never had to give an account of itself. It is some such motive that impels people to discussion; though they are too often content with the jousting of pasteboard knights. But a good discussion is not only a conflict. It is fundamentally a cooperation. It progresses towards some common understanding. This does not mean that it must end in agreement. A discussion will have been adequate if it has done no more than set the prob-

lem in its significant terms, or even defined the purpose that makes such a setting significant. You turn up things in your mind that would have remained buried without the incision of some new idea. The effort to say exactly what you mean, sharpening your idea to the point that will drive home to others, is itself invigorating. A good discussion tones up your mind, concentrates its loose particles, gives form and direction. When all say exactly what they mean, then for the first time understanding—the goal of discussion—is possible.

Discussion demands a mutual trustfulness, a mutual candor. But this very trustfulness makes discussion vulnerable. It is particularly open to the attack of the person who sees in the group a forum. The physical signs of such a misinterpretation are familiar. The eye becomes slightly dilated, the voice more orotund. The suggestion develops into an exposition, the exposition into an apologia or recrimination. Discussion is slain. Another enemy is the person who sidetracks a sentence and then proceeds in a leisurely way to unload its freight into his own wagon. But in a good discussion the traffic is kept constantly mov-

ing in both directions along a rather rigid line of track, and the freight arrives somewhere. Some people have a fatal gift of derailment. Wit is perhaps the most common means. Discussion has no greater enemies than those who can catch an idea and touch it off into a puff of smoke. Wit should salt a discussion but not explode it.

Good discussion is so important that those who set about it may be rather pedantic and self-conscious in their enterprise. One may acutely realize himself as being, for the time, primarily a mind. He renounces the seeming of personal advantage in an argument. He sincerely and anxiously searches his intellectual stores in order to set down exactly what he thinks in just the proportions and colors that he thinks it. He studies what the others say, and tries to detect quickly the search for advantage or the loose use of terminology. He insists that words and phrases have meanings, and if they carry no meaning to him, he searches indefatigably until he has found the word that does carry over the full freight of significance intended.

The rewards for such pedantry are found in a tone of clear thinking. A good discussion in-

creases the dimensions of every one who takes part. Being rather self-consciously a mind in a group of minds means becoming more of a person. Ideas are stale things until they are personally dramatized. The only good writers of opinion are those who instinctively reproduce the atmosphere of discussion, whose sentences have the tone of discussion with themselves or with an imagined group. The impulse for discussion is an impulse towards the only environment where creative thinking can be done. All the more reason why an instinct for workmanship should come in to insure that thought does not lose itself in feeble sparring or detached monologue.

THE PURITAN'S WILL TO POWER

To the modern young person who tries to live well there is no type so devastating and harassing as the puritan. We cannot get away from him. In his sight we always live. We finish with justifying our new paganism against him, but we never quite lose consciousness of his presence. Even Theodore Dreiser, who has always revolted from the puritan clutch, finds it necessary now and then to tilt a lance against him. If there were no puritans we should have to invent them. And if the pagan Mr. Dreiser has to keep on through life fighting puritans, how much more intrigued must we be who are only reformed puritans, and feel old dangers stirring at every aggressive gesture of righteousness? For the puritan is the most stable and persistent of types. It is scarcely a question of a puritanical age and a pagan age. It is only a question of more puritans or less puritans. Even the most emancipated gen-

eration will find that it has only broken its puritanism up into compartments, and balances sexual freedom—or better, perhaps, a pious belief in sexual freedom—with a cult of efficiency and personal integrity which is far more coercive than the most sumptuary of laws. Young people who have given up all thought of "being good" anxiously celebrate a cult of "making good." And a superstition like eugenics threatens to terrorize the new intelligentsia.

Every new generation, in fact, contrives to find some new way of being puritanical. Every new generation finds some new way of sacrifice. Every new triumphant assertion of life is counterbalanced by some new denial. In Europe this most proud and lusty young generation goes to its million-headed slaughter, and in America the social consciousness arises to bewilder and deflect the *essor* towards life. Just when convention seemed to be on the run, and youth seemed to be facing a sane and candid attitude towards sex, we find idealistic girls and men coming out of the colleges to tell us of our social responsibility to the race. This means not only that our daily living is to be dampened by the haunting thought

of misery that we cannot personally prevent, but that our thirst towards love-experience is to be discouraged and turned aside into a concern for racial perfection. That is, we are subtly persuaded against merely growing widely and loving intensely. We become vague and mystified means toward nebulous and unreal ends. This new puritanism will not let us be ends in ourselves, or let personality be the chief value in life. It will almost let us sometimes. But it always pulls us up somewhere. There is always a devil of inhibition to interpose before our clean and naïve grasping of life. (You see, my puritanism takes the form of a suspicion that there may be a personal devil lurking in the universe.)

This is why the puritan always needs to be thoroughly explained and exposed. We must keep him before our eyes, recognize him as the real enemy, no matter in what ideal disguise he lurks. We must learn how he works, and what peculiar satisfactions he gets from his activity. For he must get satisfaction or he would not be so prevalent. I accept the dogma that to explain anybody we have to do little more than discover just what contentment people are getting from

what they do, or from what they are permitting to happen to them, or even from what they are flinging their will into trying to prevent happening to them. For, if life is anything positive, it is the sense of control. In the puritan, of course, we have the paradox how he can get satisfaction from ruggedly and sternly subjecting himself and renouncing the world, the flesh and the devil. There is a popular superstition that the puritan has an extra endowment of moral force, that he reverses the natural current of life, that he resists the drag of carnality down towards hell, that his energy is thrown contra-satisfaction, that this control is a real straddling of the nefarious way. But, of course, it is just this superstition that gives the puritan his terrific prestige. In the light of the will-to-power dogma this superstition fades. The puritan becomes just as much of a naturalistic phenomenon as the most carnal sinner. Instincts and impulses, in the puritan, are not miraculously cancelled, but have their full play. The primitive currents of life are not blocked and turned back on their sources, but turned into powerful and usually devastating channels. The puritan is just as much of a "natural" man as you or I.

But we still have to explain how this lustful, headstrong creature called man, spilling with greed, could so unabatedly throughout the ages give up the primitive satisfaction of sex and food and drink and gregariousness and act the ascetic and the glumly censorious. How could an animal whose business was to feel powerful get power from being in subjection and deprivation? Well, the puritan gets his sense of power from a very cunningly organized satisfaction of two of his strongest impulses,—the self-conscious personal impulses of being regarded and being neglected. The puritan is no thwarted and depleted person. On the contrary, he is rather a complete person, getting almost the maximum of satisfaction out of these two apparently contradictory sentiments,—the self-regarding and self-abasing. The pure autocrat would feed himself wholly on the first, the pure slave would be only a human embodiment of the second. But the pure puritan manages to make the most powerful amalgam of both.

What we may call the puritan process starts with the satisfaction of the impulse for self-abasement (an impulse as primitive as any, for in the long struggle for survival it was often just as

necessary for life to cower as it was to fight). It is only the puritan's prestige that has attached moral value to self-sacrifice, for there is nothing intrinsic in it that makes it any more praiseworthy than lust. But its pragmatic value is immense. When the puritan announces himself as the least worthy of men, he not only predisposes in his favor the naturally slavish people around him, but he neutralizes the aggressive and self-regarding who would otherwise be moved to suppress him. He renounces, he puts on meekness, he sternly regiments himself, he makes himself unhappy in ways that are just not quite severe enough to excite pity and yet run no risk of arousing any envy. If the puritan does all this unconsciously, the effect is yet the same as if he were deliberately plotting. To give his impulses of self-abasement full play, he must, of course, exercise a certain degree of control. This control, however, gives him little of that sense of power that makes for happiness. Puritan moralists have always tried to make us believe in this virtue of self-control. They forget to point out, however, that it does not become a virtue until it has become idealized. Control over self gives us little sense of control.

It is the dreariest of all satisfactions of the will to power. Not until we become *proud* of our self-control do we get satisfaction. The puritan only begins to reap his satisfaction when the self-regarding impulse comes into play.

Having given his self-abasing impulse free rein, he is now in a position to exploit his self-regard. He has made himself right with the weak and slavish. He has fortified himself with their alliance. He now satisfies his self-regard by becoming proud of his humility and enjoining it on others. If it were self-control alone that made the puritan, he would not be as powerful as he is. Indeed he would be no more than the mild ascetic, who is all abnegation because his self-regarding mechanism is weak. But in the puritan both impulses are strong. It is control over others that yields him his satisfactions of power. He may stamp out his sex-desire, but his impulse to shatter ideas that he does not like will flourish wild and wanton. To the true puritan the beauty of unselfishness lies in his being able to enforce it on others. He loves virtue not so much for its own sake as for its being an instrument of his terrorism.

The true puritan is at once the most unselfish

and the most self-righteous of men. There is nothing he will not do for you, give up for you, suffer for you. But at the same time there is no cranny of your world that he will not illuminate with the virtue of this doing of his. His real satisfaction comes not from his action of benevolence but from the moral of the tale. He need not boast about his renunciation or his altruism. But in any true puritan atmosphere that pride will be prevalent. Indeed, it is the oxygen of that atmosphere. Wherever you come across that combination of selfless devotion with self-righteousness, you have the essence of the puritan. Should you come across the one without the other you would find not the puritan but the saint.

The puritan then gets the satisfaction of his will to power through the turning of his self-abasement into purposes of self-regard. Renunciation is the raw material for his positive sense of power. The puritan gets his satisfaction exactly where the most carnal of natural men gets his, out of the stimulation of his pride. And in a world where renunciation has to happen to us whether we want it or not, the puritan is in the most impressive strategic position. In economy

of energy he has it all over the head that is bloody but unbowed. For the puritan is so efficient morally that he can bow his head and yet exact control both out of the bowing and out of the prestige which his bowing gives him, as well as out of the bowing which he can enforce on others. The true puritan must become an evangelist. It is not enough to renounce the stimulus to satisfaction which is technically known as a "temptation." The renouncing must be made into an ideal, the ideal must be codified, promulgated, and, in the last analysis, enforced. In the compelling of others to abstain, you have the final glut of puritanical power. For in getting other people to renounce a thing you thereby get renewed justification for your own renouncing. And so the puritan may go on inexhaustibly rolling up his satisfactions, one impulse reinforcing the other. The simultaneous play of these two apparently inconsistent personal impulses makes the puritan type one of the stablest in society. While the rest of us are longing for power the puritan is enjoying his. And because the puritan is so well integrated he almost always rules. The

person whose satisfactions of control are more various and more refined is on the defensive against him.

The puritan gets his sense of power not in the harmless way of the artist or the philosopher or the lover or the scientist, but in a crude assault on that most vulnerable part of other people's souls, their moral sense. He is far more dangerous to those he converts than to those he intimidates. For he first scares them into abandoning the rich and sensuous and expressive impulses in life, and then teaches them to be proud of having done so. We all have the potentiality of the puritan within us. I remember suffering agonies at the age of ten because my aunt used to bring me candy that had been wickedly purchased on the Sabbath day. I forget whether I ate it or not, but that fact is irrelevant. What counted was the guilt with which the whole universe seemed to be stained. I need no other evidence of the irrational nature of morality than this fact that children can be such dogged little puritans, can be at the age of ten so sternly and intuitively righteous.

The puritan is a case of arrested development.

Most of us do grow beyond him and find subtler ways of satisfying our desire for power. And we do it because we never can quite take that step from self-abasement to self-regard. We never can quite become proud of our humility. Renunciation remains an actual going without, sacrifice a real thwarting. If we value an experience and deliberately surrender it, we are too naïve to pretend that there are compensations. There *is* a loss. We are left with a vacuum. There is only depression and loss of control. Our self-regard is not quite elemental enough to get stimulation from wielding virtue over others. I never feel so degraded as when I have renounced. I had rather beat my head rhythmically and endlessly against an unyielding wall. For the pagan often breaks miraculously through the wall. But the puritan at his best can only strut outside.

Most of us, therefore, after we have had our puritan fling, sown our puritan wild oats as it were, grow up into devout and progressing pagans, cultivating the warmth of the sun, the deliciousness of love-experience, the high moods of art. The puritans remain around us, a danger and a threat. But they have value to us in keeping us

acutely self-conscious of our faith. They whet our ardor. Perhaps no one can be really a good appreciating pagan who has not once been a bad puritan.

THE IMMANENCE OF DOSTOEVSKY

It is impossible not to think of Dostoevsky as a living author when his books come regularly, as they are coming, to the American public every few months. Our grandfathers sixty years ago are said to have lived their imaginative lives in anticipation of the next instalment of Dickens or Thackeray. I can feel somewhat of the same excitement in this Dostoevsky stream, though I cannot pretend that the great Russian will ever become a popular American classic. Yet in the progress from Dickens to Dostoevsky there is a symbol of the widening and deepening of the American imagination. We are adrift on a far wider sea than our forefathers. We are far more adventurous in personal relations, far more aware of the bewildering variousness of human nature. If you have once warmed to Dostoevsky, you can never go back to the older classic fiction on which we were brought up. The lack of *nuance*, the

hideous normality of its people begin to depress you. When once you have a sense of the illusion of "character," when once you have felt the sinister, irrational turn of human thoughts, and the subtle interplay of impression and desire, and the crude impingement of circumstance, you find yourself—unless you keep conscious watch—feeling a shade of contempt for the Scott and Balzac and Dickens and Thackeray and Trollope who were the authoritative showmen of life for our middle-class relatives. You relegate such fiction to the level of "movie" art, with its clean, pigeonholed categories of the emotions, and its "registering" of a few simple moods.

You will, of course, be wrong in any such contempt, because these novelists show a bewildering variety of types and a deep intuition of the major movements of the soul. Dickens teems with irrational creatures, with unconventional levels of life. But you can scarcely contradict me when I say that neither Dickens nor his readers ever forgot that these human patterns were queer. His appeal lies exactly in the joyful irrelevance with which we take all these lapses from the norm, in the pitiful tears which we can shed for human

beings done so obviously as they should not be done by. In reading these familiar novelists we never lose our moral landmarks. No matter how great the deviations a character shows, we are always conscious—or could be conscious if we liked —of the exact amount of that deviation. The charm of that nineteenth-century fiction, as in the work of belated Victorians like Mr. Chesterton, lies in that duality between the sane and the insane, the virtuous and the villainous, the sober and the mischievous, the responsible and the irresponsible. There is no falsification in this. These novelists were writing for an epoch that really had stable "character," standards, morals, that consistently saw the world in a duality of body and spirit. They were a reflection of a class that really had reticences, altruisms, and religious codes.

Dostoevsky appeals to us to-day because we are trying to close up that dualism. And our appreciation of him and the other modern Russians is a mark of how far we have actually gone. It is still common to call this fiction unhealthy, morbid, unwholesome. All that is meant by this is that the sudden shock of a democratic, unified, in-

tensely feeling and living outlook is so severe to the mind that thinks in the old dual terms as to be almost revolting. What becomes more and more apparent to the readers of Dostoevsky, however, is his superb modern healthiness. He is healthy because he has no sense of any dividing line between the normal and the abnormal, or even between the sane and the insane. I call this healthy because it is so particularly salutary for our American imagination to be jolted out of its stiltedness and preconceived notions of human psychology. I admit that the shock is somewhat rough and rude. "The Idiot", which I have read only once, remains in my mind as a stream of fairly incomprehensible people and unintelligible emotional changes. Yet I feel that when I read it again I shall understand it. For Dostoevsky has a strange, intimate power which breaks in your neat walls and shows you how much more subtle and inconsequent your flowing life is than even your introspection had thought. But for all his subtlety he is the reverse of anything morbidly introspective. In his work you get the full warm unity of emotional life without losing any of the detail of the understanding analysis of the soul.

This astounding mergence Dostoevsky actually seems to achieve. That is what gives him the intimate power which distinguishes every story of his from anything else you have ever read. Again he contrasts with the classical novelists. For they are quite palpably outside their subjects. You are never unaware of the author as telling the story. He has always the air of the showman, unrolling his drama before your eyes. His characters may be infinitely warm and human, but the writer himself is somehow not in them. "Wuthering Heights" is the only English story I think of that has something of the fierce, absorbed intensity of Dostoevsky. In the great Russian you lose all sense of the showman. The writer is himself the story; he is inextricably in it. In narratives like "The Double" or "A Gentle Spirit" immanence could go no further. The story seems to tell itself. Its strange, breathless intimacy of mood follows faithfully every turn and quirk of thought and feeling. Its tempo is just of that inner life we know, with its ceaseless boring into the anxious future and its trails of the unresolved past. These stories follow just that

fluctuating line of our conscious life with its depressions and satisfactions, its striving always for a sense of control, its uneasiness. In Dostoevsky's novels it is not only the author that is immanent. The reader also is absorbed. After reading "Crime and Punishment" you are yourself the murderer. For days the odor of guilt follows you around. The extravaganza of "The Double" pursues you like a vivid dream of your own.

Such stories, however fantastic the problems of the soul, get deeply into us. We cannot ignore them, we cannot take them irresponsibly. We cannot read them for amusement, or even in detachment, as we can our classics. We forget our categories, our standards, our notions of human nature. All we feel is that we are tracing the current of life itself. Dostoevsky is so much in his stories that we get no sense of his attitude toward his characters or of his criticism of life. Yet the after-impression is one of rich kindness, born of suffering and imperfection, and of a truly religious reverence for all living experience. Man as a being with his feet in the mud and his gaze turned toward the stars, yet always indis-

solubly one in feet and eyes and heart and brain! If we are strong enough to hear him, this is the decisive force we need on our American creative outlook.

THE ART OF THEODORE DREISER

Theodore Dreiser has had the good fortune to evoke a peculiar quality of pugnacious interest among the younger American intelligentsia such as has been the lot of almost nobody else writing to-day unless it be Miss Amy Lowell. We do not usually take literature seriously enough to quarrel over it. Or else we take it so seriously that we urbanely avoid squabbles. Certainly there are none of the vendettas that rage in a culture like that of France. But Mr. Dreiser seems to have made himself, particularly since the suppression of "The Genius," a veritable issue. Interesting and surprising are the reactions to him. Edgar Lee Masters makes him a "soul-enrapt demi-urge, walking the earth, stalking life"; Harris Merton Lyon saw in him a "seer of inscrutable mien"; Arthur Davison Ficke sees him as master of a passing throng of figures, "labored with immortal illusion, the terrible and beautiful,

cruel and wonder-laden illusion of life"; Mr. Powys makes him an epic philosopher of the "life-tide"; H. L. Mencken puts him ahead of Conrad, with "an agnosticism that has almost passed beyond curiosity." On the other hand, an unhappy critic in *The Nation* last year gave Mr. Dreiser his place for all time in a neat antithesis between the realism that was based on a theory of human conduct and the naturalism that reduced life to a mere animal behavior. For Dreiser this last special hell was reserved, and the jungle-like and simian activities of his characters were rather exhaustively outlined. At the time this antithesis looked silly. With the appearance of Mr. Dreiser's latest book, "A Hoosier Holiday," it becomes nonsensical. For that wise and delightful book reveals him as a very human critic of very common human life, romantically sensual and poetically realistic, with an artist's vision and a thick, warm feeling for American life.

This book gives the clue to Mr. Dreiser, to his insatiable curiosity about people, about their sexual inclinations, about their dreams, about the homely qualities that make them American. His memories give a picture of the floun-

dering young American that is so typical as to be almost epic. No one has ever pictured this lower middle-class American life so winningly, because no one has had the necessary literary skill with the lack of self-consciousness. Mr. Dreiser is often sentimental, but it is a sentimentality that captivates you with its candor. You are seeing this vacuous, wistful, spiritually rootless, Middle-Western life through the eyes of a naïve but very wise boy. Mr. Dreiser seems queer only because he has carried along his youthful attitude in unbroken continuity. He is fascinated with sex because youth is usually obsessed with sex. He puzzles about the universe because youth usually puzzles. He thrills to crudity and violence because sensitive youth usually recoils from the savagery of the industrial world. Imagine incorrigible, sensuous youth endowed with the brooding skepticism of the philosopher who feels the vanity of life, and you have the paradox of Mr. Dreiser. For these two attitudes in him support rather than oppose each other. His spiritual evolution was out of a pious, ascetic atmosphere into intellectual and personal freedom. He seems to have found himself without losing himself.

Of how many American writers can this be said? And for this much shall be forgiven him,—his slovenliness of style, his lack of *nuances*, his apathy to the finer shades of beauty, his weakness for the mystical and the vague. Mr. Dreiser suggests the over-sensitive temperament that protects itself by an admiration for crudity and cruelty. His latest book reveals the boyhood shyness and timidity of this Don Juan of novelists. Mr. Dreiser is complicated, but he is complicated in a very understandable American way, the product of the uncouth forces of small-town life and the vast disorganization of the wider American world. As he reveals himself, it is a revelation of a certain broad level of the American soul.

Mr. Dreiser seems uncommon only because he is more naïve than most of us. It is not so much that his pages swarm with sexful figures as that he rescues sex for the scheme of personal life. He feels a holy mission to slay the American literary superstition that men and women are not sensual beings. But he does not brush this fact in the sniggering way of the popular magazines. He takes it very seriously, so much so that some of his novels become caricatures of desire. It is,

however, a misfortune that it has been Brieux and Freud and not native Theodore Dreiser who has saturated the sexual imagination of the younger American intelligentsia. It would have been far healthier to absorb Mr. Dreiser's literary treatment of sex than to go hysterical over its pathology. Sex has little significance unless it is treated in personally artistic, novelistic terms. The American tradition had tabooed the treatment of those infinite gradations and complexities of love that fill the literary imagination of a sensitive people. When curiosity became too strong and reticence was repealed in America, we had no means of articulating ourselves except in a deplorable pseudo-scientific jargon that has no more to do with the relevance of sex than the chemical composition of orange paint has to do with the artist's vision. Dreiser has done a real service to the American imagination in despising the underworld and going gravely to the business of picturing sex as it is lived in the personal relations of bungling, wistful, or masterful men and women. He seemed strange and rowdy only because he made sex human, and American tradition had never made it human. It had only made it either

sacred or vulgar, and when these categories no longer worked, we fell under the dubious and perverting magic of the psycho-analysts.

In spite of his looseness of literary gait and heaviness of style Dreiser seems a sincere groper after beauty. It is natural enough that this should so largely be the beauty of sex. For where would a sensitive boy, brought up in Indiana and in the big American cities, get beauty expressed for him except in women? What does Mid-Western America offer to the starving except its personal beauty? A few landscapes, an occasional picture in a museum, a book of verse perhaps! Would not all the rest be one long, flaunting offense of ugliness and depression? "The 'Genius,' " instead of being that mass of pornographic horror which the Vice Societies repute it to be, is the story of a groping artist whose love of beauty runs obsessingly upon the charm of girlhood. Through different social planes, through business and manual labor and the feverish world of artists, he pursues this lure. Dreiser is refreshing in his air of the moral democrat, who sees life impassively, neither praising nor blaming, at the same time that he realizes how much more

terrible and beautiful and incalculable life is than any of us are willing to admit. It may be all *apologia*, but it comes with the grave air of a mind that wants us to understand just how it all happened. "Sister Carrie" will always retain the fresh charm of a spontaneous working-out of mediocre, and yet elemental and significant, lives. A good novelist catches hold of the thread of human desire. Dreiser does this, and that is why his admirers forgive him so many faults.

If you like to speculate about personal and literary qualities that are specifically American, Dreiser should be as interesting as any one now writing in America. This becomes clearer as he writes more about his youth. His hopelessly unorientated, half-educated boyhood is so typical of the uncritical and careless society in which wistful American talent has had to grope. He had to be spiritually a self-made man, work out a philosophy of life, discover his own sincerity. Talent in America outside of the ruling class flowers very late, because it takes so long to find its bearings. It has had almost to create its own soil, before it could put in its roots and grow. It is born shivering into an inhospitable and irrelevant

group. It has to find its own kind of people and piece together its links of comprehension. It is a gruelling and tedious task, but those who come through it contribute, like Vachel Lindsay, creative work that is both novel and indigenous. The process can be more easily traced in Dreiser than in almost anybody else. "A Hoosier Holiday" not only traces the personal process, but it gives the social background. The common life, as seen throughout the countryside, is touched off quizzically, and yet sympathetically, with an artist's vision. Dreiser sees the American masses in their commonness and at their pleasure as brisk, rather vacuous people, a little pathetic in their innocence of the possibilities of life and their optimistic trustfulness. He see them ruled by great barons of industry, and yet unconscious of their serfdom. He seems to love this countryside, and he makes you love it.

Dreiser loves, too, the ugly violent bursts of American industry,—the flaming steel-mills and gaunt lakesides. "The Titan" and "The Financier" are unattractive novels, but they are human documents of the brawn of a passing American era. Those stenographic conversations, webs of

financial intrigue, bare bones of enterprise, insult our artistic sense. There is too much raw beef, and yet it all has the taste and smell of the primitive business-jungle it deals with. These crude and greedy captains of finance with their wars and their amours had to be given some kind of literary embodiment, and Dreiser has hammered a sort of raw epic out of their lives.

It is not only his feeling for these themes of crude power and sex and the American common life that makes Dreiser interesting. His emphases are those of a new America which is latently expressive and which must develop its art before we shall really have become articulate. For Dreiser is a true hyphenate, a product of that conglomerate Americanism that springs from other roots than the English tradition. Do we realize how rare it is to find a talent that is thoroughly American and wholly un-English? Culturally we have somehow suppressed the hyphenate. Only recently has he forced his way through the unofficial literary censorship. The vers-librists teem with him, but Dreiser is almost the first to achieve a largeness of utterance. His outlook, it is true, flouts the American canons of optimism

and redemption, but these were never anything but conventions. There stirs in Dreiser's books a new American quality. It is not at all German. It is an authentic attempt to make something artistic out of the chaotic materials that lie around us in American life. Dreiser interests because we can watch him grope and feel his clumsiness. He has the artist's vision without the sureness of the artist's technique. That is one of the tragedies of America. But his faults are those of his material and of uncouth bulk, and not of shoddiness. He expresses an America that is in process of forming. The interest he evokes is part of the eager interest we feel in that growth.

THE USES OF INFALLIBILITY

Few people read Newman to-day. The old anxious issues have been drowned in a flood of social problems, and that world of liberal progress which to him was the enemy at the gates has long ago broken in and carried everything before it. Newman's persuasive voice sounds thin and remote, and his ideas smell of a musty age. Yet that title of his, *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, always intrigues one with its modern and subjective sound. It is so much what all of us are itching to write. Its egotism brushes with a faint irony that absorption in the righteousness most emphatically not ourselves with which Newman's life was mingled. In that call upon him to interpret his life, one feels an unquenchable ego which carries him over to these shameless and self-centred times. Fortunately placed for a week in a theological household, I plunged into the slightly forbidding pages of the wistful cardinal. What I found

in him must be very different from what he found in himself or what anybody else found in him at the time. Newman in 1917 suggests less a reactionary theology than a subtle and secret sympathy with certain veins of our modern intellectual radicalism. The voice was faint, but what I heard made Newman significant for me. For it implied that if faith is eternal, so is skepticism, and that even in the most pious mind may be found the healthy poison of doubt.

Superficially seen, Newman appeared to have abolished doubt. His faith was more conservative than that of the orthodox. He surrendered all that Victorian life for the narrowest of obscurantisms. The reasons he found for his course only riveted him impregnably to the rock of unreason. What my mind fastened on, however, was the emotional impulse that led him his tortuous way. One detected there in him that same sinister note one feels in Pascal. It is a reasonableness that eats away at belief until it finally destroys either it or you. It is an uncanny honesty of soul which, struggling utterly for faith, saves it only by unconsciously losing it. For if you win your way through to belief by sheer intel-

lectual force, you run the risk of over-reaching your belief. You do not know that you have passed it, but you have really dispensed with its use. If you are honest in mind and religious in temperament, you find yourself reduced to the naked reality of religion. You are left with only the most primitive mysticism of feeling. You are one with the primitive savage group. Ineffable feeling, ecstatic union with the universe,—this is your state. The more religious you become, the more you tear the fabric of your dogma. Belief is only for the irreligious. Intellectuality in religion, under the guise of fortifying faith, only destroys its foundations. Newman's approach towards the certitude of dogma was really only an approach towards the certitude of mysticism. When he thought he was satisfying his intellectual doubts, he was satisfying his emotional cravings. Intending to buttress dogma, he only assured for himself the mystic state.

How far he really attained mysticism is a fascinating problem for the reader of the *Apologia*. Popular impression is probably right that he bore to his incredibly lengthened age a pathos of uneasiness and sadness. But popular impression is

probably wrong in ascribing this to lingering remorse or regret. If there was any uncertainty, it was not for having left his Anglican position, but for not having seen the thing wholly through. Intellectuality still clung around him like a cold swathing garment. He probably never attained that pure mysticism which his soul craved. One has the impression that Newman's pathos lay in the fact that he never quite became a saint. The official world seemed to hang about him hamperingly. One wonders sometimes if he could not almost as easily have become a wan sweet pagan as a saint. The tragedy of Pascal was that intrinsically he was a pagan. The kind of Christianity to which he drove himself was for him the most virulent form of moral suicide. The terrible fascination of his *Pensées* lies in that relentless closing in of the divine enemy on his human "pride," which might have been, with his intellectual genius, so lusty an organ of creativeness and adventure. It was not disease that killed him but Christianity. Pascal is an eternal warning from the perils of intellectual religion.

Dogma did not kill Newman, but it did not save him. He was not a pagan, but he never be-

came a saint. He never quite got rid of dogma. And that is what so fascinates us in his religious technique. For his *Apologia* is really a subtle exposure of infallibility. It shows us what the acute intellectuality of a mystic finds to do with dogma. The goal towards which he tends is the utter bankruptcy of articulate religion. And involved in it is the bankruptcy of institutional religion. It is a religious bankruptcy that acts like modern commercial bankruptcy. All material assets are relinquished, and you start again in business on the old footing. You throw over your dogma but keep the mystic experience, which can never be taken away from you. In this way the Catholic Church becomes, or could become, eternal. Newman shows a way just short of relinquishment. He uses infallibility to liquidate his intellectual debts, and then becomes free of his creditors.

II

How these attitudes are implied in the *Apologia* I can only suggest through the surprises that a reading brought. The contention had always been that Newman's apostasy was due to

feebleness of will, to a fatigue in the search for certitude that let him slip into the arms of Mother Church. My Protestant training had persistently represented every going over to Rome as a surrender of individual integrity. For the sake of intellectual peace, one became content to stultify the intellect and leave all thinking to the infallible Church. There is nothing of intellectual fatigue, however, in Newman. His course did not spring from weariness of thinking. He had a most fluent and flexible mind, and if he seemed to accept beliefs at which Protestants thrilled with frightened incredulity, it was because such an acceptance satisfied some deeper need, some surer craving. Read to-day, Newman interests not because of the beliefs but because of this deeper desire. He had a sure intuition of the uses of infallibility and intellectual authority, and of their place in the scheme of things. This is his significance for the modern mind. And he is the only one of the great religious writers who seems to reach out to us and make contact with our modern attitude.

Newman loved dogma, but it was not dogma that he loved most. It was not to quiet a heart

that ached with doubt that he passed from the Anglican to the Roman Church. As an Anglican Catholic he was quite as sure of his doctrine as he was as a Roman Catholic. His most primitive craving was not so much for infallibility as for legitimacy. It was because the Roman Church was primitive, legitimate, authorized, and the Anglican Church yawned in spots, that he made his reluctant choice. His Anglican brothers would not let him show them the catholicity of the Articles. They began to act schismatically, and there was nothing to do but join the legitimate order and leave them to their vulgar insufficiencies. This one gets from the *Apologia*. But this craving, one feels, sprang not from cowardice but from a sense of proportion. Newman was frankly a conservative. Here was a mind that lived in the most exciting of all intellectual eras, when all the acuteness of England was passing from orthodoxy to liberalism. Newman deliberately went in the other direction. But he went because he valued certain personal and spiritual things to which he saw the new issues would be either wholly irrelevant or fatally confusing. One of the best things in the *Apologia* is the appendix on Liberalism,

where Newman, with the clarity of the perfect enemy, sums up the new faith. Each proposition outrages some aspect of legitimacy which is precious to him, yet his intuition—he wrote it not many years after the Reform Bill—has put in classic form what is the Nicene Creed of liberal religion. No liberal ever expressed liberalism so justly and concisely. Newman understands this modern creed as perfectly as he flouts it. So Pascal's uncanny analysis of human pride led him only to self-prostration.

Why did Newman disdain liberalism? He understood it, and he did not like it. His deathless virtue lies in his disconcerting honesty. The air was full of strange new cries that he saw would arrest the Church. She would have to explain, defend, interpret, on a scale far larger than had been done for centuries. She would have to make adjustment to a new era. Theology would be mingled with sociology. The church of the spirit would be challenged with social problems, would be called down into a battling arena of life. Newman's intuition saw that the challenge of liberalism meant a worried and harassed Church. He was not interested in social and political ques-

tions. The old order had a fixed charm for him. It soothed and sustained his life, and it was in his own life that he was supremely interested. He loved dogma, but he loved it as a priceless jewel that one does not wear. His emotion was not really any more entangled in it than it was in social problems. Given an established order that made his personal life possible, what he was interested in was mystical meditation, the subtle and difficult art of personal relations, and the exquisite ethical problems that arise out of them.

Newman's position was one of sublime commonsense. He saw that the Protestant Church would be engaged for decades in the doleful task of reconciling the broadening science with the old religious dogma. He knew that this was ludicrous. He saw that liberalism was incompatible with dogma. But mostly he saw that the new social and scientific turn of men's thinking was incompatible with the mellowed mystical and personal life where lay his true genius. So, with a luminous sincerity, following the appeal of his talents, he passed into the infallible Church which should be a casket for the riches of his personal life. He was saved thus from the sin of schism, and from

the sin of adding to that hopeless confusion of intellectual tongues which embroiled the English world for the rest of the century. The Church guaranteed the established order beneath him, blotted out the sociological worries around him, and removed the incubus of dogma above him. Legitimacy and infallibility did not imprison his person or his mind. On the contrary, they freed him, because they abolished futilities from his life. Nothing is clearer from the *Apologia* than Newman's sense of the hideous vulgarity of theological discussion. He uses infallibility to purge himself of that vulgarity. He uses it in exactly the way that it should rightly be employed. The common view is that dogma is entrusted to the Church because its truth is of such momentous import as to make fatal the risk of error through private judgment. The Church is the mother who suckles us with the precious milk of doctrine without which we should die. Through ecclesiastical infallibility dogma becomes the letter and spirit of religion, bony structure and life-blood.

But Newman's use of infallibility was as a storage vault in which one puts priceless securities. They are there for service when one wishes

to realize on their value. But in the business of daily living one need not look at them from one year to another. Infallibility is the strong lock of the safety-vault. It is a guarantee not of the value of the wealth but of its protection. The wealth must have other grounds for its valuableness, but one is assured that it will not be tampered with. By surrendering all your dogmas to the keeper-Church, you win, not certitude—for your treasures are no more certain inside the vault than they are in your pocket—but assurance that you will not have to see your life constantly interrupted by the need of defending them against burglars, or of proving their genuineness for the benefit of inquisitive and incredulous neighbors. The suspicion is irresistible that Newman craved infallibility not because dogma was so supremely significant to him, but because it was so supremely irrelevant. Nothing could be more revealing than his acceptance of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. He has no trouble whatever in believing this belated and hotly-disdained dogma. Because it is essential to his understanding of heaven and hell, eternity and the ineffable God? On the contrary, because it is so quintessentially

irrelevant to anything that really entangles his emotions. His tone in acknowledging his belief is airy, almost gay. He seems to feel no implications in the belief. It merely rounds off a logical point in his theology. It merely expresses in happy metaphor a poetical truth. To him there is no tyranny in the promulgation of this new dogma. Infallibility, he seems to suggest, removes from discussion ideas that otherwise one might be weakly tempted to spend unprofitable hours arguing about.

And nothing could be more seductive than his belief in Transubstantiation. Science, of course, declares this transmutation of matter impossible. But science deals only with phenomena. Transubstantiation has to do not with phenomena but with things-in-themselves. And what has science to say about the inner reality of things? Science itself would be the first to disclaim any such competence. Why, therefore, should not the Church know as much as anybody about the nature of this thing-in-itself? Why is it not as easy to believe the Church's testimony as to the nature of things as it is to believe any testmony? Such dogma is therefore unassailable by science. And if it can-

not be criticized it might just as well be infallible. The papal guarantee does not invade science. It merely prëempts an uncharted region. It infringes no intellectual rights. It steps in merely to withdraw from discussion ideas which would otherwise be misused. Infallibility Newman uses as a shelf upon which to store away his glowing but pragmatically sterile theological ideas, while down below in the arena are left for discussion the interesting aspects of life. He is at great pains to tell us that the Church is infallible only in her expressly declared doctrine. It is only over a few and definite dogmas that she presides infallibly. You surrender to infallibility only those cosmic ideas it would do you no good to talk of anyway. In the vast overflowing world of urgent practical life you are free to speculate as you will. Underneath the eternal serene of dogma is the darting vivid web of casuistry. Relieved of the inanity of theological discussion, the Catholic may use his intellect on the human world about him. That is why we are apt to find in the Catholic the acute psychologist, while the Protestant remains embroiled in weary dialectics.

Such a use of infallibility as Newman implies

exposes the fallacy of the Protestant position. For as soon as you have removed this healthy check to theological embroilment you have opened the way to intellectual corruption. As soon as you admit the right of individual judgment in theological matters you have upset the balance between dogma and life. The Catholic consigns his dogmas to the infallible Church and speculates about the pragmatic issues of the dynamic moral life. The Protestant on the other hand, encases himself in an iron-bound morality and gives free rein to his fancy about the eternal verities. The Catholic is empirical in ethics and dogmatic in theology. The Protestant is dogmatic in ethics and more and more empirical in theology. He speculates where it is futile to speculate, because in supernatural matters you can never come by evidence to any final, all-convincing truth. But he refuses to speculate where a decent skepticism and a changing adjustment to human nature would work out attitudes towards conduct that make for flowering and growth. The Protestant infallibility of morals is the cruellest and least defensible of all infallibilities. Protestantism

passes most easily into that fierce puritan form which constrains both conduct and belief.

The Protestant inevitably gravitates either towards puritanism or towards unitarianism. The one petrifies in a harsh and narrow moral code, the ordering of conduct by the most elderly, least aesthetic, dullest and gloomiest elements in the community. The other mingles in endless controversy over the attributes of deity, the history of its workings in the world, and the power of the supernatural. Religion becomes a village sewing-society, in which each member's life is lived in the fearful sight of all the others, while the tongues clack endlessly about rumors that can never be proved and that no one outside will ever find the slightest interest in having proved.

If the Catholic Church had used infallibility in the way that Newman did, its influence could never have been accused of oppression. There need never have been any warfare between theology and science. Infallibility affords the Church an adroit way of continuing its spiritual existence while it permits free speculation in science and ethics to go on. Suppose the Church in its in-

fallibility had not stuck to dogma. Suppose the reformers had been successful, and the Church had accepted early scientific truth. Suppose it had refused any longer to insist on correctness in theological belief but had insisted on correctness in scientific belief. Suppose the dogmas of the Resurrection had made way for the first crude imperfect generalizations in physics. Imagine the hideousness of a world where scientific theories had been declared infallible by an all-powerful Church! Our world's safety lay exactly in the Church's rejection of science. If the Church had accepted science, scientific progress would have been impossible. Progress was possible only by ignoring the Church. Knowledge about the world could only advance through accepting gratefully the freedom which the Church tacitly offered in all that fallible field of the technique of earthly living. What progress we have we owe not to any overcoming or converting of the Church but to a scrupulous ignoring of her.

In punishing heresy the Church worked with a sound intuition. For a heretic is not a man who ignores the Church. He is one who tries to mix his theology and science. He could not be a

heretic unless he were a victim of muddy thinking, and as a muddy thinker he is as much a nuisance to secular society as he is to the Church against which he rebels. He is the officious citizen who tries to break into the storage-vault with the benevolent intention of showing that the jewels are paste. But all he usually accomplishes is to set the whole town by the ears. The constructive daily life of the citizens is interrupted in a flood of idle gossip. It is as much to the interest of the intelligent authorities, who have important communal projects on hand, to suppress him as it is to the interest of the owner of the jewels. Heresy is fundamentally the error of trying to reconcile new knowledge with old dogma. The would-be heretic could far more wisely ignore theology altogether and pursue his realistic knowledge in the aloofness which it requires. If there is still any theological taint in him, he should not dabble in science at all. If there is none, the Church will scarcely feel itself threatened and he will not appear as a heretic. On the pestiferousness of the heretic both the Church and the most modern realist can agree. Let theology deal with its world of dogma. Let science deal with its

world of analysable and measurable fact. Let them never touch hands or recognize even each other's existence.

The intellectual and spiritual chaos of the nineteenth century was due to the prevalence of heresy which raged like an epidemic through Europe. Minds which tried to test their new indubitable knowledge by the presuppositions of faith were bound to be disordered and to spread disorder around them. Faith and science tap different planes of the soul, elicit different emotional currents. It is when the Church has acted from full realization of this fact that it has remained strong. Protestantism, trying to live in two worlds at the same time, has swept thousands of excellent minds into a spiritual limbo where, in their vague twilight realm of a modernity which has not quite sacrificed theology, they have ceased to count for intellectual or spiritual light.

Perhaps the most pathetic of heresies is the "modernism" which is spreading through the French and Italian Church. For this effort to bring unitarian criticism into Catholic theology, to make over the dogmas from within, to apply reason to the unreasonable, is really the least

"modern" of enterprises. It is only a belated Protestant reformation, and if it succeeds it could do little more than add another Protestant sect to the existing multitude. It would not in the least have modernized Catholicism, for the most modern attitude which one can take towards the Church is to ignore it entirely, to cease to feel its validity in the new humane, democratic world that is our vision. In other words, to take towards it exactly the attitude which it takes towards itself. This is its strength. It has never hesitated to accept pragmatic truth that was discovered by others. The Catholic makes use of whatever scientific, industrial, political, sociological development works, and adjusts himself without discomfort to a dynamic world. He makes no attempt at reconciliation with the supernatural. A Catholic hospital uses all the latest medical science without exhibiting the least concern over its infallible "truth." It is doubtful whether the Church ever attempted to prevent Catholics from adopting anything as long as they did not bother whether it was "true" or not. This is the real mischief, to get your infallible divine truth confused with your pragmatic human truth. The

"modernist" in setting about this confusion simply courts that expulsion which is his.

All this seemed to me implicit in the *Apologia*. But if the use Newman made of infallibility destroys the Protestant position, it no less destroys the Catholic. For if you use infallibility as a technique for getting dogmas into a form in which they are easy to forget, you reduce the Church from a repository of truth to a mere political institution. When dogma is removed from discussion, religious truth becomes irrelevant to life as it is commonly lived. The Church, therefore, can touch life only through its political and organizing power, just as any human institution touches life. It no longer touches it through the divinely inspiring quality of its thought. Intellectually the Church will only appeal to those cowed minds which have no critical power and demand absolutism in thought. Spiritually it will appeal only to temperaments like Newman's which crave a guarantor for their mystic life. Politically it will appeal to the subtle who want power through the devious control over human souls. To few other types will it appeal.

Newman unveils the true paradox of dogma.

If, on the one hand, you throw it open to individual judgment, you destroy it through the futile wranglings of faith which can never be objectively solved. If, on the other hand, you declare it infallible, you destroy it by slowly sending it to oblivion. Infallibility gets rid of dogma just as surely as does private judgment. Under the pretense of consolidating the Church in its cosmic rôle, Newman, therefore, has really put it in its proper parochial place as a pleasant grouping of souls who are similarly affected by a collection of beautiful and vigorous poetic ideas. Fundamentally, however, this grouping has no more universal significance than any other, than a secret society or any religious sect.

Thus Newman unconsciously anticipates the most modern realist agnostic. For the latter would agree that to relegate dogma to the storage-vault of infallibility is exactly what ought to be done with dogma. At such an infallible as Newman pictures no modern radical need balk. Newman's argument means little more than that infallibility is merely the politest way of sending an idea to Nirvana. What more can the liberal ask who is finished with theology and all its

works? He can accept this infallible in even another sense. For there is not a single Christian doctrine in which he does not feel a kind of wild accuracy. Every Christian dogma has a poetic vigor about it which might just as well be called "true" because to deny its metaphorical power would certainly be to utter an untruth. Indeed is not poetry the only "truth" that can be called infallible? For scientific truth is constantly being developed, revised, re-applied. It is only poetry that can think in terms of absolutes. Science cannot because it is experimental. But poetry may, because each soul draws its own meaning from the words. And dogma is poetry.

To render dogma infallible is to make it something that no longer has to be fought for. This attitude ultimately undermines the whole structure for belief. If it is only infallible ideas that we are to believe, then belief loses all its moral force. It is no longer a fierce struggle to maintain one's intellectual position. Nothing is at stake. One is not braced in faith with the hosts of hell assailing one's citadel. To the puritan, belief meant something to be gloweringly and tenaciously held against the world, the flesh and the

devil. But Catholic belief, in the Newman atmosphere, is too sheltered, too safely insured, to count excitingly. One only yawns over it, as his own deep soul must have secretly yawned over it, and turns aside to the genuine issues of life. But this is just what we should do with belief. We are passing out of the faith era, and belief, as an intellectual attitude, has almost ceased to play an active part in our life. In the scientific attitude there is no place whatever for belief. We have no right to "believe" anything unless it has been experimentally proved. But if it has been proved, then we do not say we "believe" it, because this would imply that an alternative was possible. All we do is to register our common assent to the new truth's incontrovertibility. Nor has belief any place in the loose, indecisive issues of ordinary living. We have to act constantly on insufficient evidence, on the best "opinion" we can get. But opinion is not belief, and we are lost if we treat it so. Belief is dogmatic, but opinion has value only when it is tentative, questioning. The fact is that in modern thinking the attitude of belief has given place to what may be called the higher plausibility. Stern, rugged conviction

which has no scientific background behind it is coming to be dealt with rather impatiently by the modern mind. We have difficulty in distinguishing it from prejudice. There is no hostility to faith, if by "faith" we only mean an emotional core of desire driving towards some ideal. But idealism is a very different thing from belief. Belief is impelled from behind; it is sterile, fixed. Belief has no seeds of progress, no constructive impulse. An ideal, on the other hand, is an illumined end towards which our hopes and endeavors converge. It looks forward and pulls us along with it. It is ideals and not beliefs that motivate the modern mind. It is meaningless to say that we "believe" in our ideals. This separates our ideals from us. But what they are is just the push of our temperaments towards perfection. They are what is most inseparably and intrinsically ourselves. The place of a belief which put truth outside of us and made virtue a hard clinging to it has been taken by the idealism which merges us with the growing end we wish to achieve.

Newman illustrates the perpetual paradox of ecclesiasticism, that the more devoutly you accept

the Church the less important you make it. As you press closer and closer to its mystic heart, its walls and forms and ideas crumble and fade. The better Catholic you are, the more insidious your vitiation of Catholicism. So that the Church has remained strong only through its stout politicians and not through its saints. As a casket for the precious jewel of mysticism, it cannot die. But shorn of its political power it shrinks to a poetical society of mystics, held together by the strong and earthy bond of men who enjoy the easy expression of power over the least intelligent and intellectually assertive masses in Western society. The Church declines towards its natural limits. No attack on it, no undermining of it from within, can destroy religious feeling, for that is an organization of sentiments that are incarnate in man. Newman's emotion, whatever his mind may have done, reached through to this eternal heart. Implicit in his intellect, however, is that demolition of religious intellectuality which has freed our minds for the work of the future. He was an unconscious pioneer. Ostensibly reactionary, he reveals in his own *Apologia* an anticipation of our modern outlook. His use of infallibility insidiously destroys the foundations of belief.

IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE 1913–14[1]

It was my good fortune as holder of the Gilder Fellowship in this University to spend in Europe the thirteen months immediately preceding the war. I used the opportunity for extensive travel and general acclimatization rather than for specialized research, and was thus able to get an extensive survey of the European scheme on the eve of a cataclysm from which it may emerge entirely altered. No one can predict how truly that year will mark the "end of an era." It seems true, however, that most of the tendencies of democracy, social reform, and international understanding, to whose development I gave my most eager attention, have been snapped off like threads, perhaps never to be pieced together again. And the material development, so striking in Germany and Italy, the rebuilding of the cities and the undertaking of vast communal projects, will be indefi-

[1] Report to the Trustees of Columbia University, 1914.

nitely checked, from sheer want of capital, wasted in the war.

No one was more innocent than I of the impending horror. In fact, this menacing "armed camp" actually seemed to bristle in less sharply defined lines when seen at close range. Public opinion seemed far less violent than I had expected. In England there was the persistent hostility to Compulsory Service, the gnawing compunction at the folly of the Boer War, the complete subsidence of the panic over German invasion. In France, there was the unyielding opposition to the new three-years' military law, culminating in the radical victory at the April parliamentary elections, a clear national expression of reluctance at the increased military expenditures; there was the superb irony of the French press over the Zabern affair, where one would have expected a raging chauvinism; there was the general public deprecation of the activities of the royalists, and the constant discrediting of their Alsace-Lorraine propaganda. In Italy I had seen the wild outburst of reaction against the criminal Tripolitan war, and the great general strike of June, a direct popular uprising against war and militarism. Perhaps if

I had spent the winter in Germany, I should have felt the drift towards war, but even there all the opinion I heard was of some gigantic slow-moving Slavic pressure, against which defence must be made. And if public and press were full of blatant world-defiance, the spirit certainly escaped my attention. My mind became quite reconciled to the fact of "armed peace." My imagination unconsciously began to envisage armaments as mere frozen symbols of power, grim, menacing and costly, yet little more than graphic expressions, in a language that all the world could understand, of the relative strength and prestige of the nations. In spite of the uniforms that sprinkled the sidewalks and the wagon-trains that littered the streets, my imagination simply refused to take them as dynamic. And there was little in press and people to make me think that they themselves took them as dynamic. How I should have acted if I had known of the imminence of the world-war I do not know, but in the light of the event my rambles and interests take on the aspect of the toddlings of an innocent child about the edge of a volcano's crater.

I can give, however, a few indications of what

such an innocent mind might see and feel in Europe, this year of last breathless hush before the explosion. I concerned myself with getting, first, a clear impression of the physical body in which each country clothed itself,—the aspect of town and countryside, villages, farms, working-class quarters, factories, suburbs, plans of towns, styles of architecture, characteristic types and ways of living, of modern Europe; and, second, the attitudes, social and political, of various classes, the social psychology of the different peoples. Such acquisitions had, of course, to be the merest impressions. One could not get "data"; one's tour could be little more than a perpetual "sizing-up." The best one could do was to settle down in the various capitals for a few months, immerse oneself in the newspapers, talk with as many people as one could reach, read the contemporary novels and plays, attend political meetings and meetings of social reformers, go to church and court-house and school and library and university, and watch the national life in action. One could only cut oneself off from American interests, imagine that one had always lived in the foreign city, and try, by a reach of sympathy and appreciation, to assimilate

the tone and spirit and attitudes of the people among whom one was living. Such an effort may result only in the most fantastic illusions. I am not trying to boast that I got any understanding of European countries,—a matter of years of acquaintance and not of months. I am merely indicating an attitude of approach. But it was an attitude I found none too common among American students abroad. Among the many who were conducting historical and political researches at the libraries, I was never able to find any student interested in the political meetings of the campaign, for instance, which I attended with so much ardor, as a revelation of French social psychology. The Americans I saw would have an enthusiasm for particular things, perhaps, that they were interested in, a patronizing attitude towards certain immoralities and inefficiencies that impressed them, but as for a curiosity about the French mind and the French culture as a whole, I could not find any interest that flowed along with mine. My curiosity, therefore, had to go its own gait. I seemed to have a singular faculty for not getting information. Unless one is fortunate enough to step into a social group, one must dig one's way

along unaided. By means of newspapers and magazines and guide-books, one hews out a little passage towards the center of things. Slowly a definite picture is built up of the culture and psychology of the people among whom one is living. There is no way, however, of checking up one's impressions. One must rely on one's intuition. Letters of introduction bring out only class or professional attitudes. Very few people are socially introspective enough to map out for you the mind of the society in which they live. Only the French seem to have this self-consciousness of their own traits, and the gift of expression, and that is why France is incomparably the most interesting and enlightening country for the amateur and curious American student to visit.

These considerations suggest the fact that I wish to bring out,—that my most striking impression was the extraordinary toughness and homogeneity of the cultural fabric in the different countries, England, France, Italy and Germany, that I studied. Each country was a distinct unit, the parts of which hung together, and interpreted each other, styles and attitudes, literature, architecture, and social organization. This idea is of course a

truism, yet brought up, as most Americans are, I think, with the idea that foreigners are just human beings living on other parts of the earth's surface, "folks" like ourselves with accidental differences of language and customs, I was genuinely shocked to find distinct national temperaments, distinct psychologies and attitudes, distinct languages that embodied, not different sounds for the same meanings, but actually different meanings. We really know all this; but when we write about the war, for instance, we insensibly fall back to our old attitude. Most American comment on the war, even the most intelligent, suggests a complete ignorance of the fact that there is a German mind, and a French mind and an English mind, each a whole bundle of attitudes and interpretations that harmonize and support each other. And each of these national minds feels its own reasons and emotions and justifications to be cosmically grounded, just as we ourselves feel that Anglo-Saxon morality is Morality, and Anglo-Saxon freedom Liberty. We do, of course, more or less dimly recognize these differences of national culture. We no longer think of other nations as "Barbarians," unless they have a national scheme which is as much

of a challenge to our own social inefficiency as is the German. We express our sense of the difference by a constant belittling. Foreigners are not monsters, but Lilliputians, dwarfs, playing with toys. We do not take other cultures seriously. We tend to dwell on the amusing, the quaint, the picturesque, rather than the intense emotional and intellectual differences. The opportunity to immerse oneself in these various cultures until one feels their powerful and homogeneous strength, their meaning and depth, until one takes each with entire seriousness and judges it, not in American terms, but in its own,—this is the educative value of a rapid, superficial European year such as mine. The only American book I have ever been able to find that deals with a foreign country in this adequate sense is Mr. Brownell's "French Traits." Almost all other writing, political, historical, descriptive, about European countries, must be read with the constant realization that the peculiar emotional and intellectual biases of the people, the temperamental traits, the soul which animates all their activities and expressions, have all been omitted from consideration by the author.

I can only give fragmentary hints in this short

article of the incidents which built up my sense of these differences of national cultures. London was the place where I had the best opportunities for meeting people through letters of introduction. There were glimpses of the Webbs at a meeting of the Fabian Society, which seems to retain the allegiance of its old members rather than enlist the enthusiasm of the younger generation. At their house Mr. Webb talked, as he lectures, with the patient air of a man expounding arithmetic to backward children, and Mrs. Webb, passive by his side, spoke only to correct some slight slip on his part; there was another picture of her sweeping into the *New Statesman* office and producing a sudden panic of reverent awe among the editorial staff. Lectures by Shaw and Chesterton on succeeding nights—Shaw, clean, straight, clear and fine as an upland wind and summer sun; Chesterton, gluttonous and thick, with something tricky and unsavory about him—gave me a personal estimate of their contrasted philosophies. Then there was Professor Hobhouse, excessively judicial, with that high consciousness of excellence which the Liberal professor seems to exude; Graham Wallas, with his personal vivacity of expression and lack

of any clear philosophy, who considered the American sociologist a national disaster; H. G. Wells, a suggestive talker, but very disappointing personally; John A. Hobson, whom I cannot admire too much, a publicist with immense stores of knowledge, poise of mind, and yet radical philosophy and gifts of journalistic expression, a type that we simply do not seem to be able to produce in this country.

I expected to find the atmosphere of London very depressing. On the contrary, a sort of fatuous cheerfulness seemed to reign everywhere on the streets, in middle-class homes, even in the slums. This impressed me as the prevailing tone of English life. Wells and Bennett seem to have caught it exactly. As for the world that Mr. Galsworthy lives in, though I looked hard for his people, I could find nothing with the remotest resemblance. Such a tone of optimism is possible only to an unimaginative people who are well schooled against personal reactions, and against the depressing influences of environment—slums and fog and a prevailing stodginess of middle-class life—that would affect the moods of more impressionable peoples. In certain educated cir-

cles this tone gave an impression of incorrigible intellectual frivolity. London has fashions in talk. Significant discussion almost did not exist. A running fire of ideational badinage, "good talk," took its place. Every idea tended to go up in smoke. You found your tone either monstrously prophetic, as of a young Jeremiah sitting at the board, or else unpleasantly cynical. Irony does not seem to be known in England.

The impression one got from the newspapers and magazines and popular books was of a sort of exuberant irrelevance, a vivacity of interest about matters that seemed quite alien to the personal and social issues of life as one knew it. There seemed indeed to be a direct avoidance of these issues. One could never discover whether or how much an Englishman "cared." The national mind seemed to have made a sort of permanent derangement of intellect from emotion. In no country is so large a proportion of the literary product a mere hobby of leisurely gentlemen whose interests are quite elsewhere. The literary supplements of the newspapers used to contain the greatest collection of futilities that I ever saw. One got the impression that the intellectual life of the country was

"hobbyized," that ideas were taken as sports, just as sports were taken as serious issues. This impression was rather confirmed at Oxford, where the anthropologist, Marrett, turned out to be a Jersey country gentleman, digging up prehistoric bones on his place, and mentioning Chesterton as "entertaining writer—even had him down here to lunch, but not a 'gentleman,' you know, not a 'gentleman.'" Oxford itself seemed to be one long play of schoolboys in the soft damp November air. Schiller, who gave me a delightful morning, after I had attended his class where the boys came in their black gowns and sat at primitive desks in the low room before a blazing fire, from which one looked out on mouldering walls and dead ivy and the pale morning sun and wan sweet decay, drew a wicked picture of the dons satisfying their thwarted sporting instincts by putting their boys through their intellectual paces and pitting them against each other in scholastic competition like race-horses. Mr. McDougall, large and with an Irish courtliness, I heard and liked, and Mr. L. P. Jacks talked with me at Manchester College. A meeting of the Fabians at St. John's and a lecture by Mrs. Pember Reeves on "Coöp-

eration" attracted me, with her dramatic flaring out at the stolid audience for their "English" lack of imagination—she came from New Zealand—the inanely facetious comments of the dons, the lumbering discourses of certain beefy burgesses from the local "Coöperative," who had not followed well the lady's nimble thought. Every little incident of the Oxford week of classes and rambles fitted into a picture of the place as a perfect epitome of English life, past and present. It was even more than London a world.

Politically, London was dead that autumn. No parliament, and every one weary of politics. The bitter Dublin strike dragged along with its reverberations through the English labor situation, which showed unrest and dissatisfaction with its leaders and much more of "syndicalist" leaning than any one would admit. A debate, heard later in Paris, hit the English labor situation off beautifully,—Longuet, arguing that there was no syndicalism in England because all the leaders had written him there wasn't; Joyaux, arguing that there was, because the unions were using forms of "direct action" and acting exactly "as if" syndicalist ideas were spreading.

The Lloyd George land campaign for the bettering of rural labor conditions was beginning, but was arousing so little enthusiasm that, with the intense dissatisfaction over the Insurance Acts that rose from every class, one wondered if the energy of the Liberal social program had about spent itself. The London press, solidly Tory—extraordinary situation for a Liberal country—was finding, besides its social grievances, the Ulster theme to play upon. Indefatigable industry, worthy of a better cause, was apparently being exercised to drum up reluctant English sentiment against Home Rule. All that autumn we lived ostensibly on the brink of a civil war, whose first mutterings did not even occur till the next July.

The suffragettes were quiescent, but their big meetings at Knightsbridge gave one a new insight into the psychology of the movement. As one watched this fusion of the grotesque and the tragic, these pale martyrs carried in amidst the reverent hush of a throng as mystically religious as ever stood around the death-bed of a saint; or as one heard the terrific roars of "Shame!" that went up at the mention of wrongs done to women, one realized that one was in the presence of Eng-

lish emotion, long starved and dried from its proper channels of expression, and now breaking out irrepressibly into these new and wild ways. It was the reverse side of the idolized English "reticence." It was a pleasant little commentary on the Victorian era. Suffragettism is what you get when you turn your whole national psychic energy into divorcing emotion from expression and from intellect.

A hysterical Larkin meeting in Albert Hall; meetings of the Lansbury people in the East End, with swarms of capped, cheerful, dirty, stodgy British workmen; a big Churchill meeting at Alexandra Palace, from which seventeen hecklers were thrown out, dully, one after the other, on their heads, after terrific scrimmages in the audience; quieter lectures at the Sociological Society, etc.; churches and law-courts, and tutorial classes, and settlements, and garden cities, and talks with many undistinguished people, rounded out my London impression, and in December I moved my stage to Paris.

The weeks of getting a hearing acquaintance with the language were spent in reading sociology at the Bibliothèque Ste. Geneviève, exchanging

conversation with students at the Sorbonne, and attending still not understood lectures, in the hope that some day the electric spark of apprehension might flash. I soon felt an intellectual vivacity, a sincerity and candor, a tendency to think emotions and feel ideas, that integrated again the spiritual world as I knew it, and wiped out those irrelevances and facetiousnesses and puzzle-interests and sporting attitudes towards life, that so got on one's nerves in England. Here was also a democracy, not a society all shot into intellectual and social castes, where one lived shut in with ideas and attitudes that, like the proverbial ostrich, annihilated the rest of the world. In England, unless you were a "social reformer," you did not know anything about anybody but your own class; in France there seemed to be scarcely any social reformers, but everybody assumed an intelligent interest in everything. In short, a democracy, where you criticized everything and everybody, and neither attempted to "lift" the "lower orders" nor "ordered yourself lowly and reverently towards your betters." There was a solid, robust air of equality, which one felt in no other country, certainly not our own. The labor move-

ment had an air of helping itself, and its leaders showed an intellectuality that ranked them with the professional men. In fact, the distinction between the "intellectual" and the non-intellectual seems to have quite broken down in France. Manners, styles of speech, pronunciation, ideas, the terms in which things are phrased, seem to flow rather freely over all the classes. Class-distinctions, which hit you in the face in England and America—I mean, differences of manner and speech, attitudes of contempt or admiration for other types—are much blurred. The language has remained simple, pure, usable without the triteness and vulgarity which dogs English, and which constitutes the most subtle evidence of our inherent Anglo-Saxon snobbery. It was a new world, where the values and the issues of life got reinstated for me into something of their proper relative emphasis.

With few letters of introduction, acclimatization was much more difficult than in London. One had to hew one's way around by the aid of the newspapers. These are infinitely more expressive of every shade of political opinion than is the London press. They provided a complete

education in the contemporary world. Supplemented by the interesting symposiums in the reviews, and the mapping-out of the various French intellectual worlds which the young *agrégés* and instructors I met were always eager to give me, the Paris press provided a witty, interpretative daily articulation of the French mind at work. It is a very self-conscious and articulate mind, interested in the psychological artistic aspects of life rather than the objective active aspects which appeal to the English. Life to the Anglo-Saxon is what people are doing; to the Latin, rather the stream of consciousness, what individuals and also what groups are thinking and feeling. This all makes for clear thinking, constant interpretation—I noticed that my young lawyer friend was all the time saying "Voilà! mon explication!"—and an amount of what might be called social introspection that makes France the easiest as well as the most stimulating country to become acquainted with. The French are right in telling you that their scholarship is not the collection of insignificant facts, but the interpretation of significant ones, the only kind of scholarship that is worth anything.

In Paris, I continued my general policy of running down the various social institutions, churches, courts, schools, political meetings, model tenements, etc., in order to get, at least, a taste of French society in operation. I poked about the various quarters of town and countryside, and talked to as many people as I could meet. After the lectures at the Sorbonne became intelligible, I followed the public courses of Bouglé and Delacroix and Burkheim in sociology, and when the campaign for the parliamentary election came I plunged into that, following the bulletin boards of the parties, with their flaring manifestoes—among them the royalists' "A Bas La République!" calmly left posted on the government's own official bulletin-board, as evidence of the most superb political tolerance I suppose any country has ever shown!—and attending the disorderly meetings held in the dingy playrooms of the public schoolhouses or in crowded cafés. French freedom of speech has been struggled for too long not to be prized when won, and the refusal to silence interrupters made each meeting a contest of wits and eloquence between the speaker and his audience. The most extraordinary incident of "fair

play" I ever saw—Anglo-Saxons simply do not know what "fair play" is—was at one of Bouglé's meetings, where the chairman allowed one of his political opponents, who had repeatedly interrupted Bouglé, to take the platform and hold it for half an hour, attacking Bouglé and stating his own creed. When he had finished Bouglé took him up point by point, demolished him, and went on with his own exposition. This at his own meeting, called by his own Radical Party, to forward his candidature! When I left at 12:45 A. M. the meeting was still in progress. At a Socialist meeting an old Catholic, looking exactly like Napoleon III, was allowed to hold forth for several minutes from a chair, until the impatient audience howled him off. Young *normaliennes*, representing the suffrage movement, appeared at meetings of all the parties, and were given the platform to plead the cause of women as long as the crowd would listen. These young girls were treated exactly as men; there was no trace of either chivalry or vulgarity, the audience reacted directly and intensely to their ideas and not to them. The first impulse of a Frenchman actually seems to be, when he hears something he doesn't like, not to

stop the other fellow's mouth, but to answer him, and not with a taunt, or disarming wit, but with an argument. In the Chamber of Deputies the same spirit prevailed. The only visible signs of parliamentary order were Deschanel's clashing of his big bell and his despairing "Voulez-vous écouter! Voulez-vous écouter!" The speaker in the tribune held it as long as he was permitted by his hearers; his interrupter would himself be interrupted and would exchange words across the chamber while the official speaker looked resignedly on. The Left would go off as one man in violent explosions of wrath, shake their fists at the Center, call out epithets. Yet this was a dull session that I saw, only a matter of raising the pay of generals. Certainly the campaign of that election against the new Three Years' Military Law seems very far away now. The crowd outside the Mairie of the Vme the night of the election shouting "A—Bas —Les-Trois-Ans," in the same rhythmic way that the law-students a few weeks earlier had marched down rue St. Jacques yelling "Cail—laux—as-sassin!" knew no more than I how soon they would need this defence of more soldiers. The cheers of the crowd as the splendid cortege of the English

sovereigns swept along the streets seem more important than they did to me at the time. Doumergue's stand-pat ministry, with which my stay in Paris almost exactly coincided, and during which the income-tax, lay-instruction, and proportional representation issues slowly made progress, appears now in the light of a holding everything safe till the election was over, and the President could stem the tide of reaction against the new military laws. France was waiting for the blow to fall that might be mortal.

On the first of May I was in Nîmes, delightful Southern city,—where gaunt Protestants gave out tracts in the cars, and newspapers devoted to bull-fighting graced the news-stands,—reading the big red posters of the socialist mayor, summoning all the workmen to leave off work and come out to celebrate the International. Indeed a foreign land!

I arrived in Genoa the evening the Kaiser landed from Corfu, and witnessed the pompous and important event. In Pisa, I stepped into a demonstration of students, who were moving rapidly about the city closing the schools and making speeches to each other, as a protest against harsh

treatment of Italians by the Austrian government in Trieste, the passionate *leit motiv* of Italia Irredenta that runs through all current Italian thought and feeling. In Florence I began to understand "futurism," that crude and glaring artistic expression which arises from the intolerable ennui of the ancient art with which the young Italian is surrounded, the swarms of uncritical foreigners, the dead museums. That Mona Lisa smile of Florence drove me soon to Rome, where I sensed the real Italy, with its industrial and intellectual ferment, its new renaissance of the twentieth century.

Rome is not a city, it is a world. Every century, from the first to the twentieth, has left its traces. It is the one city in Europe to study western civilization, an endless source of suggestion, stimulation and delight. It is the one city where the ancient and the ultra-modern live side by side, both brimming over with vitality. The Church and the most advanced and determined body of social revolutionists living side by side; the Vatican galleries faced by the futurist; a statue of Ferrer just outside Bernini's colonnade; rampant democracy confronting Prince Colonnas and Borgh-

eses; Renaissance palaces, and blocks of monstrous apartments built in the mad speculation after 1870; all the tendencies and ideas of all Europe contending there in Rome, at once the most ancient and the most modern city we know. What is a month in Rome!

I could do little more than disentangle the political currents, get familiar with certain names in the intellectual world, and plot out the city, historically and sociologically, after a fashion. A noted psychologist, Dr. Assagioli in Florence, had gone over the philosophical situation for me; and in Rome, Professor Pettazoni of the university told me of the political tendencies. A young Modernist priest, discharged from his theological professorship for suspected connection with the "Programma," who talked about as much English as I did Italian, proved very friendly and informing, and gave me a sense of that vast subterranean, resistless, democratizing and liberalizing movement in the Church. Various types, Italian cavalry officers, professors of pedagogy, Sicilian lawyers, an emotional law student from Lecce, who took me to the university and talked republicanism to me, passed through the pension. And

in Rome anyway you simply seeped Italy in, from the newspapers, as vivid and varied as those in Paris, and the host of little democratic and political weeklies, most of them recent, but fervent and packed with ideas that indicated a great ferment of young intellectual Italy. The young Florentine Papini gives in his picturesque books the picture of the Italian soul struggling with French, English and German ideas, and trying to hew some sort of order out of the chaos. One got the impression that Nietzsche was raging through the young Italian mind. But I was all for the candor and sympathy and personality of this expression. Papers like "La Voce," published by Papini's friends, have an idealistic sweep such as we simply cannot imagine or, I suppose, appreciate in this country. I had touched a different national mind. Expressions which seem wild to us fell there into their proper and interpretative order.

My impression was that almost anything might happen in Italy. While I was in Rome, the Pope was drawing protests from even the most conservative clerical dailies for his obscurantism. The country seemed to be disillusionizing itself about representative government, which, though it had

become perfectly democratic, and had the most sweeping program of social reform, was clumsy and ineffective, and had utterly failed to carry out the popular hopes. The Crown scarcely seemed to be taken much more seriously than in Norway. Republican sentiment cropped up in unexpected places. Nationalism grew apace, cleverly stimulated by the new capitalistic bourgeosie and the new industry, which first impressed you as you came through the long string of gayly-colored, swarming factory towns on the coast between Ventimiglia and Genoa. Political parties, Nationalist, Constitutionalist, Republican, Socialist, etc., seemed as numerous as in France, but there was not the same fluctuation, for the expert governmental hand kept a majority, in the Camera. This body gave little of the impression of dignity that one had felt in the French Chamber. One felt that while in Italy democratic feeling was almost as genuine and universal as in France, political democracy had by no means proved its worth. That Latin passion for intellectual sincerity and articulation—that quality which makes the Latin the most sympathetic and at the same time the most satisfactory person in the world,

because you can always know that his outward expression bears some relation to his inward feeling—had resulted, as in France, in the duplication of parties, which were constantly holding congresses and issuing programs, and then splitting up into dissentient groups. This trait may be unfortunate politically; but it certainly makes for sincerity and intelligence, and all the other virtues which our Anglo-Saxon two-party system is well devised to destroy.

This Latin quality of not being reticent, of reacting directly and truthfully, had its most dramatic expression in the great general strike of June, which I witnessed in Rome. Disgust and chagrin at the Tripolitan war, a general reaction against militarism, had been slowly accumulating in the working classes, and the smouldering feeling was touched off into a revolutionary explosion by the shooting of two demonstrators at Ancona by the police on the festival day of the Statuto. This was followed in Rome, as in most of the other cities of Italy, by a complete suspension of work. No cars or wagons moved for three days; no shops or stores opened their doors; none of the public services were performed; the only newspa-

per was a little red "bolletino" which told of the riots of the day before. One did nothing but walk the garbage-littered streets, past the shuttered windows and barricaded doors, and watch the long lines of infantry surrounding the public squares, and the mounted carabinieri holding the Piazza del Popolo, to prevent meetings and demonstrations. The calm spirit of the troops, surrounded by the excited crowds, was admirable. And the overwhelming expression of social solidarity displayed by this suspended city made one realize that here were radical classes that had the courage of their convictions. On the third day, the conservative classes recovered their breath, and I saw the slightly fearful demonstration of shouting youths who moved down the Via del Tritone while great Italian flags swung out from one window after another, greeted with wild hand-clapping from every thronged bourgeois balcony. The next day the darting trolley-cars told the strike was over, but two days later I alighted at the Naples station into a fortress held by Bersaglieri against a mob who had been trying all day to burn the station. The shooting kept us inside until the last rioters were dispersed, and the great protest was over, though

it was days before the people of the Romagna, where railroads and telegraphs were cut, were convinced that the monarchy had not fallen and a republic been proclaimed. The government had kept very quiet, except for the floods of oratory that rolled through the Camera; if it had not, there might have been a real revolution, instead of merely the taste and thrill of one.

My last political experience in Italy was election night in Venice, with the triumph of the conservatives, who had made no bones of the economic interpretation of politics, but had placarded the city with posters recalling to gondolieri, hotel-keepers and shop-keepers, the exact amount of money they had lost by reason of the general strike and the wild scurry of foreigners out of the country. This rather appalling sum was apparently a final and clinching argument, and we heard the gratitude of the Patriarch from his balcony by San Marco expressed to the citizens who had "saved" their country. Such incidents are symbols of the candors and delights of the Latin temperament and of everything in the Latin countries.

Switzerland, besides its holidaying, contributed the Bern Exposition, the intensely significant spec-

tacle of a nation looking at itself. If, as was said, every Swiss schoolchild saw the exposition not once but three times, our day was one of those times. All Switzerland was there studying and enjoying itself. In this little epitome of its life, one had a sense of the refreshing value of living in a small country where its activities and spirit could all, in some sort of fashion, be grasped, understood, contemplated, as one might a large picture. Most suggestive, perhaps, were the great water-power development projects, electrical engineering schemes, and mountain railroading, planned ahead in a broad way for fifty years or so. A country that knew what it was about, that knew how to use its resources for large social ends!

My German tour of the last two weeks of July, cut short by the war, was more definitely sociological. I had been through the Rhine country to Heidelberg, Stuttgart, and Munich, the preceding summer. This trip went straight north from Friedrichshafen to Berlin. There were the famous town-planned cities to be seen, and housing-schemes, which I had followed rather closely in all the countries, and a general "sizing-up" of German "Kultur." I missed my settling down in

Berlin; newspapers and people had to be taken on the wing. But then the German spirit and expression was much more familiar to me through study than had been the French and Italian. My most striking impression was of the splendor of the artistic renaissance, as shown particularly in the new architecture and household and decorative and civic art. These new and opulent styles are gradually submerging that fearful debauch of bad taste which followed the French war, and which makes the business quarters of the German cities so hideous. But the newer quarters, monuments, public buildings of the last ten years have a massive, daring style which marks an epoch in art. I have yet to come across an American who likes this most recent German architecture; but to me buildings like the University at Jena, the Stuttgart theater, the Tietz shops, etc., with their heavy concrete masses and soaring lines, speak of perfectly new and indigenous ideas. And if artistic creation is a mark of a nation's vitality, the significance of this fine flare and splurge of German style, the endless fecundity of decorative design in printing and furniture, etc., the application of design to the laying out of towns and suburbs, the

careful homogeneity and integrity of artistic idea, should not be overlooked. These things are fertile, are exhilarating and make for the enhancement of life. The Germans are acting exactly as if they no longer believed, as we do, that a high quality of urban life can be developed in a ragtag chaos of undistinguished styles and general planlessness.

Specifically, I visited the municipal workingmen's cottages in Ulm and saw the town-planning charts of the city in the office of the *Stadtbaurat;* the huge apartments, municipally built and owned, in Munich; the big *Volksbad* in Nuremberg, and the garden-city workingmen's suburb at Lichtenhof, with the schoolchildrens' garden allotments; the model garbage-disposal plant at Furth, a miracle of scientific resource and economy; the extraordinary model municipal slaughter-house at Dresden, so characteristically German with its *Schlachthof* and *Direktorhaus* at the entrance; and, lastly the famous garden-city of Hellerau, inferior, however, on the whole, to the English Hampstead Suburb at Golders Green. Towns like Rothenburg and Nordlingen were little laboratories of mediæval and modern town-

planning. The *Stadtbaurat* at Rothenburg went over for us the development of the city, and gave us considerable insight into the government, policy and spirit of a typical little German municipality. Undemocratic in political form, yet ultra-democratic in policy and spirit, scientific, impartial, giving the populace—who seemed to have no sense of being excluded from "rights"—what they really wanted, far more truly than our democracies seem to be able to secure, this epitome of the German political scheme served to convince us that we were in a world where our ordinary neat categories of political thought simply didn't apply. It was futile to attempt an interpretation in Anglo-Saxon terms. There was no objective evidence of the German groaning under "autocracy" and "paternalism." One found oneself for the first time in the presence of a government between whom and the people there seemed to exist some profound and subtle sympathy, a harmony of spirit and ends.

It was dramatic to sweep up through the endless billowing fields and carefully tended forests and imposing factory towns—Germany, caught at mid-summer, in the full tide of prosperity—and

come into Berlin on the morning of "the historic day," July 31st, 1914, with the agitated capital on the brink of war; to see the arrival of the Kaiser and the princes at the Schloss; to watch the Crown Prince's automobile blocked twenty feet away from us by the cheering crowd;—"der *wahre* Kriegesmann," as the papers were calling him in contemptuous contrast to his peaceful father; to hear the speech of the latter—grim, staccato-voiced, helmeted figure, very symbol of war—from the balcony of the palace; to watch next day the endless files of reservists marching through the streets to the casernes to "einkleiden"; and then to hear the finally fatal news of Russia's refusal with the swarming crowds on Unter den Linden, hysterical from both fervor and anxiety. If ever there was a tense and tragic moment, when destiny seemed concentrated into a few seconds of time, it was that 5 P. M. on the afternoon of August first, at the corner of Unter den Linden and Friedrichstrasse, in Berlin.

A midnight flight to Sweden, with a motley horde of scared Russians and Scandinavians, and two weeks in the distressed and anxious northern countries ended my year. Nothing but the war;

regiments of flaxen-haired Danish boys, mobilizing along the country roads of Denmark, the *Landsturm* lolling along the Stockholm streets, even the Norwegians drilling against none knew what possible attack. The heavens had fallen. An interview with Herr Branting, the Swedish Socialist leader, and the depth of his personal feeling and the moving eloquence with which he went over the wreck of socialist and humanitarian hopes, gave us the vividest sense of the reverberations of the shock on a distinguished cosmopolitan mind. The librarian of the Royal Library in Copenhagen, the pastor of the Swedish church, and the editor of "Dagens Nyheter," in Stockholm, whom we were able to talk with, very kindly answered our questions on Scandinavian affairs. And we have the pleasantest memories of Herr Hambro in Christiania, editor of the leading Conservative daily, who had just finished La Follette's autobiography, and would have preferred to talk about America even to showing us how the Radical parties in Norway were lording it over their opponents. One got the sense in these countries of the most advanced civilization, yet without sophistication, a luminous modern intelligence that selected

and controlled and did not allow itself to be overwhelmed by the chaos of twentieth-century possibility. There was a mood of both gravity and charm about the quality of the life lived, something rather more Latin than Teutonic. This is an intuition, reinforced by a sense that nowhere had I seen so many appealing people as on the streets of Copenhagen. Valid or not, it was the pleasantest of intuitions with which to close my year.

This sketch, I find, has, in fact, turned out much more impressionistic than I intended. But impressions are not meant to be taken as dogmas. I saw nothing that thousands of Americans have not seen; I cannot claim to have brought back any original contribution. There was only the sense of intimate acquaintance to be gained, that feeling of at-homeness which makes intelligible the world. To the University which made possible the rare opportunity of acquaintance with these various countries and cultures, the contact with which has been so incompletely suggested in this sketch, my immeasurable thanks!

TRANS-NATIONAL AMERICA

No reverberatory effect of the great war has caused American public opinion more solicitude than the failure of the "melting-pot." The discovery of diverse nationalistic feelings among our great alien population has come to most people as an intense shock. It has brought out the unpleasant inconsistencies of our traditional beliefs. We have had to watch hard-hearted old Brahmins virtuously indignant at the spectacle of the immigrant refusing to be melted, while they jeer at patriots like Mary Antin who write about "our forefathers." We have had to listen to publicists who express themselves as stunned by the evidence of vigorous nationalistic and cultural movements in this country among Germans, Scandinavians, Bohemians, and Poles, while in the same breath they insist that the alien shall be forcibly assimilated to that Anglo-Saxon tradition which they unquestioningly label "American."

As the unpleasant truth has come upon us that assimilation in this country was proceeding on lines very different from those we had marked out for it, we found ourselves inclined to blame those who were thwarting our prophecies. The truth became culpable. We blamed the war, we blamed the Germans. And then we discovered with a moral shock that these movements had been making great headway before the war even began. We found that the tendency, reprehensible and paradoxical as it might be, has been for the national clusters of immigrants, as they became more and more firmly established and more and more prosperous, to cultivate more and more assiduously the literatures and cultural traditions of their homelands. Assimilation, in other words, instead of washing out the memories of Europe, made them more and more intensely real. Just as these clusters became more and more objectively American, did they become more and more German or Scandinavian or Bohemian or Polish.

To face the fact that our aliens are already strong enough to take a share in the direction of their own destiny, and that the strong cultural movements represented by the foreign press,

schools, and colonies are a challenge to our facile attempts, is not, however, to admit the failure of Americanization. It is not to fear the failure of democracy. It is rather to urge us to an investigation of what Americanism may rightly mean. It is to ask ourselves whether our ideal has been broad or narrow—whether perhaps the time has not come to assert a higher ideal than the "melting-pot." Surely we cannot be certain of our spiritual democracy when, claiming to melt the nations within us to a comprehension of our free and democratic institutions, we fly into panic at the first sign of their own will and tendency. We act as if we wanted Americanization to take place only on our own terms, and not by the consent of the governed. All our elaborate machinery of settlement and school and union, of social and political naturalization, however, will move with friction just in so far as it neglects to take into account this strong and virile insistence that America shall be what the immigrant will have a hand in making it, and not what a ruling class, descendant of those British stocks which were the first permanent immigrants, decide that America shall be made. This is the condition which confronts us,

and which demands a clear and general readjustment of our attitude and our ideal.

I

Mary Antin is right when she looks upon our foreign-born as the people who missed the Mayflower and came over on the first boat they could find. But she forgets that when they did come it was not upon other Mayflowers, but upon a "Maiblume," a "Fleur de Mai," a "Fior di Maggio," a "Majblomst." These people were not mere arrivals from the same family, to be welcomed as understood and long-loved, but strangers to the neighborhood, with whom a long process of settling down had to take place. For they brought with them their national and racial characters, and each new national quota had to wear slowly away the contempt with which its mere alienness got itself greeted. Each had to make its way slowly from the lowest strata of unskilled labor up to a level where it satisfied the accredited norms of social success.

We are all foreign-born or the descendants of foreign-born, and if distinctions are to be made between us they should rightly be on some other

ground than indigenousness. The early colonists came over with motives no less colonial than the later. They did not come to be assimilated in an American melting-pot. They did not come to adopt the culture of the American Indian. They had not the smallest intention of "giving themselves without reservation" to the new country. They came to get freedom to live as they wanted to. They came to escape from the stifling air and chaos of the old world; they came to make their fortune in a new land. They invented no new social framework. Rather they brought over bodily the old ways to which they had been accustomed. Tightly concentrated on a hostile frontier, they were conservative beyond belief. Their pioneer daring was reserved for the objective conquest of material resources. In their folkways, in their social and political institutions, they were, like every colonial people, slavishly imitative of the mother-country. So that, in spite of the "Revolution," our whole legal and political system remained more English than the English, petrified and unchanging, while in England itself law developed to meet the needs of the changing times.

It is just this English-American conservatism that has been our chief obstacle to social advance. We have needed the new peoples—the order of the German and Scandinavian, the turbulence of the Slav and Hun—to save us from our own stagnation. I do not mean that the illiterate Slav is now the equal of the New Englander of pure descent. He is raw material to be educated, not into a New Englander, but into a socialized American along such lines as those thirty nationalities are being educated in the amazing schools of Gary. I do not believe that this process is to be one of decades of evolution. The spectacle of Japan's sudden jump from mediævalism to post-modernism should have destroyed that superstition. We are not dealing with individuals who are to "evolve." We are dealing with their children, who, with that education we are about to have, will start level with all of us. Let us cease to think of ideals like democracy as magical qualities inherent in certain peoples. Let us speak, not of inferior races, but of inferior civilizations. We are all to educate and to be educated. These peoples in America are in a common enterprise. It is not what we are now that concerns us, but what

this plastic next generation may become in the light of a new cosmopolitan ideal.

We are not dealing with static factors, but with fluid and dynamic generations. To contrast the older and the newer immigrants and see the one class as democratically motivated by love of liberty, and the other by mere money-getting, is not to illuminate the future. To think of earlier nationalities as culturally assimilated to America, while we picture the later as a sodden and resistive mass, makes only for bitterness and misunderstanding. There may be a difference between these earlier and these later stocks, but it lies neither in motive for coming nor in strength of cultural allegiance to the homeland. The truth is that no more tenacious cultural allegiance to the mother country has been shown by any alien nation than by the ruling class of Anglo-Saxon descendants in these American States. English snobberies, English religion, English literary styles, English literary reverences and canons, English ethics, English superiorities, have been the cultural food that we have drunk in from our mothers' breasts. The distinctively American spirit—pioneer, as distinguished from the reminis-

cently English—that appears in Whitman and Emerson and James, has had to exist on sufferance alongside of this other cult, unconsciously belittled by our cultural makers of opinion. No country has perhaps had so great indigenous genius which had so little influence on the country's traditions and expressions. The unpopular and dreaded German-American of the present day is a beginning amateur in comparison with those foolish Anglophiles of Boston and New York and Philadelphia whose reversion to cultural type sees uncritically in England's cause the cause of Civilization, and, under the guise of ethical independence of thought, carries along European traditions which are no more "American" than the German categories themselves.

It speaks well for German-American innocence of heart or else for its lack of imagination that it has not turned the hyphen stigma into a "Tu quoque!" If there were to be any hyphens scattered about, clearly they should be affixed to those English descendants who had had centuries of time to be made American where the German had had only half a century. Most significantly has the war brought out of them this alien virus, show-

ing them still loving English things, owing allegiance to the English Kultur, moved by English shibboleths and prejudice. It is only because it has been the ruling class in this country that bestowed the epithets that we have not heard copiously and scornfully of "hyphenated English-Americans." But even our quarrels with England have had the bad temper, the extravagance, of family quarrels. The Englishman of to-day nags us and dislikes us in that personal, peculiarly intimate way in which he dislikes the Australian, or as we may dislike our younger brothers. He still thinks of us incorrigibly as "colonials." America—official, controlling, literary, political America—is still, as a writer recently expressed it, "culturally speaking, a self-governing dominion of the British Empire."

The non-English American can scarcely be blamed if he sometimes thinks of the Anglo-Saxon predominance in America as little more than a predominance of priority. The Anglo-Saxon was merely the first immigrant, the first to found a colony. He has never really ceased to be the descendant of immigrants, nor has he ever succeeded in transforming that colony into a real na-

tion, with a tenacious, richly woven fabric of native culture. Colonials from the other nations have come and settled down beside him. They found no definite native culture which should startle them out of their colonialism, and consequently they looked back to their mother-country, as the earlier Anglo-Saxon immigrant was looking back to his. What has been offered the newcomer has been the chance to learn English, to become a citizen, to salute the flag. And those elements of our ruling classes who are responsible for the public schools, the settlements, all the organizations for amelioration in the cities, have every reason to be proud of the care and labor which they have devoted to absorbing the immigrant. His opportunities the immigrant has taken to gladly, with almost a pathetic eagerness to make his way in the new land without friction or disturbance. The common language has made not only for the necessary communication, but for all the amenities of life.

If freedom means the right to do pretty much as one pleases, so long as one does not interfere with others, the immigrant has found freedom, and the ruling element has been singularly liberal

in its treatment of the invading hordes. But if freedom means a democratic coöperation in determining the ideals and purposes and industrial and social institutions of a country, then the immigrant has not been free, and the Anglo-Saxon element is guilty of just what every dominant race is guilty of in every European country: the imposition of its own culture upon the minority peoples. The fact that this imposition has been so mild and, indeed, semi-conscious does not alter its quality. And the war has brought out just the degree to which that purpose of "Americanizing," that is to say, "Anglo-Saxonizing," the immigrant has failed.

For the Anglo-Saxon now in his bitterness to turn upon the other peoples, talk about their "arrogance," scold them for not being melted in a pot which never existed, is to betray the unconscious purpose which lay at the bottom of his heart. It betrays too the possession of a racial jealousy similar to that of which he is now accusing the so-called "hyphenates." Let the Anglo-Saxon be proud enough of the heroic toil and heroic sacrifices which moulded the nation. But let him ask himself, if he had had to depend on the English

descendants, where he would have been living today. To those of us who see in the exploitation of unskilled labor the strident red *leit-motif* of our civilization, the settling of the country presents a great social drama as the waves of immigration broke over it.

Let the Anglo-Saxon ask himself where he would have been if these races had not come? Let those who feel the inferiority of the non-Anglo-Saxon immigrant contemplate that region of the States which has remained the most distinctively "American," the South. Let him ask himself whether he would really like to see the foreign hordes Americanized into such an Americanization. Let him ask himself how superior this native civilization is to the great "alien" states of Wisconsin and Minnesota, where Scandinavians, Poles, and Germans have self-consciously labored to preserve their traditional culture, while being outwardly and satisfactorily American. Let him ask himself how much more wisdom, intelligence, industry and social leadership has come out of these alien states than out of all the truly American ones. The South, in fact, while this vast Northern development has gone on, still remains

an English colony, stagnant and complacent, having progressed culturally scarcely beyond the early Victorian era. It is culturally sterile because it has had no advantage of cross-fertilization like the Northern states. What has happened in states such as Wisconsin and Minnesota is that strong foreign cultures have struck root in a new and fertile soil. America has meant liberation, and German and Scandinavian political ideas and social energies have expanded to a new potency. The process has not been at all the fancied "assimilation" of the Scandinavian or Teuton. Rather has it been a process of their assimilation of us—I speak as an Anglo-Saxon. The foreign cultures have not been melted down or run together, made into some homogeneous Americanism, but have remained distinct but coöperating to the greater glory and benefit, not only of themselves but of all the native "Americanism" around them.

What we emphatically do not want is that these distinctive qualities should be washed out into a tasteless, colorless fluid of uniformity. Already we have far too much of this insipidity,—masses of people who are cultural half-breeds, neither assimilated Anglo-Saxons nor nationals of another

culture. Each national colony in this country seems to retain in its foreign press, its vernacular literature, its schools, its intellectual and patriotic leaders, a central cultural nucleus. From this nucleus the colony extends out by imperceptible gradations to a fringe where national characteristics are all but lost. Our cities are filled with these half-breeds who retain their foreign names but have lost the foreign savor. This does not mean that they have actually been changed into New Englanders or Middle Westerners. It does not mean that they have been really Americanized. It means that, letting slip from them whatever native culture they had, they have substituted for it only the most rudimentary American—the American culture of the cheap newspaper, the "movies," the popular song, the ubiquitous automobile. The unthinking who survey this class call them assimilated, Americanized. The great American public school has done its work. With these people our institutions are safe. We may thrill with dread at the aggressive hyphenate, but this tame flabbiness is accepted as Americanization. The same moulders of opinion whose ideal is to melt the different races into Anglo-Saxon gold hail this

poor product as the satisfying result of their alchemy.

Yet a truer cultural sense would have told us that it is not the self-conscious cultural nuclei that sap at our American life, but these fringes. It is not the Jew who sticks proudly to the faith of his fathers and boasts of that venerable culture of his who is dangerous to America, but the Jew who has lost the Jewish fire and become a mere elementary, grasping animal. It is not the Bohemian who supports the Bohemian schools in Chicago whose influence is sinister, but the Bohemian who has made money and has got into ward politics. Just so surely as we tend to disintegrate these nuclei of nationalistic culture do we tend to create hordes of men and women without a spiritual country, cultural outlaws, without taste, without standards but those of the mob. We sentence them to live on the most rudimentary planes of American life. The influences at the center of the nuclei are centripetal. They make for the intelligence and the social values which mean an enhancement of life. And just because the foreign-born retains this expressiveness is he likely to be a better citizen of the American community. The influences at the

fringe, however, are centrifugal, anarchical. They make for detached fragments of peoples. Those who came to find liberty achieve only license. They become the flotsam and jetsam of American life, the downward undertow of our civilization with its leering cheapness and falseness of taste and spiritual outlook, the absence of mind and sincere feeling which we see in our slovenly towns, our vapid moving pictures, our popular novels, and in the vacuous faces of the crowds on the city street. This is the cultural wreckage of our time, and it is from the fringes of the Anglo-Saxon as well as the other stocks that it falls. America has as yet no impelling integrating force. It makes too easily for this detritus of cultures. In our loose, free country, no constraining national purpose, no tenacious folk-tradition and folk-style hold the people to a line.

The war has shown us that not in any magical formula will this purpose be found. No intense nationalism of the European plan can be ours. But do we not begin to see a new and more adventurous ideal? Do we not see how the national colonies in America, deriving power from the deep cultural heart of Europe and yet living here in

mutual toleration, freed from the age-long tangles of races, creeds, and dynasties, may work out a federated ideal? America is transplanted Europe, but a Europe that has not been disintegrated and scattered in the transplanting as in some Dispersion. Its colonies live here inextricably mingled, yet not homogeneous. They merge but they do not fuse.

America is a unique sociological fabric, and it bespeaks poverty of imagination not to be thrilled at the incalculable potentialities of so novel a union of men. To seek no other goal than the weary old nationalism,—belligerent, exclusive, inbreeding, the poison of which we are witnessing now in Europe,—is to make patriotism a hollow sham, and to declare that, in spite of our boastings, America must ever be a follower and not a leader of nations.

II

If we come to find this point of view plausible, we shall have to give up the search for our native "American" culture. With the exception of the South and that New England which, like the Red Indian, seems to be passing into solemn oblivion,

there is no distinctively American culture. It is apparently our lot rather to be a federation of cultures. This we have been for half a century, and the war has made it ever more evident that this is what we are destined to remain. This will not mean, however, that there are not expressions of indigenous genius that could not have sprung from any other soil. Music, poetry, philosophy, have been singularly fertile and new. Strangely enough, American genius has flared forth just in those directions which are least understanded of the people. If the American note is bigness, action, the objective as contrasted with the reflective life, where is the epic expression of this spirit? Our drama and our fiction, the peculiar fields for the expression of action and objectivity, are somehow exactly the fields of the spirit which remain poor and mediocre. American materialism is in some way inhibited from getting into impressive artistic form its own energy with which it bursts. Nor is it any better in architecture, the least romantic and subjective of all the arts. We are inarticulate of the very values which we profess to idealize. But in the finer forms—music, verse, the essay, philosophy—the American genius puts

forth work equal to any of its contemporaries. Just in so far as our American genius has expressed the pioneer spirit, the adventurous, forward-looking drive of a colonial empire, is it representative of that whole America of the many races and peoples, and not of any partial or traditional enthusiasm. And only as that pioneer note is sounded can we really speak of the American culture. As long as we thought of Americanism in terms of the "melting-pot," our American cultural tradition lay in the past. It was something to which the new Americans were to be moulded. In the light of our changing ideal of Americanism, we must perpetrate the paradox that our American cultural tradition lies in the future. It will be what we all together make out of this incomparable opportunity of attacking the future with a new key.

Whatever American nationalism turns out to be, it is certain to become something utterly different from the nationalisms of twentieth-century Europe. This wave of reactionary enthusiasm to play the orthodox nationalistic game which is passing over the country is scarcely vital enough to last. We cannot swagger and thrill to the same

national self-feeling. We must give new edges to our pride. We must be content to avoid the unnumbered woes that national patriotism has brought in Europe, and that fiercely heightened pride and self-consciousness. Alluring as this is, we must allow our imaginations to transcend this scarcely veiled belligerency. We can be serenely too proud to fight if our pride embraces the creative forces of civilization which armed contest nullifies. We can be too proud to fight if our code of honor transcends that of the schoolboy on the playground surrounded by his jeering mates. Our honor must be positive and creative, and not the mere jealous and negative protectiveness against metaphysical violations of our technical rights. When the doctrine is put forth that in one American flows the mystic blood of all our country's sacred honor, freedom, and prosperity, so that an injury to him is to be the signal for turning our whole nation into that clan-feud of horror and reprisal which would be war, then we find ourselves back among the musty schoolmen of the Middle Ages, and not in any pragmatic and realistic America of the twentieth century.

We should hold our gaze to what America has

done, not what mediæval codes of dueling she has failed to observe. We have transplanted European modernity to our soil, without the spirit that inflames it and turns all its energy into mutual destruction. Out of these foreign peoples there has somehow been squeezed the poison. An America, "hyphenated" to bitterness, is somehow non-explosive. For, even if we all hark back in sympathy to a European nation, even if the war has set every one vibrating to some emotional string twanged on the other side of the Atlantic, the effect has been one of almost dramatic harmlessness.

What we have really been witnessing, however unappreciatively, in this country has been a thrilling and bloodless battle of Kulturs. In that arena of friction which has been the most dramatic —between the hyphenated German-American and the hyphenated English-American—there have emerged rivalries of philosophies which show up deep traditional attitudes, points of view which accurately reflect the gigantic issues of the war. America has mirrored the spiritual issues. The vicarious struggle has been played out peacefully here in the mind. We have seen the stout resis-

tiveness of the old moral interpretation of history on which Victorian England throve and made itself great in its own esteem. The clean and immensely satisfying vision of the war as a contest between right and wrong; the enthusiastic support of the Allies as the incarnation of virtue-on-a-rampage; the fierce envisaging of their selfish national purposes as the ideals of justice, freedom and democracy—all this has been thrown with intensest force against the German realistic interpretations in terms of the struggle for power and the virility of the integrated State. America has been the intellectual battleground of the nations.

III

The failure of the melting-pot, far from closing the great American democratic experiment, means that it has only just begun. Whatever American nationalism turns out to be, we see already that it will have a color richer and more exciting than our ideal has hitherto encompassed. In a world which has dreamed of internationalism, we find that we have all unawares been building up the first international nation. The voices which have cried for a tight and jealous national-

ism of the European pattern are failing. From that ideal, however valiantly and disinterestedly it has been set for us, time and tendency have moved us further and further away. What we have achieved has been rather a cosmopolitan federation of national colonies, of foreign cultures, from which the sting of devastating competition has been removed. America is already the world-federation in miniature, the continent where for the first time in history has been achieved that miracle of hope, the peaceful living side by side, with character substantially preserved, of the most heterogeneous peoples under the sun. Nowhere else has such contiguity been anything but the breeder of misery. Here, notwithstanding our tragic failures of adjustment, the outlines are already too clear not to give us a new vision and a new orientation of the American mind in the world.

It is for the American of the younger generation to accept this cosmopolitanism, and carry it along with self-conscious and fruitful purpose. In his colleges, he is already getting, with the study of modern history and politics, the modern literatures, economic geography, the privilege of a cosmopolitan outlook such as the people of no

other nation of to-day in Europe can possibly secure. If he is still a colonial, he is no longer the colonial of one partial culture, but of many. He is a colonial of the world. Colonialism has grown into cosmopolitanism, and his motherhood is not one nation, but all who have anything life-enhancing to offer to the spirit. That vague sympathy which the France of ten years ago was feeling for the world—a sympathy which was drowned in the terrible reality of war—may be the modern American's, and that in a positive and aggressive sense. If the American is parochial, it is in sheer wantonness or cowardice. His provincialism is the measure of his fear of bogies or the defect of his imagination.

Indeed, it is not uncommon for the eager Anglo-Saxon who goes to a vivid American university to-day to find his true friends not among his own race but among the acclimatized German or Austrian, the acclimatized Jew, the acclimatized Scandinavian or Italian. In them he finds the cosmopolitan note. In these youths, foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents, he is likely to find many of his old inbred morbid problems washed away. These friends are oblivious to the

repressions of that tight little society in which he so provincially grew up. He has a pleasurable sense of liberation from the stale and familiar attitudes of those whose ingrowing culture has scarcely created anything vital for his America of to-day. He breathes a larger air. In his new enthusiasms for continental literature, for unplumbed Russian depths, for French clarity of thought, for Teuton philosophies of power, he feels himself citizen of a larger world. He may be absurdly superficial, his outward-reaching wonder may ignore all the stiller and homelier virtues of his Anglo-Saxon home, but he has at least found the clue to that international mind which will be essential to all men and women of goodwill if they are ever to save this Western world of ours from suicide. His new friends have gone through a similar evolution. America has burned most of the baser metal also from them. Meeting now with this common American background, all of them may yet retain that distinctiveness of their native cultures and their national spiritual slants. They are more valuable and interesting to each other for being different, yet that difference could not be creative were it not for this

new cosmopolitan outlook which America has given them and which they all equally possess.

A college where such a spirit is possible even to the smallest degree, has within itself already the seeds of this international intellectual world of the future. It suggests that the contribution of America will be an intellectual internationalism which goes far beyond the mere exchange of scientific ideas and discoveries and the cold recording of facts. It will be an intellectual sympathy which is not satisfied until it has got at the heart of the different cultural expressions, and felt as they feel. It may have immense preferences, but it will make understanding and not indignation its end. Such a sympathy will unite and not divide.

Against the thinly disguised panic which calls itself "patriotism" and the thinly disguised militarism which calls itself "preparedness" the cosmopolitan ideal is set. This does not mean that those who hold it are for a policy of drift. They, too, long passionately for an integrated and disciplined America. But they do not want one which is integrated only for domestic economic exploitation of the workers or for predatory

economic imperialism among the weaker peoples. They do not want one that is integrated by coercion or militarism, or for the truculent assertion of a mediæval code of honor and of doubtful rights. They believe that the most effective integration will be one which coördinates the diverse elements and turns them consciously toward working out together the place of America in the world-situation. They demand for integration a genuine integrity, a wholeness and soundness of enthusiasm and purpose which can only come when no national colony within our America feels that it is being discriminated against or that its cultural case is being prejudged. This strength of coöperation, this feeling that all who are here may have a hand in the destiny of America, will make for a finer spirit of integration than any narrow "Americanism" or forced chauvinism.

In this effort we may have to accept some form of that dual citizenship which meets with so much articulate horror among us. Dual citizenship we may have to recognize as the rudimentary form of that international citizenship to which, if our words mean anything, we aspire. We have assumed unquestioningly that mere participation in

the political life of the United States must cut the new citizen off from all sympathy with his old allegiance. Anything but a bodily transfer of devotion from one sovereignty to another has been viewed as a sort of moral treason against the Republic. We have insisted that the immigrant whom we welcomed escaping from the very exclusive nationalism of his European home shall forthwith adopt a nationalism just as exclusive, just as narrow, and even less legitimate because it is founded on no warm traditions of his own. Yet a nation like France is said to permit a formal and legal dual citizenship even at the present time. Though a citizen of hers may pretend to cast off his allegiance in favor of some other sovereignty, he is still subject to her laws when he returns. Once a citizen, always a citizen, no matter how many new citizenships he may embrace. And such a dual citizenship seems to us sound and right. For it recognizes that, although the Frenchman may accept the formal institutional framework of his new country and indeed become intensely loyal to it, yet his Frenchness he will never lose. What makes up the fabric of his soul will always be of this Frenchness, so that

unless he becomes utterly degenerate he will always to some degree dwell still in his native environment.

Indeed, does not the cultivated American who goes to Europe practise a dual citizenship, which, if not formal, is no less real? The American who lives abroad may be the least expatriate of men. If he falls in love with French ways and French thinking and French democracy and seeks to saturate himself with the new spirit, he is guilty of at least a dual spiritual citizenship. He may be still American, yet he feels himself through sympathy also a Frenchman. And he finds that this expansion involves no shameful conflict within him, no surrender of his native attitude. He has rather for the first time caught a glimpse of the cosmopolitan spirit. And after wandering about through many races and civilizations he may return to America to find them all here living vividly and crudely, seeking the same adjustment that he made. He sees the new peoples here with a new vision. They are no longer masses of aliens, waiting to be "assimilated," waiting to be melted down into the indistinguishable dough of Anglo-Saxonism. They are rather threads of

living and potent cultures, blindly striving to weave themselves into a novel international nation, the first the world has seen. In an Austria-Hungary or a Prussia the stronger of these cultures would be moving almost instinctively to subjugate the weaker. But in America those wills-to-power are turned in a different direction into learning how to live together.

Along with dual citizenship we shall have to accept, I think, that free and mobile passage of the immigrant between America and his native land again which now arouses so much prejudice among us. We shall have to accept the immigrant's return for the same reason that we consider justified our own flitting about the earth. To stigmatize the alien who works in America for a few years and returns to his own land, only perhaps to seek American fortune again, is to think in narrow nationalistic terms. It is to ignore the cosmopolitan significance of this migration. It is to ignore the fact that the returning immigrant is often a missionary to an inferior civilization.

This migratory habit has been especially common with the unskilled laborers who have been

pouring into the United States in the last dozen years from every country in southeastern Europe. Many of them return to spend their earnings in their own country or to serve their country in war. But they return with an entirely new critical outlook, and a sense of the superiority of American organization to the primitive living around them. This continued passage to and fro has already raised the material standard of living in many regions of these backward countries. For these regions are thus endowed with exactly what they need, the capital for the exploitation of their natural resources, and the spirit of enterprise. America is thus educating these laggard peoples from the very bottom of society up, awaking vast masses to a new-born hope for the future. In the migratory Greek, therefore, we have not the parasitic alien, the doubtful American asset, but a symbol of that cosmopolitan interchange which is coming, in spite of all war and national exclusiveness.

Only America, by reason of the unique liberty of opportunity and traditional isolation for which she seems to stand, can lead in this cosmopolitan enterprise. Only the American—and in this cate-

gory I include the migratory alien who has lived with us and caught the pioneer spirit and a sense of new social vistas—has the chance to become that citizen of the world. America is coming to be, not a nationality but a trans-nationality, a weaving back and forth, with the other lands, of many threads of all sizes and colors. Any movement which attempts to thwart this weaving, or to dye the fabric any one color, or disentangle the threads of the strands, is false to this cosmopolitan vision. I do not mean that we shall necessarily glut ourselves with the raw product of humanity. It would be folly to absorb the nations faster than we could weave them. We have no duty either to admit or reject. It is purely a question of expediency. What concerns us is the fact that the strands are here. We must have a policy and an ideal for an actual situation. Our question is, What shall we do with our America? How are we likely to get the more creative America—by confining our imaginations to the ideal of the melting-pot, or broadening them to some such cosmopolitan conception as I have been vaguely sketching?

We cannot Americanize America worthily by

sentimentalizing and moralizing history. When the best schools are expressly renouncing the questionable duty of teaching patriotism by means of history, it is not the time to force shibboleth upon the immigrant. This form of Americanization has been heard because it appealed to the vestiges of our old sentimentalized and moralized patriotism. This has so far held the field as the expression of the new American's new devotion. The inflections of other voices have been drowned. They must be heard. We must see if the lesson of the war has not been for hundreds of these later Americans a vivid realization of their trans-nationality, a new consciousness of what America means to them as a citizenship in the world. It is the vague historic idealisms which have provided the fuel for the European flame. Our American ideal can make no progress until we do away with this romantic gilding of the past.

All our idealisms must be those of future social goals in which all can participate, the good life of personality lived in the environment of the Beloved Community. No mere doubtful triumphs of the past, which redound to the glory of only one of our trans-nationalities, can satisfy us. It

must be a future America, on which all can unite, which pulls us irresistibly toward it, as we understand each other more warmly.

To make real this striving amid dangers and apathies is work for a younger intelligentsia of America. Here is an enterprise of integration into which we can all pour ourselves, of a spiritual welding which should make us, if the final menace ever came, not weaker, but infinitely strong.

FRAGMENT OF A NOVEL

GILBERT was almost six years old when they all—Mother, Olga, and baby—went to live with Garna in her tall white house. And his expanding life leaped to meet the wide world, with its new excitements and pleasures. It was like a rescue, like getting air when one is smothering. Here was space and a new largeness in things. Gilbert was freed forever from the back-street.

Garna's house was ridiculous but it was not despicable. For your meals you went down into a dark basement dining-room, behind a blacker kitchen. And the outhouse, buried in Virginia creepers and trumpet-vine, was down a long path bordered by grape-vines, where you went fearfully at night. Gilbert was afraid of this dark, long after he was old enough to be ashamed that his mother must come with him and stand protectingly outside. In winter, the stars shone at him with

icy brilliancy, and the vines made a thick menacing mass around him.

Back of the house was a pump, painted very bright and green, where the water came up cold and sparkling and ran suddenly out of its spout over your shoes unless you were careful. And when they had finished pumping, the well would give a long, deep sigh, whether of fatigue or satisfaction, Gilbert never knew. In the dark kitchen, which you entered down a flight of stone steps, there was another pump, but it brought forth, after long persuasion, only rain-water which to Gilbert tasted uninteresting, and which he was not allowed to drink, but which they carried in zinc pails up two long spidery flights, and for Aunt Nan's room, three, so that you could wash your face in the morning. Only on wash-day was that pump interesting when the servant filled great wooden tubs out of it, and created huge foamy waves in them, and beat and rubbed, and then filled long clothes-lines with damp white garments which coiled around you clammily and disgustingly if you ran too close under them when you were playing.

The dining-room always had a musty smell, and

was always cold in winter, though the door into the warm kitchen was propped open with a brick. Gilbert would eat his breakfast and run out quickly to warm his hands at the shining black range. In the summer, it was close and stuffy, for it was lighted only by two windows at the top which were level with the ground and opened into a little depression, so that the shutters would move freely. In the great thunder-storms of summer, this hollow would fill with water and as Gilbert sat there eating his lunch, thrilling at the loud claps and the darting lightning, the water would begin to stream over the sill and down the walls. Then Annie would have to be hastily called, and with many ejaculations she would throw her apron over her head, and rush out with a dish-pan to bail out the hollow. Gilbert would stand on a chair and see dimly through rain-streaming panes this huge slopping figure, throwing pails of water into the path. But ordinarily nothing happened in the dining-room. Sometimes in the summer, an odious snail or two would come out of the walls and leave his track across the worn carpet. In a vast closet were stored rows of jellies which Garna had put up, and which Gilbert and Olga

would sometimes get a taste of, for a treat. Behind the dining-room was the cellar, gratefully warm in winter with its glowing furnace, and cool in summer with its whitewashed walls. Gilbert loved to spend long summer afternoons there watching Annie turn the ice-cream freezer, and waiting anxiously until the top was taken off to be tested, and you got a taste of the fresh churned cream, or licked the dasher when it was all over. Or sometimes, in winter while Annie shovelled coal into the furnace, Gilbert stood fearfully by and saw the blackish flame shoot up through the new coal. But on the whole, the basement was not a pleasant place. The furnace, so hot when you stood by it, sent only feeble currents of air up to the little registers that opened into the vast rooms above. And always, the year round, there was that musty dining-room to descend into three times a day, with its old frayed chairs, its uncertain carpet, its stained brown walls.

Nor did the creatures who inhabited the basement attract him. Annie changed her guise, but not her nature. And she scarcely changed her guise. If his mother had ever had a servant in the back-street, Gilbert did not remember it. But

in Garna's house one naturally had a servant, and one naturally had a Polish girl. Gilbert did not at first understand what Annie was doing in the kitchen, this queer, whitish young woman with many skirts and vast breasts, who gave a sort of growl-smile when you spoke to her, and always started incontinently, with alacrity, to do something without knowing what it was. Gilbert would come in from the garden into the fragrant kitchen on baking-day to look for cookies, and find his mother moving about, with her serious, anxious expression, while Annie sprawled about, cutting up potatoes, and listening to his mother's earnest expostulations. In a few months there would be another Annie; her mouth was perhaps crookeder and her hair yellower, but she would plunge clumsily about in the same old way, and would take up her education not where the other Annie had left off, but precisely in that brutish ignorance where she had begun. To Gilbert's mother, the living and successive tissue of Annies became the absorption of life, but Gilbert was not absorbed in Annies. They were not pretty, and they had a stale odor which Gilbert avoided when he could. He associated the unpleasantness of

this strong, docile creature, who relapsed in each transformation to her original brutish ignorance, with the whole unpleasantness of that downstairs floor, the dining-room which remained always the same, whose dull squalor nobody ever did anything to take away, for which Gilbert could not do anything, and for which perhaps nothing could be done.

Upstairs, Gilbert liked Garna's house better. The front parlor was a vast and cavernous room, the mysteries of which Gilbert penetrated only slowly. The back parlor was much more comprehensible. Here the sun shone in, and people sat and lived. When you entered the front parlor, you involuntarily lowered your voice, and you moved around subdued, as if someone had died there. Garna never opened the windows, and the shutters of the bay which looked towards the east were always kept tightly closed. But in the back parlor on bright winter days you sent the shade flying up to the top, and let the sun stream in over the floor all the way to the monster of a horsehair-covered sofa which stretched along the wall.

Horsehair made you feel almost as puckery as

matting to touch it, and, besides, you could not climb up its slippery edges very easily. And once you were perched up there, you began to slide and slide until you would fall in a heap ignominiously off that ungainly and inhospitable bulk of a sofa. So you would go over and sit at Garna's feet, as she rocked slowly in her great chair, which you must never tip too far back for fear of the grandfather's clock that stood in the corner behind it. The clock had a loud and lovely bell which struck the hours. Gilbert could always tell when it was going to strike, for a minute or two before the hour there was a sharp click. Then a little later would begin a vast rumbling from the very chest of the old clock, as if it were taking a long, deep breath for its pealing song. When Gilbert was in the room, he always stopped and listened for the whole long satisfactory performance. It was slow, it was prepared, it was beautiful, and when Garna got a clock for the dining-room which rattled off a quick little tinkle of a stroke, Gilbert despised it, and would have covered his ears if he had not thought it would be silly.

Upstairs the rooms were just as vast. There was Mother's room, into which the sunlight

poured, and which was the warmest in winter, though you took turns rushing to the register to dress where it was warm, before washing in the cold water of the wash-bowl. Just off from Mother's room was a little room, with nothing in it but a huge bed, where Olga and Gilbert slept, and a dresser, in which Gilbert's clothes were kept. On the wall were two old pictures, one representing a donkey in the midst of illimitable and ineffable summer pastures, and marked, "Everything Lovely," the other showing him in the blizzard before a locked stabledoor, with "Nobody loves me!" Against the tall window, at the foot of the bed, were rows and rows of shelves, on which stood flower-pots all winter long, geraniums and begonias, and heliotrope plants, so that they could catch the full warmth of the winter sun and keep green for summer, when Mother took them out of the pots and put them in rows in the garden again. The window was almost smothered in rich greenery, and sometimes when Gilbert would wake up early on a winter morning, when the light was just beginning to come through the leaves, he would find that the shelves had become a black silhouetted tracery of amazing figures. Queer outlandish

heads,—fierce dragomans with pipes in their mouths, Chinamen with queues, policemen with round helmets, or animals such as Gilbert had seen at the Zoo—camels with misshapen humps, elephants with long trunks, the head of a lion. It was very startling to wake up, lying on one's back and gazing out where this faint light appeared in the crevices between these weird figures. The pleasant green plants with which they had gone to bed had given place to queer apparitions. Yet they must be plants. But how could plants look so terrifyingly like heads? Everywhere he looked there appeared a bristling, clear shape. The window was a vast tracery of strangeness. Gilbert was never quite sure how real they were, and he was always grateful when the advancing light gradually brought out the greenness of the leaves, and finally threw them into relief, so that the menacing head would finally dissolve into the utterly meaningless juncture of two geranium blossoms, and the elephant trunk became a familiar begonia frond. Then he was cheered, and he wondered how he had ever seen anything else. No wildest forcing of his imagination could make him see the things he had seen.

It was in this room that Gilbert's mother put the children to bed every night, and then took out the lamp to her room, leaving the door just slightly ajar, so they would not be afraid. Everything was so cozy and comfortable during the undressing. Then would come the frightening thought, "Perhaps this comforting presence is going to be withdrawn!" For sometimes you would wake up suddenly with a little clutch at the heart. The dim light would be burning through the crack of the door, but there would be a vast stillness. You knew that the house was empty, that somehow it was the middle of a night that would never end, and everybody, Garna, Mother, and Annie, had gone off to some distant muffled cavern and would never come again. Olga, sleeping in a little round ball at your side, her eyes seraphically closed, was of no avail. The light burned steadily on, only deepening the terror of eternity, of being lost. Should you call? What would be the use? They were infinitely far away, in a sort of Buddha-like trance. So you cried a little, and fell off asleep.

Or if you did not go to sleep, you waited dumbly, and, after æons of time, you heard an un-

mistakable door close softly downstairs, and in a minute Mother was looking in at you, to see if you were safe. And you said, "Mother!" in a half-choking voice, while great waves of relief and happiness surged through you, and you went sound asleep. So Gilbert got in the habit of asking his mother every night whether she was going out. And what assurance and peace there was when she said she was not! He was safe, no matter how long the night lasted.

In Gilbert's new house, you could go upstairs in two ways—the front-stairs, and the back-stairs. The front-stairs were very straight and very long and very steep, and were covered with a thick carpet. They went straight down to a little narrow hall and the front door. The back-stairs were crooked and narrow and covered with oil-cloth. They ran down to a little passageway which connected the back parlor with the "side-door," right at the opening of the dark, steep flight that went down into the dining-room. All these regions and passages in Gilbert's house had names. Gilbert soon learned that he must never go down the front-stairs, but must always use the back ones. But one unfortunate day, his cousin

George, who was eight, showed him the delights of sliding down the banisters, and Gilbert, although he could never walk down the front-stairs without a feeling of the most awful guilt, let himself be seduced into this new and amazing adventure. The rapturous slide down the long, straight, polished wood was so safe and gave him such a thrill that he tried it again and again. But Olga, who by this time was all of five years old, insisted on riding too, and threatened so instant and tumultuous a devastation of tears, that Gilbert and George, in a panic at being discovered, held her up and, having adjusted her little legs and cautioned her as to the way one let one's fingers slide along the slippery rail, let her go.

Now there was attached to the wall by a bracket a lamp, which Gilbert's legs just cleared, although he was always conscious of a fine potential crash. But as Olga went slipping down the rail, it was inevitable that she should choose just that place to fall off, which Gilbert had all the morning been thrillingly avoiding. She fell floppily into the hall, carrying the lamp-shade with her, and making a crash which brought Mother and Annie from the kitchen and Garna from her room above.

Then there were tears and scoldings in a great flood, and a few reluctant whacks; George was sent home, and the banisters were never slid on again, at least not by Olga. Gilbert used them only as a special treat to himself and only in his most unwatched moments. It was one instance where his fiercely clutching guilt melted away before the thrill of that slide.

Gilbert's house, however, afforded few excitements. Garna's big room you did not often enter, though you might on Sunday while she was putting on her veil and bonnet to take you to church. Gilbert did not care very much how the rest of the family got to church, but it was one of the most important things in his life that he should go with Garna. At nine o'clock the church-bell would begin to ring, gayly, quickly, sometimes the long peals almost falling over each other in their eagerness. Then it would stop, with a final long echo. Now the whole town knew that it was Sunday. Then at ten o'clock the great bell would ring again, not quite so gayly nor so quickly, to let the people know that there would be church that day. Then at twenty minutes after ten the bell would begin its real earnestness,—slow and

solemn strokes, each one ringing its full sonorous note and dying away before the next one began.

At the first stroke of the ten o'clock bell, Glbert would rush to Garna's room, where he would find her putting on her black silk dress and little lace collar. Her black bonnet with its long crêpe veil, which Gilbert soon learned meant that grandfather was dead, would be spread out on the bed. When the last bell began to ring, and Garna had not yet put on her bonnet, an icy fear gripped Gilbert's heart. They would be late! The maddening slowness with which Garna put the last touches to her bonnet used to send Gilbert into a delirium of anxiety. Finally they were out on the elm-shaded streets, Gilbert fairly tugging and straining to get them there before service began. Mother and Olga were always late, but that was because Olga cried. He could abandon them. He did not know what would happen to Garna and him if they were late, but he felt that it would be something namelessly awful.

But they were never late. They would sit there in the pew several minutes while the organ played and the great bell boomed outside, up in the tower. Then the minister would come in, and

a sense of security and peace would steal over Gilbert, listening to the hymn and looking up at Garna, so glossy and placid next him in the pew.

In prayer-time, Gilbert would have liked to put his head down on the pew-rail in front of him, just as Garna and all the other people did, but he could not reach it. So he had to be content with ducking his head into his hand, and holding his eyes very tightly shut until he heard the "Amen" which sent them all upright again. Why people had to conceal their faces while they prayed Gilbert did not know, but it gave him a very solemn feeling to keep his eyes closed, and an even more solemn one to open them surreptitiously and look over the wilderness of bent backs.

The ceiling was very far away, and very blue, with queer indented squares that shot out reddish lines. Out of it came two enormous chandeliers of brass, with a ring of lights around, which were sometimes lighted on a dark day and made a chain of dancing lamplight. There were galleries running down each side of the church, held up by slender white pillars. Outside, just at the top of the pillars, ran a narrow ledge. Gilbert's imagination would perform perilous adventures along

that ledge. You would walk along, along, and around the back and up the other side, dizzily perched above the congregation, clinging to the brass rail, and you would come to the choir behind the minister's desk. From the ledge to the choir was a gap of a few feet, but Gilbert saw himself jumping it, and his heart would beat faster. And then he would return painfully, exhilaratedly, around that ledge, holding on so tightly.

When Gilbert got tired of this play he would look up at the strange figures that were fastened to the under side of the ledge. They looked like playing-cards, little square raised blocks marked with black points, at regular intervals down the gallery. Gilbert sometimes imagined that they were really cards, and that a hooded figure moving down the aisles would touch them with a wand, and they would lose their frozen state and fall to the floor. From where Gilbert sat, lines went out from him in all directions: lines of the pews, lines of the aisle ahead which went along under the gallery, angles of the walls, lines of the windows. Sometimes, as his gaze wandered around the church, the line of a pillar would coincide with the line of a window, and Gilbert

would hold them there together, getting a sudden satisfaction out of holding them in coincidence, and letting them go reluctantly, only when his eye would mount to the queer people in the gallery, whose bonnets and eyes and noses you could just see over the brass railing.

Sometimes in the summer when Uncle Marcus's family was away, Garna and Gilbert sat in their pew at the back of the gallery, a pew that was as big as a house, with great arm-chairs and cushions for your feet. In front of you was the clock, the face of which you could not see, for it looked out straight towards the minister, but whose ticking you could hear. Gilbert felt very public and self-conscious when he sat there, under the high ceiling, with two long arms of the gallery, crowded with its two tiers of people, stretching away on either hand. Yet it was all very august, and religion seemed to have attained its most solemn worthiness when you sat in Uncle Marcus's pew.

The minister was very large and very loud, and he wore a white tie. Gilbert did not altogether like him when he laid his moist and unctuous hand on Gilbert's head, as he sometimes did in Sunday School. For after you had gone to church with

Garna, you let her go home, and you stayed to Sunday School. You went into an old brick building, which stood a little distance from the church. The light poured through the big windows, and you could see the lilac-bushes outside. The room swam with very fluffy little girls, but when they had sung several hymns, Gilbert and half a dozen other little boys were shepherded into a corner and sat on their little chairs in a circle around Miss Fogg, while she taught them the lesson for the day. Gilbert always knew his golden text, and he was often the only little boy who did. Miss Fogg would smile at him, which would make him uncomfortable, and he would be glad when they all stood up and marched around the room to drop their pennies into a basket which Miss Fogg held while they sang:

"Hear the pennies dropping,
Listen while they fall,
Every one for Jesus.
He will have them all."

Gilbert did not doubt that Jesus would have them all, and he was not in the least interested in what Jesus did with them when he had them. It was part of the ceremony, to which you resigned

yourself unquestioningly, and when the penny-dropping was over, Gilbert ran home as fast as he could go, to the wonderful dinner of roast beef and potatoes that Mother had for them on Sundays.

Sunday School was a neutral, colorless event in his life. Every Sunday as they left the Sunday School, each child would receive a little leaflet; those who had known their golden texts would get a card with a golden star on it. Gilbert always cried a little if he lost his card while running home, and he cherished his leaflet for a day or two. But he never tried to read it, and he soon mislaid his golden star. Good boys, after they had got a prodigious number of golden stars, were each supposed to receive as a reward a Bible all of his own. But when Gilbert was seven years old, Garna gave him a beautiful thick black Bible, with his name—Gilbert Shotwell Harden—stamped on the cover in golden letters. Besides, it did not appeal to him to grub along for a prize. Far better to have things, glorious, imposing, come to you out of the blue sky Once Aunt Shotwell promised him fifty cents if he would learn the Westminster Catechism, but Gilbert never got

farther than "The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever." Something obscure, unconscious, revolted in him at the base commerciality of the transaction, and although he did not question that this was the chief end of man indeed, he did not want to be bribed into proclaiming it.

Things were better in the stories he learned from Miss Fogg: that Adam had eaten the apple and been expelled from Eden; that Noah had built and taken his cruise in the ark; that Abraham had offered up Isaac, and Jacob served seven years; that Moses had led the Israelites into the wilderness, and Joshua made the sun stand still; that David should have loved Jonathan and killed Goliath; that Samson should have been shorn of his strength, and Esther gotten Haman hanged higher than the housetops;—all in order to teach little boys and girls to be good, to obey their fathers and mothers and go regularly to church and Sunday School, seemed to Gilbert entirely plausible, at least as it was expounded by the patient and smiling Miss Fogg. He read the stories in his new Bible, but he did not wonder much about them.

Every now and then there was a temperance

lesson, when Miss Fogg would horrify the little boys with her pictures of the evils of strong drink. Gilbert had never seen any spirituous liquors, and he could hardly identify them in his mind, but through the vivid and scandalized exhortations of the minister and Miss Fogg, Gilbert conceived liquor as a dark, evil-smelling brew, a sort of religious urine, which foul and wicked men put into their stomachs, so that at once homes were wrecked, and mothers and children brought to abject want. The process by which this result arrived was vague in his mind, but the earliest genuine crime of which he had knowledge and felt with a shuddering realization of the existence of sin was this crime of entering a saloon, or of drinking down wine or beer. One of the golden texts was a special favorite with Gilbert and Olga, and she would declaim it with great éclat, in a broad, free-verse style:

"Wine is a maw-aw-ker,
Strong drink is ray-ay-ging,
And whoever is deceived there-by-y,
Is not—wise!"

But sin, on the whole, was a very vague idea to Gilbert. He early learned that God had sent His Son Jesus down to earth to save us from our

sins, and that this was the central fact of life. Garna told him about it, and so did Miss Fogg, when they later had lessons in the New Testament. We must all love God very much, and especially Jesus, who had done so much for us. And in the solemn Sunday afternoons, when Gilbert was told to take his Bible and sit by the window in the back-parlor and read a chapter, he would sometimes wonder if he loved God enough, or if he loved Jesus. God was a majestic old gentleman with a white beard, reclining on white cumulous clouds, and Jesus he knew equally well as a young man in an archaic blue robe, holding a lamb in one arm, and followed by others. He had seen their pictures long ago, and whenever either of them was mentioned, these images popped into his mind, faintly colored by a sense of awe, as in the case of God, and of tenderness, as in the case of Jesus. But did he love them? The pastor was certainly a very poor caricature of God, and yet with his beard and square head and loud words, there must be a faint resemblance. Gilbert certainly did not like him.

Much more nearly like God was his father's father, whom he had once been taken to see and

whom he remembered now as a white-haired, white-bearded man, very solemn, and yet with something cold and repellent about him whenever Gilbert had touched him. Gilbert did not feel that he loved this God, and yet he knew that he ought to, that it was the most important thing in life that he could do. So he would sit there and try to screw his heart into an attitude of loving. He would grow very serious and tighten his muscles, and fix his thought on the majesty reclining on the white cloud, and, pretty soon, he would feel that indeed he now loved God, and he would be kept from sin. Jesus, who was tenderer, he might have found easier to love, but for the fact of those lambs. Gilbert had never seen young men carrying lambs, and the picture, whose authenticity he did not question, aroused no emotion within him. But after he had come to love God, he tightened his heart towards the benignant being in the blue robe.

He was always present, because before every meal they would all put down their heads, so that they breathed upon their plates, and they would ask Jesus to bless their food. Sometimes Gilbert would say it, sometimes Olga, and the food un-

blessed would have tasted bad in their mouths. Gilbert would have had a vague presentiment of something evil. Did Garna and Mother love God? Garna must, because every day she would put on her gold-rimmed spectacles and read a chapter in her Bible, and mother would kneel down with Gilbert and Olga at night while they said their prayers, and often murmur something fervently with them. The prayers, they understood, were addressed directly to God in heaven, and were necessary if you were to show your gratitude to the Heavenly Father and ensure for yourself a peaceful and secure night. You asked God also to bless all those people you were fond of, and you knew that if they should die before they woke, their souls also would be taken to Heaven with yours.

If it was only with painful effort that Gilbert in his early days of church and Sunday School loved God and Jesus, whom did he love? Did he love Mother? He did not know. He loved her very much at night when he felt her protecting presence in the house, but in the daytime she was a strange being who did not seem interested in Gilbert and Olga. She spent most of her time

with little brother, or, if he were asleep, she would be lying stretched across the foot of the bed, with her face in her hands. Often there were tears in her eyes, and if Gilbert wanted her to do something for him, she would say piteously that she was not well. There were no more walks on the village green, but this did not make any difference to Gilbert, for the wonderful yard in which Garna's house stood was a region that could never be explored or exhausted.

The one person that Gilbert knew he loved was Garna. You could not always see her, for she would be shut up in her room; but when you were let in, how inexhaustible she was, how comfortable you felt, playing about on the floor while Garna sat always by the window, sewing, always sewing, looking so wise and jolly and good out of her gold-rimmed spectacles. Garna was always the same, and always good to be with and look upon. Gilbert loved to sit in her lap, and touch her hair, brushed to such silky smoothness and parted in the middle. As she bent over, he would run both hands back over it from her forehead, and laugh as she laughed and pretended to arrange it again.

Gilbert liked to have Garna all to himself, and

it was fortunate that Olga was not much interested in Garna. She did not seem to half appreciate her or her wonderful room. But once in a while she would take a perverse desire to come in with Gilbert when he went to see Garna. Olga would have to be prevented with all his weight and force. How could he stand so outrageous an invasion of his rights? And Olga would probably hit him, concentrating all her round little pugnacity into one stout blow, and Gilbert would hit back, and Olga would scream, and Mother would come running, and there would be many tears, and Eden would be spoiled, if not altogether denied him, for that afternoon. On the very threshold, Olga, who did not really care to be with Garna, had ruined his day with her! Hateful little Olga! And all the time, Garna would be inside, behind the closed door, serene, unheeding, letting her daughter, Gilbert's mother, settle the whole affair, as far away as if she were in Pampelune. Gilbert felt the perversity of Fate, the inexorable aloofness of the gods, the fragility of happiness. Going eagerly to taste this sweet exhilaration of an afternoon with Garna, the cup, without any warning whatever, would be fatally dashed from

his lips. But he could not have it shared with Olga!

Between Garna's chair and the window was a high, chintz-colored box which opened into a voluminous cavern of sheets and white things. In the corner just behind Garna's chair was the tall secretary-desk, with its big doors above that opened on shelves full of books, and its heavy writing-lid which folded down and rested horizontally on two supports that pulled out on each side. You could sit on the high chintz-box and write on the secretaire. Gilbert thought this was one of the most satisfactory spots in the whole world. At your right was the window looking down through the black-walnut trees to the street below; just behind you sat Garna, busily knitting or sewing; you had all the flat, shiny surface of the lid to make your puzzles on, or practise writing, or draw on; your legs hung down over the chintz-box, high above the ground; you were shut in to the most delicious privacy. At the back of the secretaire were innumerable compartments and pigeonholes in which Garna kept her letters and papers; there were old diaries and account-books, which Gilbert puzzled over, and one compartment Garna

gave Gilbert for his very own, so that he could keep his pencils and paper there, and anything he chose, safe for ever from the depredations of the marauding Olga, who seemed to Gilbert, whenever he thought of her at all from his safe retreat, as a very imp of lawlessness, of restless and devastating mischief. Sometimes, to make sure that no one interrupted him, he would silently turn the keys in the doors. But Garna did not like that very much, and it was awkward if Mother or Aunt Nan really came and wanted to come in, and Garna had to wonder how the doors could ever have become locked.

In the summer afternoons Garna would take her waist off, and sit sewing in her bare arms. Gilbert liked to lean over and rub his face against the expanse of cool flesh, lay his head on the cool shoulder, and listen to Garna's stories of when she was a little girl. Gilbert learned about her father's house in Burnham, which he should some day see, but it was a long distance from where they lived now; about his mill-pond and his mill, where great mahogany logs that came from the West Indies were sawed up for furniture; about the canal that was dug, when she was a little girl,

through their very front yard, and on which they saw the very first boat sail grandly by, the grandfather of those boats that Gilbert had loved to watch from the porch of the house in the back-street, and which he had almost forgotten now that he had come to live with Garna.

So he would lean there against her arm, stroking her plump elbow with its dimples that so fascinated him, and listening to her stories until, in the drowsy summer air, he sank away indistinctly, and knew nothing until he woke up towards supper-time on Garna's high bed.. Every now and then, as a great distinction and event, Gilbert would be allowed to sleep with Garna. How different and solemn it was from any other sleep! When Gilbert said good-night to Garna in her big chair in the back-parlor, it was with a "I'm going to sleep with you to-night!" Then he would get, not into the hard little bed with Olga, but into the great feathery soft bed in Garna's room. He would sink off to sleep in billows and oceans of soft pillows and sheets. Along towards morning he would half wake, perhaps, and there would be the huge, comforting, dear presence of Garna filling the bed beside him, as he lay pressed

against her warm night-gown. And when he woke again, Mother would be there standing by the side of the bed, and she would whisk him off to her room to be dressed. And life would go on as before.

Aunt Nan seemed to love Garna as much as Gilbert did. And she liked Gilbert. Often, on summer days, she would take him up to her room in the third-story, a region to which Gilbert never ventured alone, for there were queer, pitchy-black closets and alcoves that led far back under the sloping roof, and contained trunks and boxes, in which and behind which you never knew what menacing forces of evil might be hidden. At the top of the stairs was a little hall, lighted by a sky-light, through which you saw the blue sky. Aunt Nan's room was shaped like an L, but the ceiling on one side ran down so steeply that Gilbert could stand against the wall and touch the line where it joined the ceiling. Aunt Nan would fix up a pallet on the floor, soft and comfortable, and on hot days Gilbert would roll half-naked on it, while Aunt Nan rubbed his hot arms with a sweet-smelling balsam. Then she would sit and read a great shiny new book, which Gilbert spelled

out as "Psychology. James." She had several books on shelves over her desk, and a great bunch of programs stuck together on an iron hook that hung on the wall. In the winter Aunt Nan was not in the house. Mother said she was a teacher, and lived in New York.

Aunt Nan was very tall and slender and very straight, and she had very black hair that came over her forehead in a kind of bang. She always wore black and white dresses, and she always had a bright fierceness about her that Gilbert liked. She was several years younger than Mother, and she was very proud. There was a stiff exhilaration in her walk and in her laugh that daunted Gilbert a little, but made him like to be with her. Sometimes she would put the tennis-net across the green lawn and play with a neighbor, darting so swiftly, like a long black bird, across the green, hitting the ball so straight and true, and blazing so fiercely with her black eyes when she missed, that Gilbert sat enthralled, motionless, until the set was over and they went in to supper. On those days he would help her mark the court, going to the little barn and watching her fill the marker with white powdery lime, and then help-

ing her push it over the closely-mown grass. The long summer days were full of Aunt Nan. She loved the garden, with its flower-beds, and she loved to see the paths all clipped and weeded and raked. Once a week, a black man would come from somewhere, and spend the whole day with Aunt Nan, mowing the lawn, digging the vegetable garden, and weeding the flowers. That was a glorious day for Gilbert and for Aunt Nan. How much there was to be done. They all seemed to be wrestling with the whole yard, to turn it up, to bring it to a bright, shiny newness. At the end of the day, Gilbert would walk about the garden on the gravelly paths with Aunt Nan to survey their handiwork. She would be immensely contented. Her bright black eyes would soften; she would be weary and her hands would be dirty, but Gilbert would feel the peace that radiated from her at the sight of this freshly burnished garden. The grass would be smooth like a carpet, the flower-beds and the vegetable-garden all dark and tumbled with their upturned earth. The paths would be straight brown indented tracks, or, where they went around the house, beautifully curved tracks, with the marks of the

rake on the fine earth where George had worked it over. During the week the grass would grow longer, the weeds shoot up in the flower-beds, the paths become bedraggled at the edges, the grass grow up rank on the lawns. But soon Saturday would come with George, and the fine renovation would take place all over again.

Aunt Nan was neat and quick in her movements. She had a cold scorn for dirty faces and dirty hands, and Gilbert sometimes became a little weary trying to satisfy her demands. He was always a little intimidated by her, but at the same time fascinated by her vibrancy, her restless passion. He loved to see her coming towards him, because he knew that she would snatch him away to something interesting. But he was a little fearful, too; subdued by that decisiveness that made him realize how little what he wanted would count. She did not kiss or fondle Gilbert much. She would take him on her lap and put her arms around him.

Mother was never like that. She did not seem to know what she wanted. Every incident was a crisis. Gilbert found that he and Olga could resist her by delaying. Dirty faces could be grudg-

ingly and slowly cleaned. One could come in the utmost disapproving reluctance when one was called. Mother was always distressed that you did not obey her; she was always distressed about what to do with you. She would implore you to be good, and you would be good with a certain chilly haughtiness, because it seemed somewhat humiliating to see Mother so distressed and uncertain. Olga did not usually obey, but kicked and screamed. Gilbert soon got the habit of ignoring his mother's expressed desires and wearing out her decisiveness. Then he would be left alone to follow his own desires.

That yard, which Aunt Nan loved so much, was for Gilbert a domain, a principality. It was years before he had really explored it thoroughly or searched out all its delights. At first it was a rich and bountiful collection of all the things that Gilbert had missed in the back-street. He did not know that he had missed them, but now that he had found them, something down very deep in him told him that this was what his restlessness and sadness had craved.

You rushed out the side-door—for the front door was just as heavily interdicted as the front

stairs—and you tumbled into a bed of myrtles and wistaria which climbed out of the flower-bed in thick stalks and grew steadily over the corner of the house. Across the path were two tall pine trees, whose branches brushed Gilbert's shutter by his bed when the wind blew loud. Beyond the trees lay the green, unbroken lawn, covered with velvety grass that even the lawn-mower could not keep from growing thick and soft like a carpet. The lawn went straight up towards the neighbor's fence, but just before it reached there it turned into a long flower-bed, with rose-bushes and tangled flowery vines that climbed over and pretended that there was no fence there at all. To the right, and up near the street corner of the yard were three more lordly pines set in a triangle, which Gilbert had promptly named "Three Trees Grove." The floor was covered with needles. It was shady and spacious, almost as big as Gilbert's room. It could be turned into a house, or a shop or a church, at a moment's notice. The big trunks stretching up above Gilbert's head gave it an air of delightful majesty, and he could not play there enough with Olga and Cousin Ethel.

At the other end of the broad lawn were the

grape-arbors, six or seven lines of them, where you walked between the overflowing vines and looked longingly at the green bunches which took endless æons, all through the long golden summer, to ripen, while Gilbert went every day to examine them. Behind that was the barn, from which the horses and carriage had vanished, though when Grandfather was alive, Garna told him, they had their horses and Aunt Nan had ridden one of them, and so had Uncle Rob, who was far off in Texas now. Gilbert could see traces of the carriage road which had led out through the side-gate to the side-street, but which was now all grass-grown. The barn was now full of rakes and hoes and wheel-barrows, but there were deep bins where still remained a peck or two of oats and a measure, and there was a manger which swung back and forth from the stall to the bin, so you could fill it and then turn it in to the horse. Gilbert wished that there were still horses to play with, but it was fun turning the manger and making Olga and Ethel pretend to be horses.

If you went on beyond the barn you came to a clump of currant and gooseberry bushes which ran out in a thin line to the fence, which by this time

had lost its rose-bushes and become a pricky tangle of blackberries. Enclosed by the blackberries and the currants was the broad expanse of the vegetable garden, with corn in summer that Gilbert could get quite lost in, and an amazing variety of good vegetables to eat. The vegetable garden ran up to Uncle Marcus's barn and his garden. Straight down back of Garna's house, through the middle of the yard, ran a path, part way through a grape-arbor of its own, and then past the currant bushes. At the end of the garden it joined a path in Uncle Marcus's yard. Along the foot of the path, where it passed the garden, was a row of rhubarb, and on the other side Aunt Nan's sweet-peas, which she planted every spring. On the other side of the path was an open meadow where the grass was not cut, and where Gilbert sometimes lay on cool summer days and looked up at great white clouds floating past in the blue sky. Nearer the house you came to a wilderness of fruit-trees, pears of all kinds and apples, and as you approached the street the yard broke into flower-beds and shrubs and bushes. Close to the house grew lilies-of-the-valley, and a curious ribbon-grass which Aunt Nan could take between her

fingers and blow shrill whistles on. Along the path which went past the dining-room window were beds of pink and white peonies and tall white lilies which had a smell so sweet that Gilbert felt almost faint when he touched them. And along the whole side of the yard was a beautiful japonica hedge, with its white and red flowers in the spring, which turned into sweetly smelling green balls in the summer. There were great maples interspersed in the hedge that threw down their keys in the spring. And all along the front of the yard, close to the house, ran a white wooden fence just within which was a line of graceful black-walnut trees, with their thin green clustered leaves and the green nuts which fell in heaps on the ground. Aunt Nan and Gilbert would collect them in sacks and put them in the barn. There they would grow all black, so that you could strip off the covering and find the crinkled nutshell within. Then you cracked them on a stone.

The yard was wonderful to Gilbert. The winter was one long torpor when, as he played with his blocks in the great stretch of sunlight in Mother's room, the days passed almost in a dream.

It was only when spring came, and he could run about and see the buds and the flowers come out one after another, that he felt alive again. And it was good in the endless summer days to have so much to attend to. He could be playing in Three Trees Grove, and yet have running in an undercurrent of his mind the sense of the garden or the japonica hedge, or the manger in the barn. He could go down to the cherry-tree to see if the cherries were ripe, or to the currant-bushes, or he could prick his fingers on the rose-bushes, or get himself stuck in the gum of the pine-trees. The yard was a world, and only very dimly did he imagine anything beyond it. What his mother did in the kitchen or about the house only very dimly concerned him. What they had to live on never entered his mind. His sorrows were concerned almost entirely with the rebellions of Olga, or the calamities of weather which would keep them all home from a walk to the kind lady who lived up the street and gave them cookies when they went to see her. Or the hornets and yellow-jackets. Sometimes on very hot days, when Mother kept them in the darkened back parlor and the big clock ticked menacingly, insistently at

them, and Gilbert felt sleepy and could not go to sleep, the tædium vitæ would overwhelm him in a great drenching wave. He was suddenly conscious of time, endlessly flowing and yet somehow dreadfully static. Nothing was ever going to happen again; he was as if alive in a tomb. The flies buzzed; the clock ticked; Mother was taking an exhausted nap; Aunt Nan and Garna were away for a vacation. The world was a great vacuum with nothing to experience and nothing to do.

And if a summer afternoon could produce so appalling a sense of eternity, what must heaven be like, where you went so infallibly when you were dead? Either because lovely Garna and mild Miss Fogg had kept Gilbert from the terrors of hell, or it was his natural ego, it never occurred to him that he was not destined for heaven, or that there was any way of avoiding it. And the thought of eternal life seemed to fuse itself with the long and empty summer afternoon. The tædium vitæ was transmuted into the colossal ennui of heaven. Not as a pearly municipality of golden streets and white-robed choirs did Gilbert imagine heaven, but always in the guise of those

white clouds on which God rode. He saw himself clearly, seated infinitely high above the earth, to which he should never be able to come again. Perhaps there was the intimation of a harp, but what seized Gilbert's imagination was the vast emptiness of the space around him, the disorientation of everything. Time and space were no longer fluid and mobile, but frozen; and in the hot, sticky afternoon, his slightly feverish body, all alert and sensitive at every pore of time that dripped past him, would be terribly conscious of this horror that awaited him, of this immobile time in empty space. It was not the dark or stillness that he feared. On the contrary, he saw this future state as floating in the clearest, most luminous light. On certain days, when he happened to look at the sky, he would see just that pale infinite blue into which you could look on and on and never reach the end. When it was really blue or cloudy, it curved comfortingly over you, near and definite like a bowl. But when it was of a certain paleness, the bowl seemed to have been removed and you looked through, out into nothingness. And if in this nothingness there were white majestic clouds floating, that looked solid as if they could

bear you away, then over Gilbert would sweep again this ennui of heaven, lost and forgotten perhaps since that last afternoon in the darkened parlor. And a vague feeling of homelessness and of fear would fall upon him. His play would flag until the clouds drifted away again and he forgot that they had come.

The first break in Gilbert's world came when his mother decided that he and Olga ought to go to school. Gilbert was seven years old, and when his mother told him rather worriedly about it, he felt at first rather pleased at the idea of something so important. What would they teach him? Mother said Miss Waldron would teach him. He knew how to read and write and he could spell all the words he wrote. He read all the books he was given and sometimes looked into Hawthorne's Wonder Tales, and read a page or two. When he went back for the book, however, he would forget where he had left off. So he would read a page anywhere. What did it matter? He read his Bible in the same haphazard way. He knew his multiplication table, and he liked to recite it. And he knew all about the calendar and the hymn-book. Most of these things he had known

since he was four or five, and what good did they do him?

But in the morning he liked taking Olga by the hand, and leading her out the gate under the big black-walnut trees, and down the street. Mother always kissed them good-bye with such a serious and anxious air that Gilbert felt he was setting out on a genuine mission. At the crossing he would restrain Olga from rushing ahead; then he would carefully look up and down the street to see if there were any horses and wagons coming. Then he would dash across, pulling Olga precipitately behind him. They would go along the upper green, under the great railroad bridge, and come to Miss Waldron's.

To Gilbert the school was an enormous joke. He could not take Miss Waldron seriously. Her tall, bony frame and her sad, fierce eyes touched no springs of affection in him. A lesson or two unlocked all the latent cruelty in him. She was there to teach Gilbert and Olga and the half-dozen other little children who came to the school-room over the kitchen, and she was determined to teach them. She knew that children under seven needed to be taught to read and write and spell.

So she gritted her teeth, and came every morning to her hard and bitter work.

But Gilbert by that time had read so many books at home that it seemed absurd that he should be taught to read, and he would rattle through the lesson while the younger children fidgeted and then tried painfully to puzzle it out. Gilbert could spell, too, and he raced through the words, and when he was asked the meaning of words he would say that "retire" meant "go to bed," because he had seen it mean that in a book he had read. And Miss Waldron would say he was a saucy boy, and plead with him to answer nicely. Then he would mimic her, and watch her fight back the temper in her sad, fierce eyes. She would stand him in the corner, with his back to the class, and he would look round and wink at the other children to make them laugh. Miss Waldron's sisters would come up from the kitchen below, where they were baking, and beg Gilbert not to make the teacher so unhappy, and promise him a cookie if he would be good. And Gilbert, drunk with power, would refuse everything, and ride his high horse until the mill-whistles blew twelve o'clock, and they all went home for the day.

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